MARCH 30, 1946 10c

Liberty

Book: FRIDAY'S CHILD
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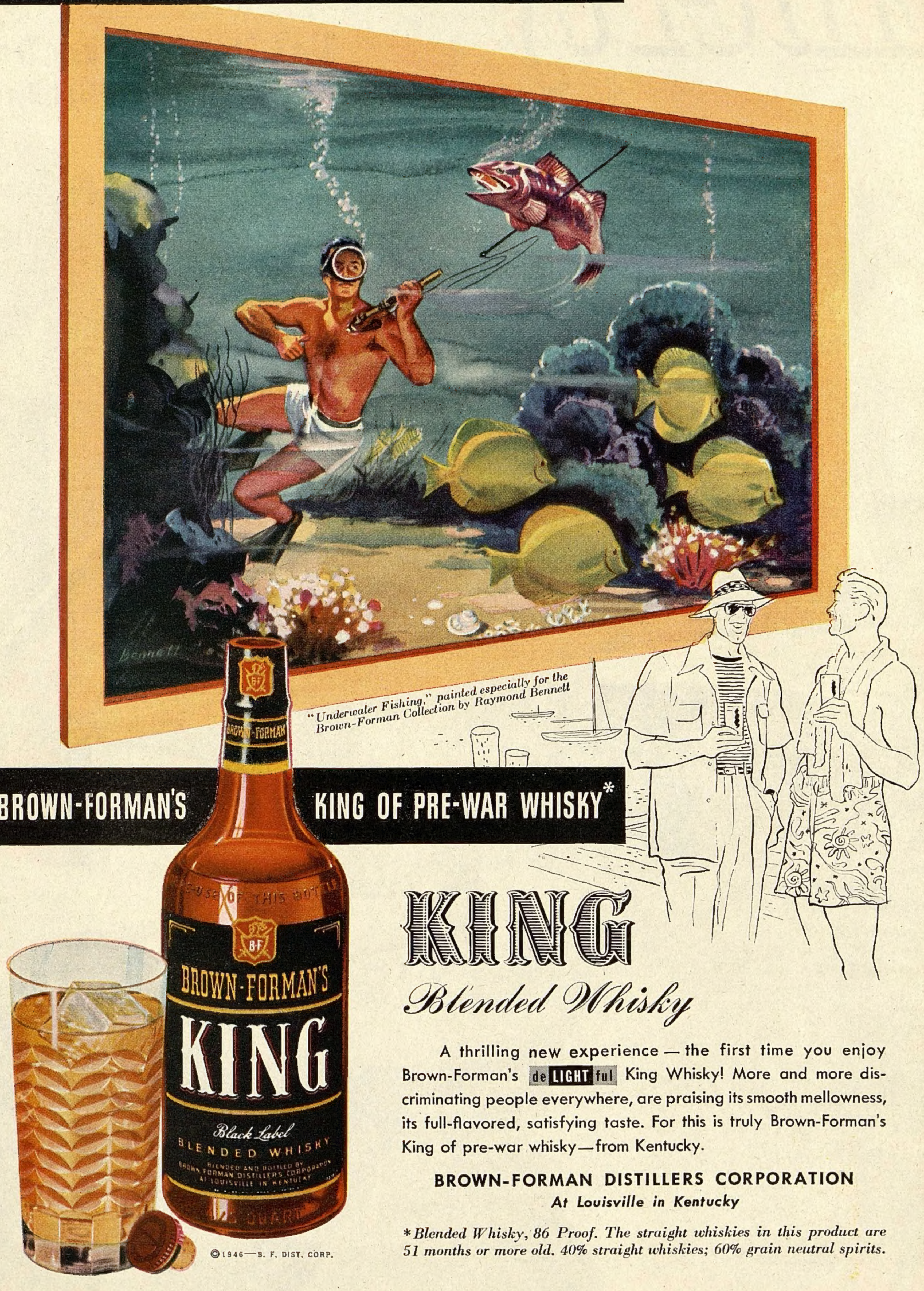
Hilarious History of the Regency

Let's Stop the Gravy Train
By Senator Harry Flood Byrd

KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING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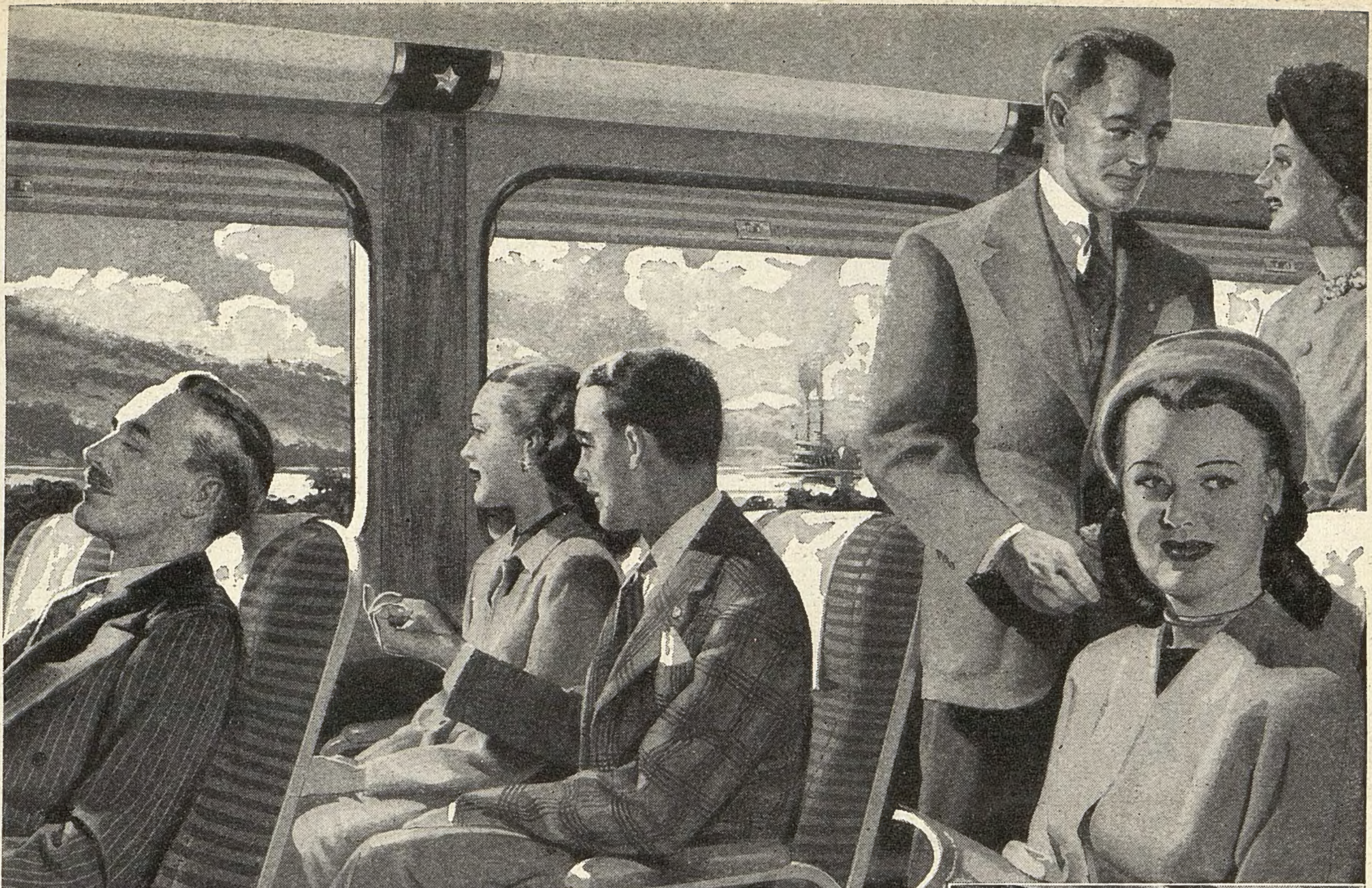

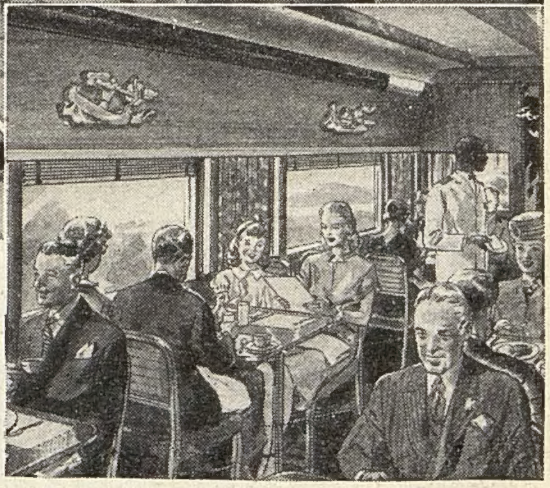

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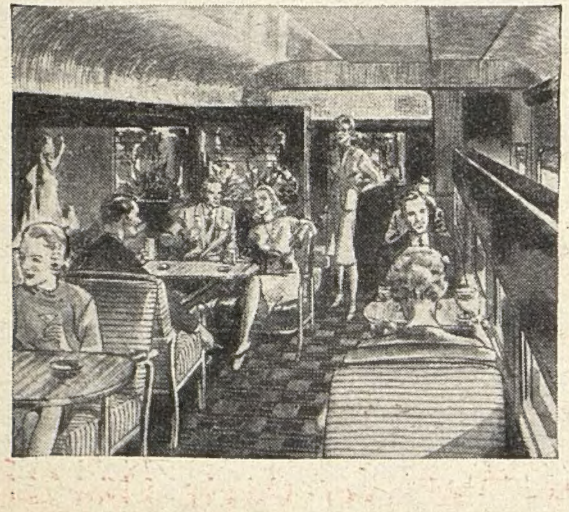

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PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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Liberty, March 30, 1946, Vol. 23, No. 13. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927. at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you.

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Why Older People Sometimes become "Cranky"

NO ONE LIKES A "SOURPUSS"! ...When I think of how cranky I was for a while, it's no wonder nobody wanted me around. I finally traced my "upsets" to a nasty-tasting, powerful laxative I'd been taking. The stuff caused me so much trouble that I was forced to the conclusion that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE *TOO STRONG!*

NO ONE WELCOMES A "COMPLAINER" I guess I made a pest of myself, grumbling so much about that next laxative I tried. It was supposed to be good for folks my age, but it certainly didn't work for *me!* It finally dawned on me that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE *TOO MILD!*

A CHEERFUL PERSON IS ALWAYS POPULAR! I found *that* out when I discovered Ex-Lax. Its good chocolate taste won me over right away. And Ex-Lax gave me effective relief—in such a *gentle* way—that I began to feel like my old self again! Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX IS THE *HAPPY MEDIUM!*

As a precaution use only as directed.

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★ VOX POP ★

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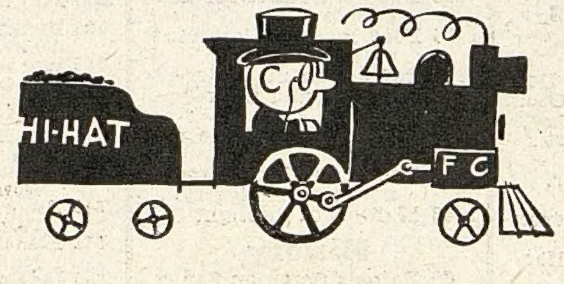
NO ARISTOCRATS

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—In your January 5 issue there was an article, The Big Four of the High Iron, by Morris Markey, wherein was shown a locomotive engineer at his throttle, captioned "Idol of Young America and aristocrat of organized labor."



The dictionary defines an aristocrat as "a person of rank and noble birth, one who upholds the aristocracy or favors government by nobles."

The writer joined the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen in 1896, serving on a committee continuously until 1916, and all during those years we worked (and still are working) to eliminate any and all forms of aristocracy in the Brotherhoods. Lest someone might misunderstand, there are no aristocrats in the R.R. Brotherhoods.—*Frank Sullivan.*

THE HAND THAT CASTS THE BALLOT

PATERSON, N. J.—I agree with H. P. in Vox Pop (February 16) that many Southern Negroes are not sufficiently educated to vote; but that is true of many Southern whites as well. It is also true that many (both white and colored) are not taxpayers.

Just why does H. P. say, "The proud old families would be reduced to a very low level," if the Negro is allowed to vote? Doesn't he know that many of the so-called P.O.F.s have been forced to turn their big, pillared, unheated old houses into boarding houses under the pretty name of "guest houses"?

His point of view has nothing to do with education, or being a better citizen; just with the fact that one has lived longer in one place. The Negro may be college-educated and have been a member of the armed services of his country, while the P.O.F. may not have finished grade school, nor been accepted for service to his country.

As for colored senators, well, why not? God made them, only he used different dye.

I believe that the hand that held the gun (regardless of color) is the hand that should cast the ballot.—*J. M. B.*

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOME

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO—The advertisement for Servel (February 2, page 49) showing Jane Wyman with a dog in her lap and a child by her side, makes me think of my pet peeve about modern women. What has become of the old-fashioned homes where mothers raised children instead of dogs?—*M. E. Smart.*

CONSIDER THE HOME FRONT

MORRISDALE, PA.—C. H. certainly stuck his neck out in Vox Pop (January 26) when he blamed our marriage system for the fact that so many husbands patronize prostitutes.

Frigidity is no excuse. I should think a man would get more pleasure out of winning the battle on the home front, even if he had to consult a good doctor or psychiatrist.

Nine times out of ten you are the cause anyway, brother.—*J. H.*

KEEP THE MONEY HERE

BEDFORD, PA.—I just want to say how heartily I agree with Paul Hunter's editorial, Uncle Shylock Again? (February 9), only he did not say enough about our English neighbors who cannot seem to get along without our help. Why should we give any country money at this time, when thousands of our boys are home from the war with no jobs and no homes, and when we have a debt of three hundred billion and going up? We should help with clothing and food, but not with money. After helping to win two wars in Europe, giving millions of dollars with no return (except from Finland), why should we deprive ourselves further? America should come first to all Americans.—*Mrs. L.*

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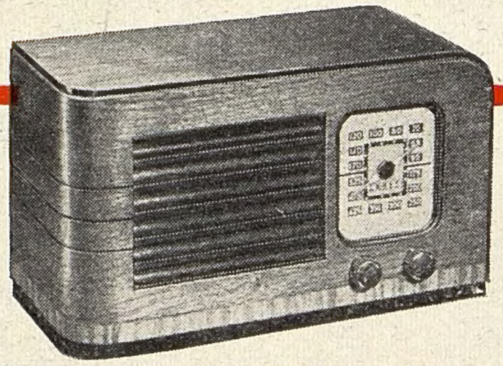

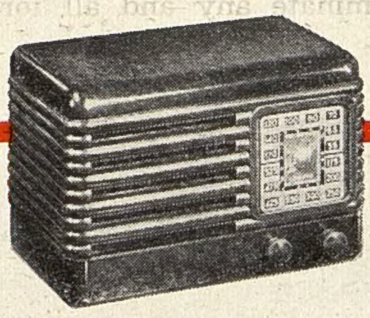

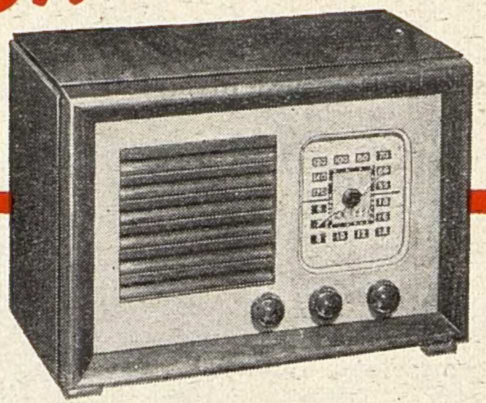

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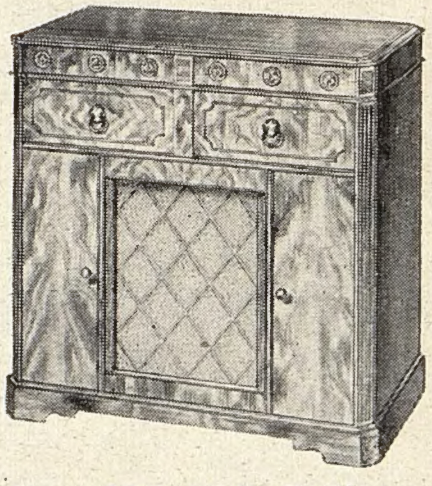
Through advanced electronic design, the reserve power of Howard Radios and Record Changing Phonographs is translated into full glorious tone at all sound levels—a feature that means greater listening pleasure at *any* volume from a whisper on up.

Stop in at your local dealer's display and look over the attractive new 1946 Howards—listen to them—compare them. You'll be certain then that your new radio should be a Howard.

HOWARD RADIO COMPANY
CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS
PIONEERS IN FM RADIO



Howard FM-AM Radio-Phonograph Combination with Acousticolor Tone—*an Exclusive Howard Feature of Tonal Beauty.*

America's Oldest Radio Manufacturer

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Jobs in aviation are fewer than even the very best war-trained job seekers . . . An air line advises would-be air career girls

DO you want a career in aviation? If so, what are your chances of getting a job with an air line or another aviation enterprise? What are the chances of women finding careers in aviation?

Precise answers are difficult to obtain, but in general terms the chances for aviation careers are few, compared to the number of persons who hope to get into some branch of aviation.

A Department of Labor forecast last year estimated that 500,000 servicemen wanted to stay in aviation. But the job outlook for even those who had fine records and could be considered well trained was not very good. The report concluded that the peacetime expansion of aviation could not be rapid enough, and would not even in five or more years attain a scope broad enough, to take up the surplus of trained personnel.

During the war many women served with distinction in various aviation and flying jobs. They liked it. They want to remain in the business. But are there jobs available? I asked Miss Kay Rutherford, of the industrial relations department of Pan American Airways, to supply an answer. Here is what she says:

"There is little opportunity for women in the air lines today. Aviation companies which regretfully have no places for trained men returning from the war are not likely to give more than a passing thought to comparatively untrained women.

"Women contend that they have proven themselves in the war and that impressive records of skill and endurance have been rolled up by the Women Army Service Pilots, and by mechanics, Link-trainer operators, control-tower operators, and in other jobs in the women's branches of military services or in civilian occupations of this type.

"It is true that the records tell a favorable story, and that even absenteeism, that most discussed fault of women workers, was not as bad as it was supposed to be. Nevertheless, there are hundreds of trained men for every trained woman and the philosophy of employers is still that men are the breadwinners of the family and entitled to all assistance in maintaining this position.

"What opportunity exists for women with the air lines (outside of secretarial and clerical work) will be mainly in the service departments. It stands to reason that women should be welcome in this field, for women have always had an innate understanding of what to provide along this line and the air lines primarily sell service. The air-line passenger today comments not on fear or speed but on the comfort and ease of his trip. A slow procedure at a ticket counter or a poor meal aboard the plane is more likely to be remembered than any other detail, and there is a place for the woman who can keep these occurrences at a minimum or handle them with charm when they do occur.

"As has always been the case in every industry, jobs for women will stress quality, not quantity, and to handle such jobs requires training. In one large university, a Campus Careers poll showed that approximately 80 per cent of the girl students wanted a career in aviation. No industry anywhere can absorb such a proportion of students, male or female. Moreover, questioning showed that few of the girls had much of an idea about exactly what they wanted to do, and naturally they were not making any great effort to equip themselves.

"Vocational guidance departments in colleges, universities, and trade schools should advise women students of the general lack of employment openings, and then if their ambition persists they should be thoroughly coached in what the air lines want. Fluent use of one or more foreign languages, good English, psychology, home economics, and an interest in international relations are all helpful for an aspirant."

Thanks, Miss Rutherford, for stating the case from an international air line's point of view.

Of course there are always opportunities for persons with initiative. Many returned servicemen are going into their own businesses on local airports. The going will be hard, but many will succeed. Then there are many feeder, non-scheduled, and contract air services opening up, some of which will make good. Air cargo is a promising field.

There *are* opportunities, but what the aviation industry and the government are warning about is: (1) There aren't as many jobs available as there are people who want to get into aviation; and (2) the military services trained and used hundreds of thousands of men and women in certain skilled aviation tasks, and those jobs have disappeared with the end of the war and commercial aviation can't absorb the surplus.

"Dusty" in Nickname Only

The man who had the responsibility of flying General Douglas MacArthur in the various Pacific campaigns and finally into Japan has returned to his civilian job as a pilot of United Air Lines. He's Colonel Weldon E. "Dusty" Rhoades, one of United's veterans with 2,500,000 miles of flying to his credit, 300,000 miles in military service. He joined United in 1933 and has flown over every bit of its routes. As might be expected, he is now the possessor of the Air Medal, a Special Unit Citation, and the Legion of Merit.

United's World Safety Record

When United Air Lines had a fatal accident some weeks ago in Wyoming, it had flown almost 1,700,000,000 passenger miles since its last passenger fatality. That was a world safety record, and it was achieved during the strains of war when traffic demands, especially in and out of San Francisco, were very heavy. United's president, W. A. Patterson, has long been a top industry leader in expenditures for safety and research.

ACME PHOTO

Before inaugurating air service to Paris, taking off from LaGuardia Field with 36 passengers, this TWA Lockheed Constellation was christened Star of Paris.

but Doctor, *how about your* own children?

"I didn't understand such a question at first. While I was devoting my life to taking care of other people's children, it never occurred to me I was overlooking an important matter concerning my own.

"In a vague way it seemed to me that my $24,000 of life insurance was quite a lot . . . until a Penn Mutual Underwriter said to me: 'The important thing is how much income that amount would provide for Jenny and Frances and Tom if you were no longer here to earn fees each month.' "

⋆ ⋆ ⋆

Do you know how much income *your* insurance will provide, and for how long? The facts may startle you. The doctor who takes care of the health of your family is a specialist in his field, and the person who helps arrange your estate should be a specialist too. Penn Mutual Underwriters are financial experts, and through their guidance many people have seen their purposes accomplished and their dear ones provided for completely. One of these specialists may also be able to give valuable help to you.

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EXCHANGE
2368

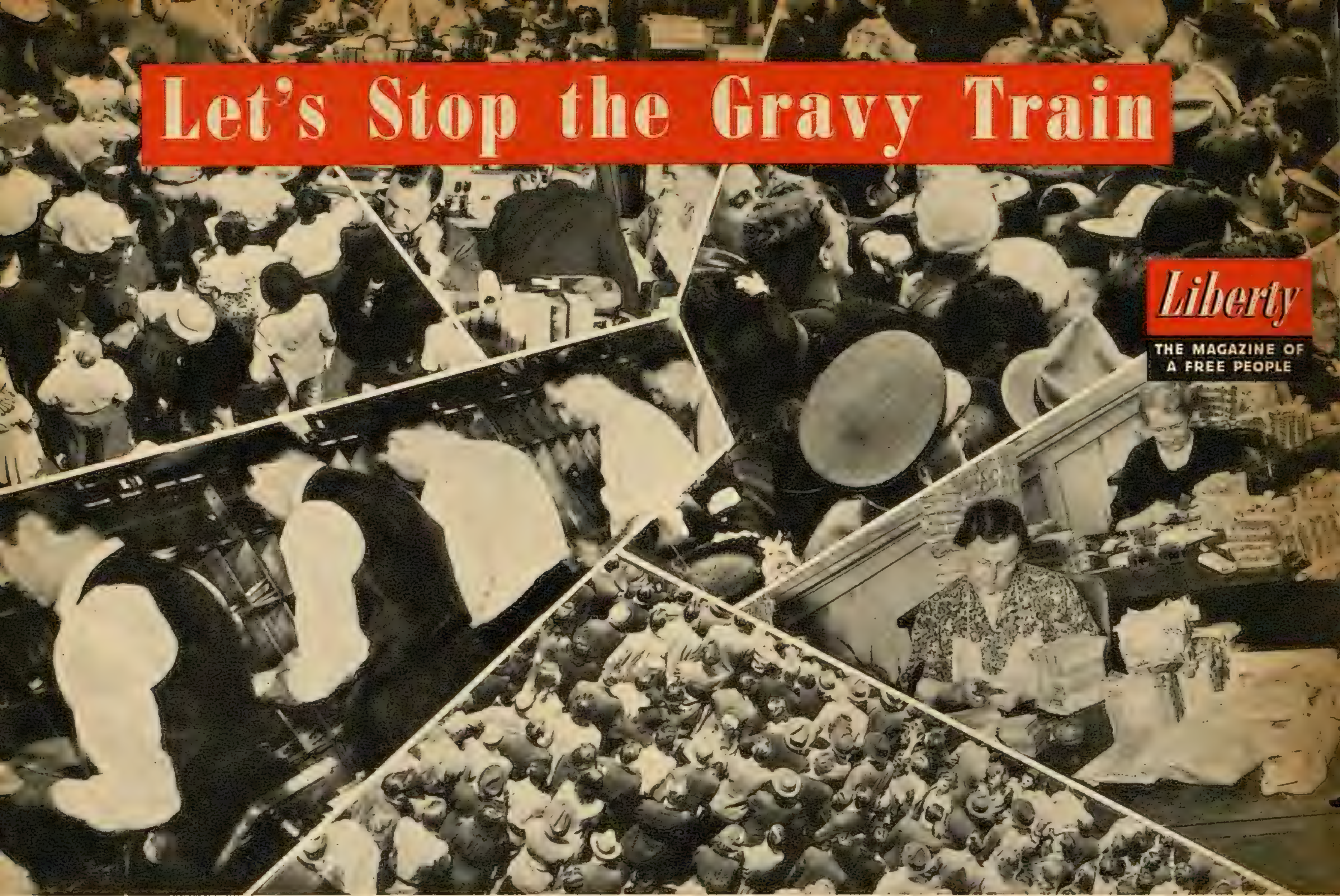
BIG ...but not big enough

THE Bell System was big before the war, but it has to be bigger in the future. The needs of the nation have grown and it's our job to keep pace with those needs. We're spending close to two billion dollars in the next few years for expansion and improvement.

Size brings responsibilities and the Bell System aims to be big in more than size. The over-all policy is to give the best of service, at the lowest possible cost, to every one using the telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Let's Stop the Gravy Train



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

A statesman who is well acquainted with the value of a dollar has watched the federal payroll grow and grow. He is now moved to moan, "Don't they know there's a peace on?"

BY SENATOR HARRY FLOOD BYRD

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Senator Byrd of Virginia is chairman of the powerful Joint Economy Committee, which includes the chairmen of the Senate and House committees controlling appropriations and taxes, as well as the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Bureau of the Budget. The Joint Economy Committee has enabled Congress to save, directly and indirectly, more than three billion dollars.]

NOBODY knows exactly how many employees the federal government has. The Joint Economy Committee does its best to find out by tabulating monthly reports from government departments. But it never feels sure. Its last total was 3,155,192.

This uncertainty is due to the tendency of the bureaus to err on the side of understatement, if there is any doubt, and to statistical technicalities. For instance, two years after we had asked the Post Office Department for monthly personnel reports, its total suddenly jumped by more than 50,000. The Department had decided to include temporary and part-time workers.

And Agriculture, which admits it has 86,000 employees, still does not report 117,000 persons paid *per diem.* These are the county and community committeemen who administer the agricultural program locally, and their clerks. Agriculture, it seems, doesn't regard them as federal employees. Nevertheless, they cost us $26,500,000 for salaries and wages, and nearly another $5,000,000 for expenses in the fiscal year 1944.

I am sure Agriculture would agree that $31,500,000 isn't hay.

Other borderliners aren't included, such as certain employees of federal corporations and persons who are paid fees. We know the War Department had more than 600,000 civilian employees overseas at the end of November. These are included in the Committee's total. But we have no check on the number of workers abroad receiving American money as employees of lend-lease or UNRRA.

The conservative three-million figure, which does not include employees of the legislative or judicial branch, means that one in twenty of our working population is on the payroll of the federal executive branch. There are six times as many federal as state employees, not counting school staffs.

Most people think of the federal payroll as concentrated in Washington, but less than a tenth of the government workers are there. Federal employees are scattered so liberally around the country that a check made two years ago showed only one state—West Virginia—in which more state then federal workers were present. Last June, the Army and Navy alone had more civilian employees in the State of New York than the entire population of Nevada.

The war was the excuse for permitting our federal bureaucracy to swell to its present size. The fat should begin to slough off now, but I take a dim view of voluntary reductions by the regular departments and war agencies.

The federal payroll was at its peak

(*Continued on page 67*)

The Girl with That Voice

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY JACK ALBIN

Lizabeth Scott and her producer, Hal Wallis, pose for a glamor still in the boss's office.

Lizabeth Scott is a moody gal with a terrific figure and voice to match. Now she is getting the old star build-up

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

LIZABETH SCOTT was amused recently to overhear the head waitress at Hollywood's Brown Derby whisper to the cashier, "I've *seen* that voice on the screen."

She is not the only one. For a gal with only a couple of pictures to her credit, throaty-voiced Lizabeth is doing pretty well. Already she is receiving more fan mail than most of the established stars on the Paramount lot. Already she is pacing Lauren Bacall in Hollywood's glamor sweepstakes.

Lizabeth got her Hollywood send-off in You Came Along. Her next, soon to be released, will be The Strange Love of Martha Ivers, in which she co-stars with Barbara Stanwyck.

Lizabeth's greatest asset is her low throaty voice which is reminiscent of Tallulah Bankhead. As Lizabeth understudied the legendary Tallulah during the New York run of The Skin of Our Teeth, it is only natural that her belittlers should accuse her of rank imitation. But Lizabeth insists she comes of a family of low voices.

It was during her engagement with The Skin of Our Teeth that Miss Scott got her one big night on Broadway and a bid to Hollywood. But it took a second call to get her to the West Coast. She was playing with the Fifty-second Street stock company when she was tapped to understudy Bankhead in the Thornton Wilder opus. Lizabeth studied the role of Sabina until she was letter-perfect and sat around for seven months waiting for something to happen to Tallulah. "But Tallulah was rugged," recalls Lizabeth sadly.

As far as Bankhead was concerned, Lizabeth Scott was nonexistent. The customers came to see Tallulah play Sabina. If she didn't go on, the curtain didn't go up. "She had a way of looking right through me as if I weren't there," says Lizabeth. "That gave me a complex too. In fact, she spoke to me only once during the entire run. It was when she was leaving the show. The stage manager announced that Miriam Hopkins would be the next Sabina. 'How absurd,' said Miss Bankhead, looking at me. '*You* could play the part better than Miriam Hopkins.' I like to think it was a compliment."

Lizabeth dutifully understudied Miriam Hopkins for the customary understudy's stipend of fifty bucks a week, and didn't get any nearer the footlights. She sought the role when she heard Hopkins was leaving the cast. But it seemed the part had to have a name, and Gladys George had already been signed. "I have given the best years of my life to Sabina. I quit." A few weeks later she had her moment of gloating. She was called a few hours before curtain time to go on for Miss George who had been suddenly taken ill.

So Lizabeth had her big night on Broadway, just like in the movies, except the next night Miss George returned to the cast, and Lizabeth returned to obscurity. When the play moved to Boston, so did Gladys George.

By then Lizabeth had made herself some fancy friends and was celebrating her twenty-first birthday in the Stork Club.

"For the first time in my life I had lost confidence in myself. And that's bad," she says. She rose from the depths of sultry despair long enough to realize that a man at a near-by table was staring at her. She was about to freeze him with a cold look when columnist Irving Hoffman told her the man was Hal Wallis, one of the better producers of Hollywood. Oddly enough, Wallis had wired her that afternoon for an interview. She found the wire that night when she returned to her room. But there was also one urging her to come to Boston to finish out the run of Skin of. The theater won. From Grand Central she wired Wallis: "Life is chaotic. Must leave for Boston to play Skin of Our Teeth. What now?"

When the play closed, Lizabeth, fortified by a bunch of excellent notices—which she will read to you at the slightest provocation—returned to New York. New York, as usual, was unimpressed. So she had played Sabina, so what? Reluctantly she returned to the Stork Club—El Morocco circuit. She was at the latter place one night when Carmel Snow, editor of Harper's Bazaar, asked her if she would like to model.

"Which all goes to prove," says Lizabeth, expressing her pet philosophy, "when your time comes to click, you click. Two years before, I begged them for a job. No one would see me."

A little later Hollywood knocked again. Charles Feldman, Hollywood agent, had seen Lizabeth's face and figure no less than five times in one issue of Harper's Bazaar. Ever mindful of the luck Howard Hawkes had had with Lauren Bacall, he promptly sent Scott a wire asking her to come out, expenses paid. Lizabeth arrived with thirty dollars and high hopes. She was tested at various studios. "I hated myself in those tests. No wonder the studios didn't want me," she says.

SHE had decided the movie industry was just as moronic as George Kaufman said it was, and she had bought her return reservation to New York, when she ran into Hal Wallis on the Warner lot. "You never answered my wire," she chided him. Wallis, on the verge of breaking with Warner Brothers and forming his own production company at Paramount, gave her a one-month option, until he could get his new organization set up. Later he gave her a seven-year contract, with healthy salary jumps, and starred her. Wallis is firmly convinced that in Lizabeth Scott he has one of the future big-time stars in the business. And apparently the public is backing up his judgment, for You Came Along has been a heavy grosser. Some of the critics even hailed her as one of the great movie discoveries of the decade. She doesn't think she's that good. But she intends to be.

Lizabeth has spurned the traditional Hollywood build-up of the budding star. She refuses to have dates with the local wolves and spend her evenings in night clubs, where the photographers hang out. (She claims she heard enough dull talk at the Stork Club and El Morocco to last her a lifetime.) But she will work hard on what she considers a legitimate build-up. She will not go for "cheesecake," or anything that is faked. "I don't cook," she says indignantly, "so why should I have my picture taken in a frilly apron, whipping up a batch of biscuits?"

Because of her immense determination to succeed, the people at the studio call her "the iron woman" behind her back. "That babe works too hard," they complain. Studio people can always count on a star being at least a half hour late for an appointment. "Scott's always ten minutes early," one of them groused. "It's disrupting. Upsets your schedule. Nearly drives you nuts."

Lizabeth Scott is never satisfied with anything she does. "I always have the feeling that I could have done it better." She readily admits that because she is so intense about her work she is often difficult. Deeply engrossed in a scene she is about to do in front of the camera, she will give visiting editors, publishers, and those sacred cows—the exhibitors—an abstracted nod instead of the great big hello with the prop smile. She refuses to kowtow to columnists.

Temper she has, but keeps it pretty well under control. However, the way she says, "Oh, fishcakes!" her favorite expletive, it would be banned in Boston.

"I'm a moody creature," she confesses. "When I have problems to

(*Continued on page 48*)

At home, however, she manages to look almost hoydenish, but you can bet it's genuine. Her rule: no cheesecake photos, no fakes.

Find That Missing G.I.!

SPECIALISTS of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps are carrying out the biggest and grimmest man hunt in history, the search for the 19,584 officers and men* who now, in peacetime, are still carried on the war-casualty rolls as "Missing."

Search teams are reaching farther and farther out to locate the men who are alive, and to identify the missing dead. In the Pacific, which now holds the large majority of the vanished, every bit of land where man can exist, from mere specks on the chart to island continents, is coming into the ever-tightening net of the searching parties. Many of the missing will be found dead, and there will be others on the rolls who have disappeared into the air and the land and the sea beyond all human tracing.

But if somewhere on this earth there is a castaway sailor, an airman lost in mountains or jungles, a soldier seeking his way into the war-freed world, a search crew will find and carry him home.

Shortly after V-J Day, Army ground forces, Navy ships and shore stations, liaison staffs of the Allied nations were alerted by the Secretaries of the War and Navy Departments to carry out this new, stepped-up program of search and investigation. Today there are headquarters in Paris, Frankfurt, Rome, New Delhi, Shanghai, Tokyo, Manila, Guam, and other strategic centers. Hundreds of search crews fan out from these points by jeep, seaplane, PT boat, LCI, and—yes, on camel- and elephant-back. And the motto of each of these crews is: Find the men and let their families know, fast!

The Army and Navy hope to account for all the missing by summer, or shortly thereafter. They have developed a double-headed plan of search: for Europe on the one hand, and for the Pacific and the Far East on the other. Since official records showed that the actual combat area on the European continent was comparatively small, the territory there was divided into specific zones about a mile and a half square. Today one search team is assigned to each zone and "sweeps" it thoroughly. Then the crew moves on to the next zone and repeats the process. Multiply this zone search by hundreds of teams, and you begin to see how quickly missing men can be turned up.

In Asia and the Pacific, however, it's not so simple, especially in the

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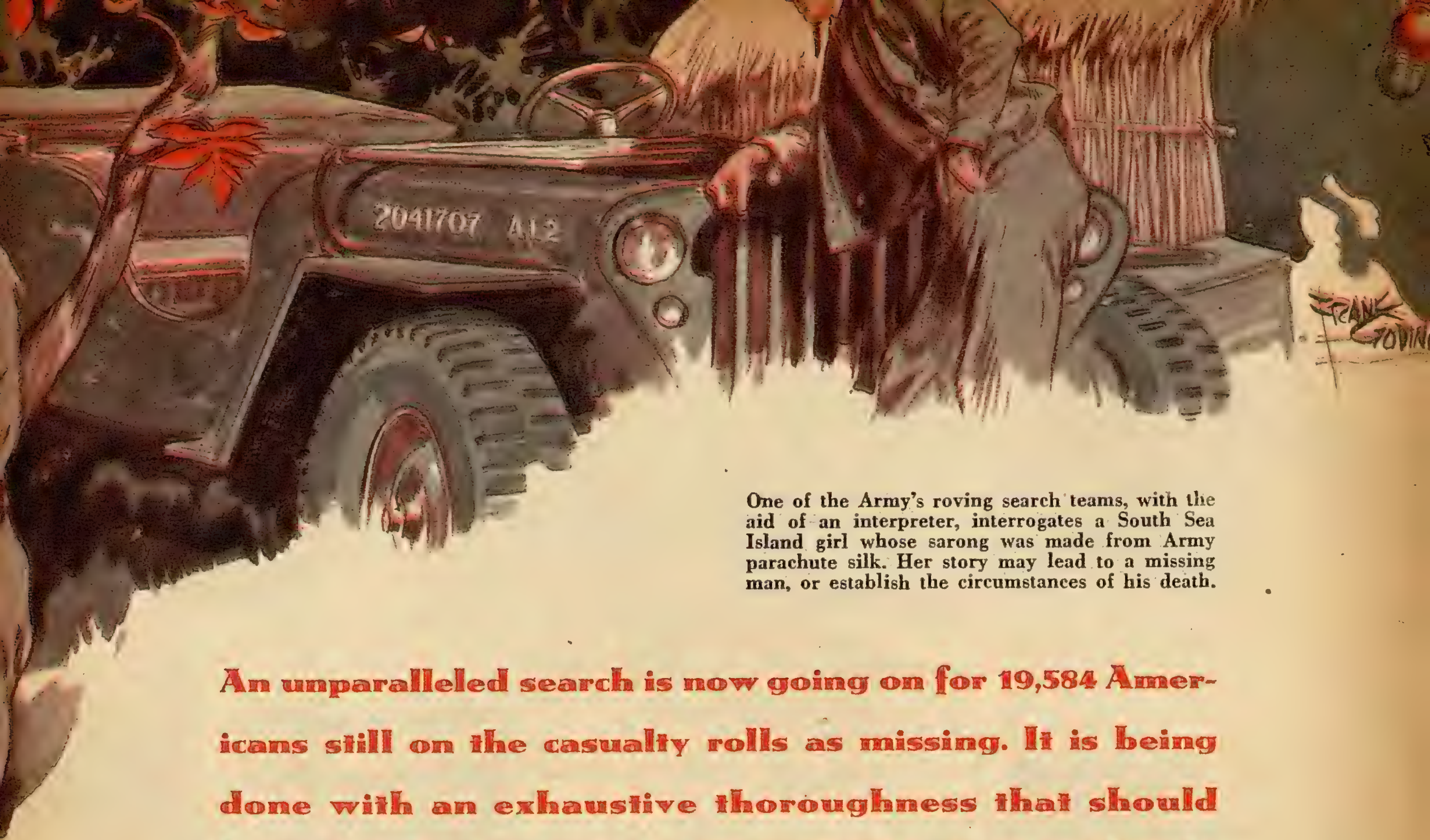
* According to latest official statistics, the number of missing in all services is as follows: Army, 12,000; Navy, 6,759; Marine Corps, 739; Coast Guard, 86. Total 19,584.



One of the Army's roving search teams, with the aid of an interpreter, interrogates a South Sea Island girl whose sarong was made from Army parachute silk. Her story may lead to a missing man, or establish the circumstances of his death.

An unparalleled search is now going on for 19,584 Americans still on the casualty rolls as missing. It is being done with an exhaustive thoroughness that should bring comfort to many a serviceman's grieving family

BY HARMON TUPPER

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

case of fliers and airborne troops. They can go down at some undetermined point within a 100-, 500- or 1,000-mile circle; they may be in inaccessible settlements smothered in the jungle, or in canyons, or on tiny islands far from the scene of a crash. How to comb the area thoroughly, rapidly?

In the case of the Asiatic mainland, this great land mass was divided into a series of numbered grid squares. Each search team was assigned a predetermined number of these sections, and when a particular plot had been completely investigated, the fact was reported to headquarters in Shanghai or New Delhi by simple reference to the number of the grid square. Thus the endless paper work involved in fixing and translating boundaries in terms of natural landmarks or degrees of latitude and longitude is eliminated. The system also prevents coverage of the same area by two different crews, since the searching limits of each are unmistakable.

THESE search patterns, however, are only as good as the men who must carry them out. Therefore the services have demanded that every team operate as a fast-working, close-knit, highly specialized unit. For mobility, each crew is limited to not more than five men: an officer or noncom in charge of lesser ratings. Every team travels with its own interpreter, often a native of the district or an American civilian. However, the other members of the unit are expected to be able to get along in the lingo, especially in Europe. The interpreter *can* get sick, and the sign language is no go when you have to describe a missing G.I. to someone who doesn't savvy.

In a search crew you also have to be something of a detective. You must spot an important clue when you see it, and frame questions that will scent out facts when suspicious or timid people tend to stall. You have to ferret out the truth and investigate even the most trifling leads that may put you on the right trail. Often, on some jungle trail, a search team will come upon an item of G.I. issue: a canteen or a helmet liner. Once, a team interviewing a native family noticed their buxom daughter wearing a skirt fashioned from a U.S. parachute. Investigation revealed that an airman, listed as missing, had crashed—and perished—near by.

Here's a typical case from recent War Department files. It's that of Infantry Private—we'll call him Sam, though it's not his real name. Sam is like a detective-story character: he made only one trifling mistake, but that one cooked his goose.

In November, 1943, he was hospitalized in Italy because of illness. Upon his discharge to rejoin his unit, he disappeared. He masked his movements so there was no evidence of desertion, and hence the War Department notified his wife in the States that he was missing. Months went by with no fresh news of the soldier. Mrs. Sam nearly despaired of seeing him again, until one day a letter came. It was from one of the missing man's buddies, Frank, who wrote that he'd recently seen Sam—even talked with him. There were no details. Happily and innocently, Mrs. Sam told her good news to the Casualty Branch in Washington. Immediately the facts were flashed to American search headquarters in Rome.

DESPITE the redeployment and constant shifting of troops a team managed to locate Sam's pal Frank, and questioned him. Frank didn't have much to offer, but he did remember that Sam had said something about knowing "some fine girls down south."

That wasn't much to go on, but the searchers had Sam's record. It revealed he had once been stationed in Naples. So the crew began a quiet,

(*Continued on page 64*)

Down by the Old Gulf Stream

ANTHONY V. RAGUSIN PHOTO

This is a waterfront scene in Biloxi, Mississippi. Fishing vessels add their grace to one of the Gulf's most popular resort towns.

Looking for a vacation spot with some zing? Dixie's exotic Gulf Coast will amaze you with it's fun, sun, food—and rooms

BY LARRY NIXON

THIS spring thousands of Americans are celebrating their newly won freedom from gasoline rationing by motoring down to Mobile Bay, to Gulfport, Biloxi, and the other towns along the Gulf of Mexico. Crowded with war workers, the Gulf Coast was virtually closed to vacationists all through the war.

There's still some crowding, but there's also room for a lot of visitors, and they're coming in over every highway. Some will journey by rail and many may take advantage of increased air service, but it's a country to see from a car—your own, or a drive-yourself rented on the spot.

The season starts in February. On most of the sandy beaches sun bathing is preferred to the surf until winter leaves the scene. And spring is seldom late. Normally by mid-February the azaleas bloom—true heralds of springtime. It's not a short season. Because the waters cool the shores and breezes blow all day long, the vacationists keep coming throughout the summer. In fact, the advantages of the Gulf as a summer vacationland started the boom that has spread the playtime days to nine months a year.

The huge resort hotels near Biloxi and Gulfport are fully staffed. Scores of new resort dwellings are being erected in Baldwin County, Alabama (between Mobile and Pensacola), and landlords at Panama City, Florida, a hundred miles east of Pensacola, are advertising for summer customers.

And Panama City is unique these days. It has houses for rent. There are 400-odd of them in a colony on the beach front. The beach colony is connected with the town proper by bus line. There also are a number of houses available in the city itself. The houses were constructed by private builders for use by employees in Panama City shipyards. The welders and fitters are leaving, but the houses are still there, and they're not government owned, to be torn down and moved away, either. Year-round rent ranges from forty to fifty dollars a month for a five-room house, with electricity, water, and sewer connections already made.

MC NEELY PHOTO FROM GUILLUMETTE

The Bellingrath gardens near Mobile: an Eden in Dixie.

The Gulf Coast between Panama City and Pensacola is one of the most delightful in the world. The highway runs along the sands, with the sparkling waters of the Gulf in sight almost all the way. Inland, green trees and blooming plants in forest and on farms make it a land of tropical beauty. This sector is not heavily settled, and you quickly forget the cares of the workaday world in such a setting.

The beaches in west Florida are growing in popularity, already rivaling near-by Baldwin County, Alabama, just across the state line, where Mobile citizens find summer pleasures. Fairhope, Bon Secour, and the other communities on the eastern side of Mobile Bay are connected with a vehicular tunnel that comes out in the heart of the centuries-old city of Mobile.

Mobile is slowly returning to normal after having had its population more than doubled in the war years, and is ready to hang out the "Welcome, Visitor" sign again. The housing shortage is easing, even if advance reservations are almost always essential at Mobile's hotels. But more places are becoming available for overnight visitors. Tourist and trailer camps this winter are offering accommodations in cabins formerly occupied by war workers.

Alabama's foothold on the Gulf is small, but with the indentations of Mobile Bay there are more than a hundred miles of shore line. It's about three quarters as long as the wave-lapped shores of the State of Mississippi. Mississippi Sound, from Bon Secours Bay to Lake Borgne, in Louisiana, is protected by a series of long islands and sand spits that temper the force of the waters. Summer sees this water dotted with sails, and motor craft and yachts move steadily all winter long, en route east or west or putting out from clubs in the even more protected bays.

THERE'S good fishing in rivers and fresh-water lakes, from the shore, and out where the water is deeper. Party boats and fishing yachts that can be chartered for individuals are returning to service.

Resort hotels at Biloxi, Gulfport, and other towns along the coast are modern in the extreme. Service is in high gear, with plenty of local butter to spread on your biscuit, or, for those who prefer it, city-style cooking with kitchen crews from Chicago and New England. In various towns (and in connection with the hotels as well) you'll find golf courses, tennis courts, and other sports layouts. Saddle horses are available with many miles of country roads, some along beaches, others wandering inland for a glimpse of the Old South that is just a stone's throw from the resorts.

Visitors can see life carried on at the tempo of ante-bellum days, as many plantation homes are thrown open to public inspection during garden weeks and other civic celebrations, particularly when the spring flowers come to perfection.

The man with the hoe and the mule and plow some day may give way to motor-operated flame-thrower weed killers, and automatic cotton pickers may displace the tenant farmer with his sack, but that day is not yet here. Plantation life moves on much as it did twenty-five years ago, simply and with little fanfare.

Most interesting of all the southland is New Orleans, the "City that Care Forgot," to quote a slogan the local commercial organizations banned a generation ago. It may not sound quite businesslike, but your cares will certainly fall away if you let them.

New Orleans has races, interesting homes, a water front, modern shops, and the city rulers have insured against the modernists destroying the city's ancient charm. For example, in the Vieux Carré, the old French Quarter, laws prohibit any change to the exteriors, although considerable modernization has been done on interiors.

Many travelers class New Orleans as one of the few U. S. towns with personality and individuality. Much of this charm is found in the "Quarter," narrow streets with quaint names (*Continued on page 62*)

PIX PHOTO

New Orleans leads the land in colorful revelry with its celebrating of Mardi Gras.

HENLE PHOTO FROM MONKMEYER

Miles of gleaming beaches impound the warm blue waters of the Gulf.

F. S. LINCOLN PHOTO

Colonnaded homes like this adorn the entire Gulf coast.

Snafu on the Campus

A FREE college education all paid for by the government, $65 a month subsistence allowance ($90 if there is a dependent), instruction by outstanding professors, fine laboratories, library facilities, training for a career. It looks rosy in the Army and Navy Separation Center bulletins. So much so that well on to 750,000 veterans are jamming the halls of learning or are negotiating to get in the front doors.

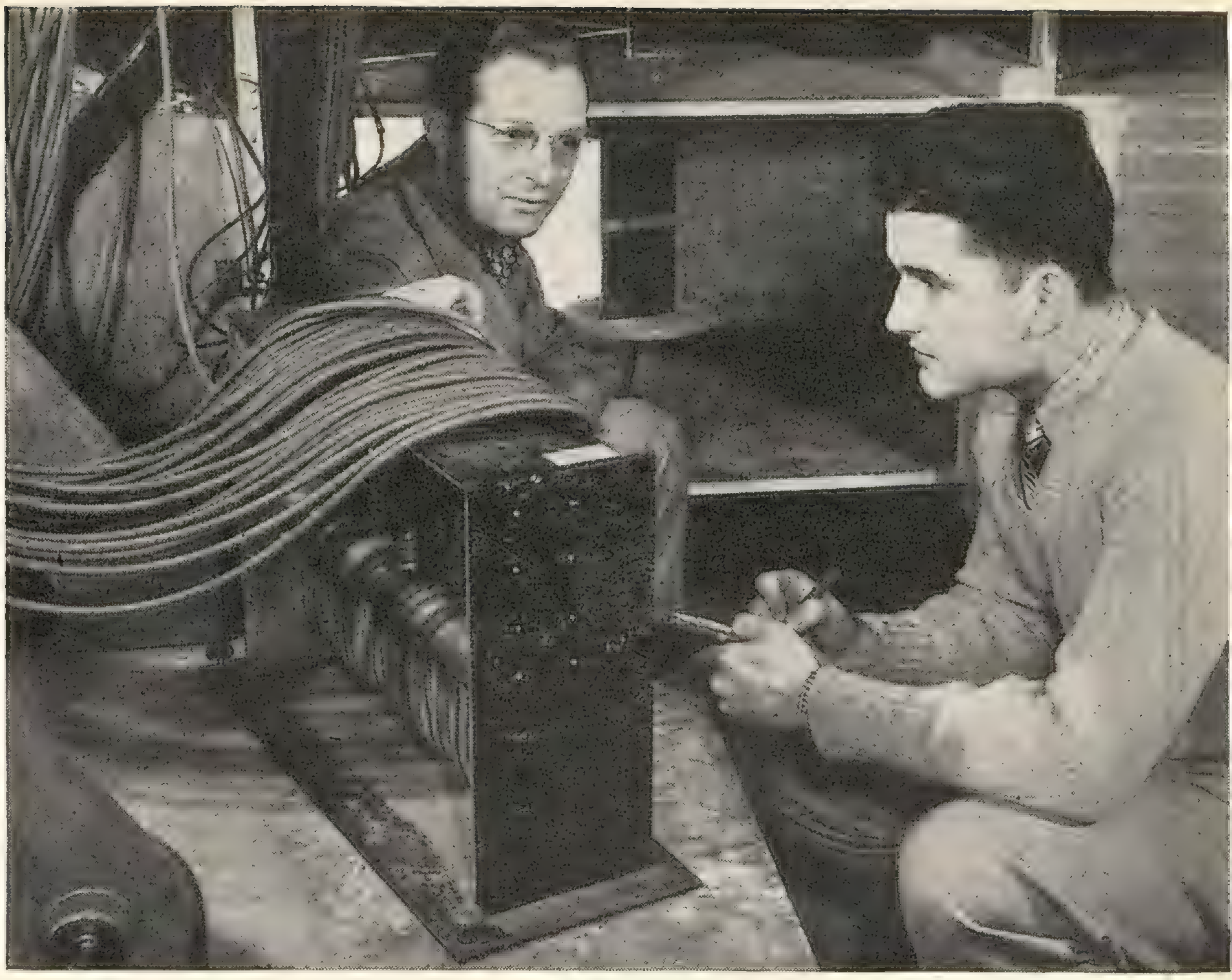
This is no ordinary crop of incoming college men. No adolescent fledglings these. They are grown men. Thirty per cent are married and many have families. They know what they want from college and are going to get it or else—leave it.

To the outsider, the opportunity afforded by Public Laws 16 and 268 is an idealistic set-up to compensate the lads who gave up their schooling to fight in Europe and the Pacific. From the inside, however, it is apparent that all is not well. The vets are blowing their tops about some of the things gone sour in the college program. The truth is that some colleges are going all out to meet the veterans' needs, some are cleverly cashing in on the situation, and some are merely standing by bewildered.

In the so-called G.I. Bill of Rights (Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944) President Roosevelt, by a stroke of the pen on June 22, 1944, made available college education for men and women who have served in the armed forces for ninety days or more since September 16, 1940. Each is entitled to a year plus an additional period equal to his term of active service. The government pays all the bills for tuition, fees, and books up to $500 per academic year, and gives the veteran a subsistence allowance in addition.

Public Law 16 applies only to the disabled veteran and is even more liberal. The unmarried handicapped man rates a pension of $105 a month, $115 if there is a dependent, plus $15 for a dependent parent and $10 for the first offspring and $7 for each additional one.

The Veterans Administration on the whole is doing a competent job of informing veterans of their privileges under the two bills and in arranging for their enrollments. Gov-



Alva Stein, former B-17 pilot, is studying aeronautical engineering at the University of Michigan. Here Prof. A. M. Kuethe helps him record wind-tunnel data.

Typical evening in the Stein apartment: Al hits the books, Barbara cuts draperies.

The men who stormed the beachheads are stopped cold on the campuses, one educator says. He blames nineteenth-century methods and men, and offers a program

BY ARTHUR S. POSTLE

Dean of Men, University of Cincinnati

ernmental red tape and a shortage in staffs, however, cause a lag in processing men and in getting their checks for subsistence to them. As a result, many of the veterans who enrolled in September (1945) have not yet received any money. They have had to borrow from their buddies and families in order to eat. But these matters can be remedied. It is the education itself in which the rub comes.

How are the colleges falling down on the job?

Among the more obvious shortcomings is that of housing. The bill providing college education for the war heroes became a law in June, 1944, yet it now appears that the absent-minded college administrators never thought about the housing until late 1945, when they were actually confronted with the returning men. Now these officials are loudly clamoring for Congress to do something about the situation.

The University of Wisconsin has established a G.I.-ville of trailers. Michigan has a Veterans' Village with 78 homes. Rental is $25 monthly and includes water, gas, and electricity. The University of California has sent out 5,000 S O S communications to persons in the community, appealing to them to open their homes to veterans. Northwestern University is building its own hotel and in the meantime is using a country club for quarters. Columbia University is seeking trailers to house the veterans who can't find regular living quarters in overcrowded New York.

At the University of Cincinnati a former Red Cross building has been leased. The University of Illinois is converting a gymnasium into a barracks-type dormitory for 300 men. Alabama Polytechnic Institute, already training more than 1,600 veterans and unable to house more, in helpful fashion ran a telegraphic poll of other schools in the state and refers rejected veterans to other Alabama colleges. At the University of Kansas, Harry Lees, Jr., a former Army Signal Corps lieutenant, bought an eight-room house for $3,000 and became a student landlord. At Indiana University, Richard Montford, discharged flier, purchased a lot and constructed a home for himself and wife from three old brooder houses.

And so it goes. These are typical cases. Multiply them by several hundred and you have the American college scene.

A SECOND charge against the purveyors of higher education is that they are exploiting the veterans. They are, in too many cases, interested in the revenue the veterans bring in, rather than in supplying the education they want. The $500 per head annual tuition is manna to the student-starved administrators who haven't been able to balance their budgets since 1941. The Veterans Administration generously pays the maximum tuition charge (*i.e.*, out-of-town or out-of-state fees), making the veterans more profitable customers than the local civilians. Most campuses have full-time "veterans' advisers" to answer all queries and to glad-hand prospective enrollees. No matter what specialized training the veterans want, Siwash has it or something "just as good—or better."

Then, too, the college officials plan to get a goodly slice out of the veteran's subsistence allowance. Some dormitory rooms, undusted since the war began, are opened "to alleviate the desperate housing conditions"—but at a profit. In one instance an old residence is being pressed into service with an expected annual rental income of over $14,000. In some cases the cramped quarters of portable units rent for as much as $30 a month. "Tenting tonight on the old campus ground" is no mere parody. The veteran, trying to live within his meager budget, squawks about the food prices charged in college cafeterias. He is met with, "The price of raw foods and of kitchen help has gone up." Raw foods and rawer prices. Fortunately this food situation does not exist in all schools.

Veterans make good copy for the

(*Continued on page 72*)

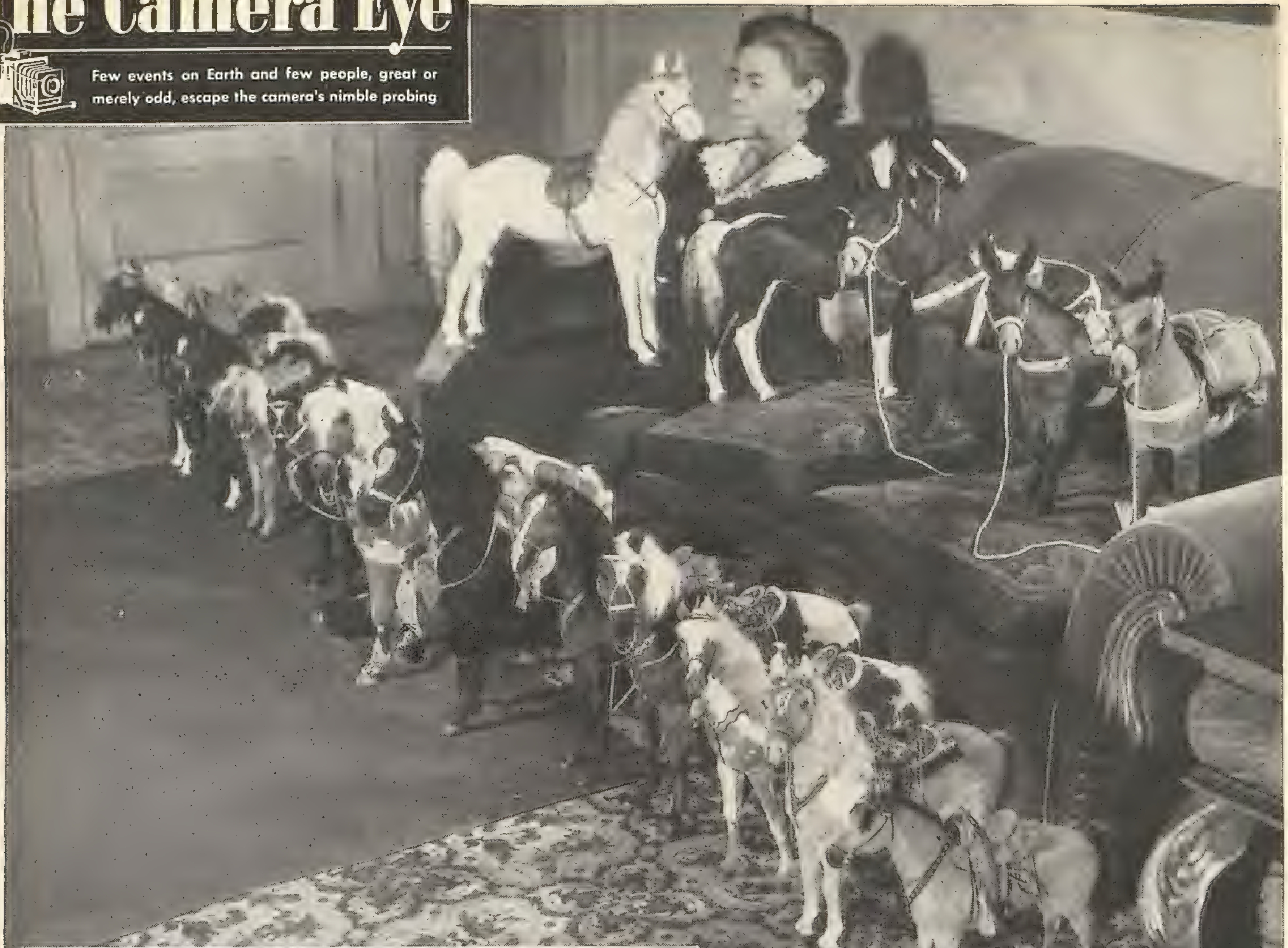
Forestry student Jim Panek and his wife drop in for a visit.

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY STEWART LOVE

At Willow Run Village, three-roomers rent for $18.50.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



Devoted horsewoman from girlhood, Mrs. Fannie Branson of Agate Beach, Oregon, fell from her pony years ago, and her riding days were over. Since then, she has made these flawless models, using the skin of unborn calf on balsa frames.

INTERNATIONAL

THE LITTLE ONES

THE small and the young have always fascinated mankind and aroused its protective instinct. This is equally true of dolls, model railroads, horses—and babies. Now spring's on its way, and it seems to be the very best time to assemble these samples of small fry.

Still wet behind the ears and too utterly disinterested in all things mundane, this new-born rabbit snoozes pictorially under his bower of Queen Anne's lace. And since that's wild carrot, maybe he isn't so dumb.

LYNWOOD M. CHACE

From Midway, it's a gooney bird and a goofy dog, but the bird will get over that fuzzy appearance, when it becomes a trifle older. If that's a watchdog, he's unwound.
EUROPEAN

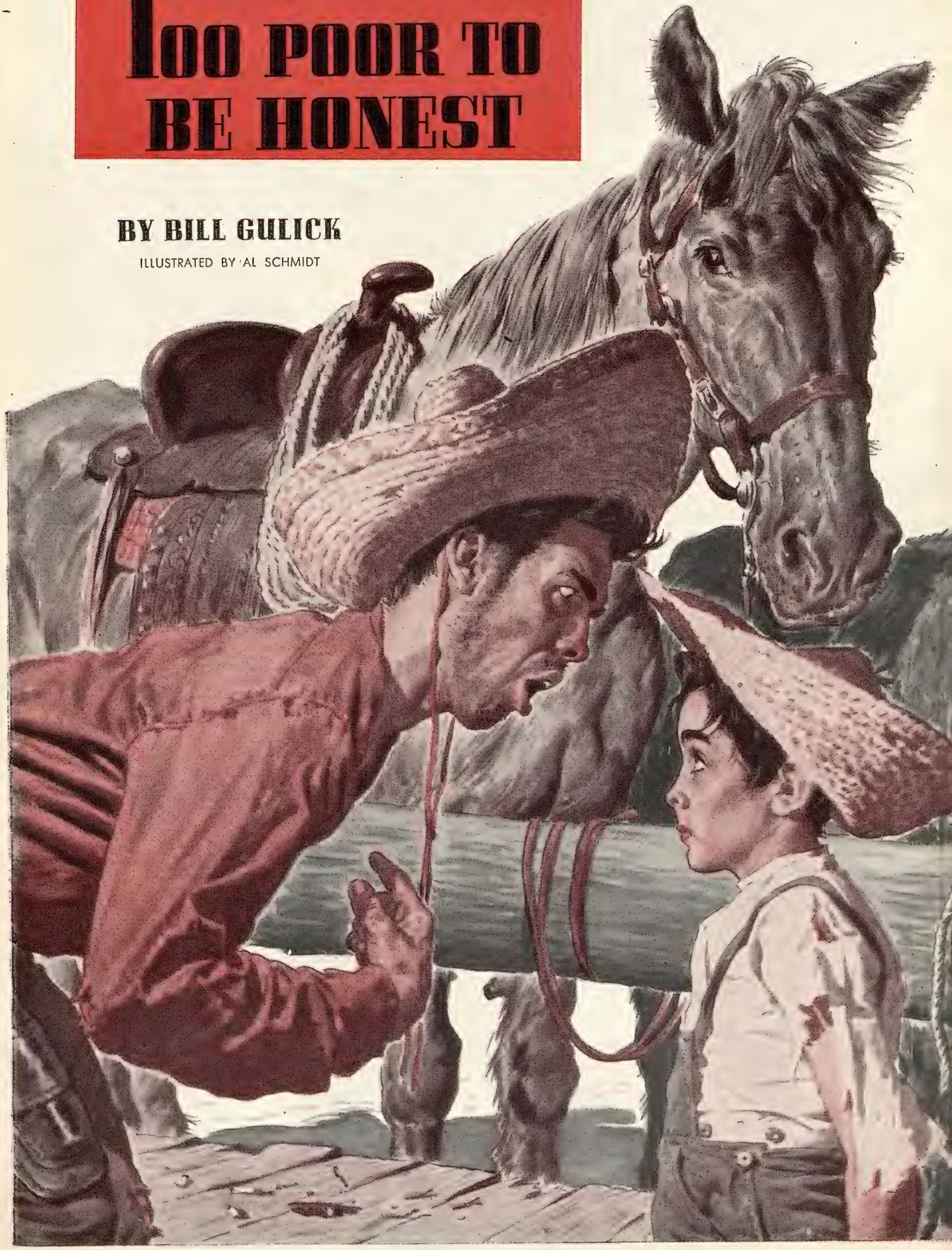
With a situation like this, you'd expect the pups to be setters, but they're foxhounds. The hen, a resident of Oxford, Massachusetts, was determined to mother something. Her unorthodox brood seems to enjoy it.
PRESS ASSOCIATION

In her own wise way, Ma Raccoon sees to it that her infant goes where she goes, with no back talk, either. Judging from Junior's reluctant expression, it's bath night ahead and he's no different from all little boys.
LYNWOOD M. CHACE

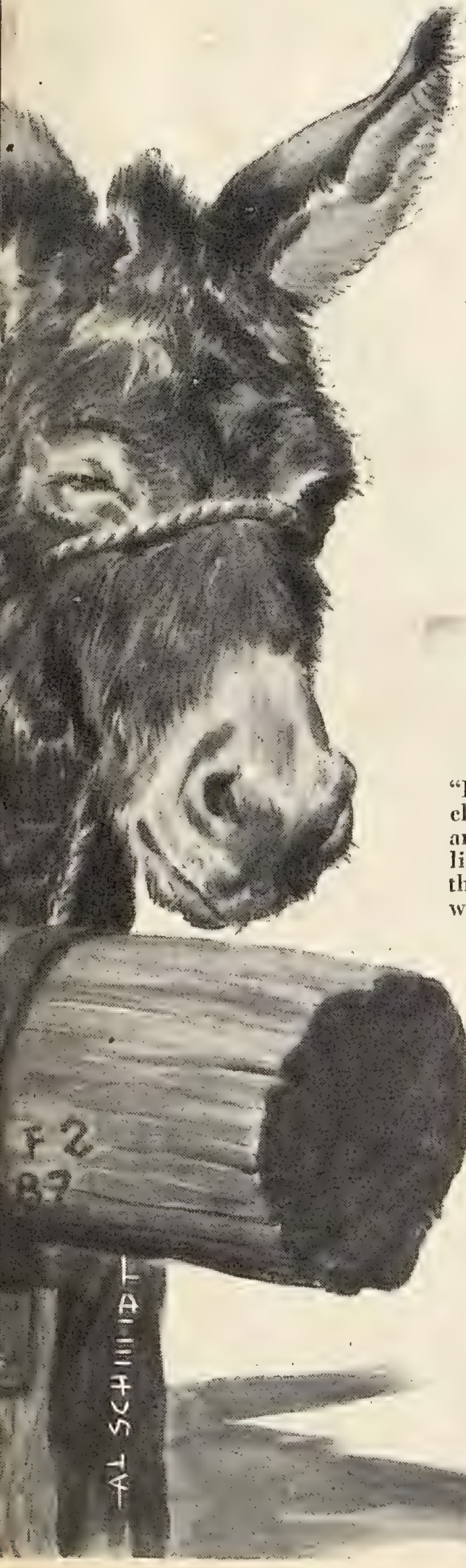
TOO POOR TO BE HONEST

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



Juan had chosen this, of all times, to befriend a homeless urchin—just when his beloved Rosita was screaming for money. But bread cast upon the waters has a way of turning into cake



"I *am* cruel!" Juan exclaimed harshly. "I am evil. I like to hang little boys by their thumbs and flay them with whips. Now—go!"

THE How Many Saloon was crowded at that late hour. Juan Ibáñez finished his drink and toyed with the empty glass as the man on the other side of the table asked impatiently, "It's all settled then?"

Juan did not answer at once. This stranger who called himself Ace Buckley was not to his liking. Dark, pock-marked of face, with harsh black eyes, Buckley appeared to be a man who would cut his own brother's throat for a moderate price. Still, Juan told himself, necessity sometimes forced one to accept disagreeable bedfellows. He shrugged an assent.

"*Si*, I will help you steal Señor Alvarez's cattle."

"You say Saturday will be the day?"

"I will let you know *mañana*."

"Good enough. Meet me at the Blue Mesa tomorrow afternoon."

Juan agreed, got up, and left the saloon.

It was all, he told himself morosely, the fault of his sweetheart, Rosita. When the opportunity had presented itself to buy a small eating house in Tres Rios, she had insisted that Juan purchase a half interest in it.

"Then," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "we will be set up in business and can get married. I will be the cook and you will be the waiter. Will that not be wonderful?"

"How much will this eating house cost?" Juan asked warily.

"Only five hundred dollars. I have saved half that much. Now all you have to do is get the other two hundred and fifty."

"It would take years to earn such an amount!"

"If you love me," Rosita snapped, "you will get the money. If not—well, there are other men in Tres Rios."

Brooding, Juan stood near the hitch rail in front of the saloon. Honesty, he decided, was not a paying proposition. Had he not worked hard on Señor Alvarez's ranch for an entire month? Yet his financial resources at the moment consisted only of a few silver coins. He thought of Buckley's offer to pay him two hundred and fifty dollars if he would help steal a few of Señor Alvarez's cattle. His conscience stirred uneasily, then he shrugged. What did it matter? Señor Alvarez owned many more cattle than he needed.

Juan's horse, Diablo, a dirt-gray angular animal of somewhat doubtful ancestry, dozed at the hitch rail. Juan was starting to mount when he heard the sound of sobbing near by. He found the shivering huddled figure of a boy sitting on the boardwalk. Juan put his hand on the boy's thin shoulders.

"Why do you cry, little one?"

"Because I am hungry."

"Have your parents no food?"

The boy murmured, "My parents are dead."

He was ten or eleven, poorly dressed in patched overalls and a tattered shirt. Juan had never seen him before. He asked his name.

"Pepe Alarcón," the boy answered.

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere, señor. You see, I lived with my father in San Antonio until the fever took him. My uncle Enrique sent me money with which to buy a ticket on the train to his *casa*, but the money was stolen from me. So Cristobal and I set out for my uncle's house afoot."

Juan frowned. "Who is Cristobal?"

Before Pepe could answer, a friendly muzzle pressed against the back of Juan's neck. Turning, he saw a small shaggy gray burro.

"This is Cristobal!" Pepe exclaimed. "He is hungry too."

Juan stood for a moment thoughtfully jingling a few lonely coins in his pocket. Then he smiled and said, "You shall not be hungry long, Pepe. Come with me."

"You will feed Cristobal too?" Pepe asked. "He is hungrier than I."

"*Si*, he shall eat all he desires."

Mounting Diablo, Juan led the way down the street to the livery stable. Cristobal seemed to take a liking to Diablo at once, but Diablo, after one glance down at the smaller animal, merely gave a snort of disgust.

Juan gave the livery-stable keeper one of his few silver dollars for all the oats Cristobal could eat, then he took the ragged boy to the eating house where Rosita worked.

"What do you want at such an hour?" she demanded.

"The *muchacho* is hungry."

Rosita looked down at the boy.

"I am not permitted to feed those who cannot pay."

"*I* will pay. Go and fix my little friend Pepe some food."

Rosita reluctantly did as Juan had requested. Pepe ate in silence, and from the amount of food he consumed Juan saw that he had indeed been hungry. Rosita, bringing another glass of milk, said to Juan, "I hear from Señor Alvarez that you have been working hard."

Juan said that he supposed he had.

"You will have the two hundred and fifty dollars soon?"

Juan dropped his gaze to the counter. The difficulty with women, Juan meditated gloomily, was that they were not acquainted with such matters as simple arithmetic. How could a man who had worked for one month at a salary of forty dollars save two hundred and fifty dollars?

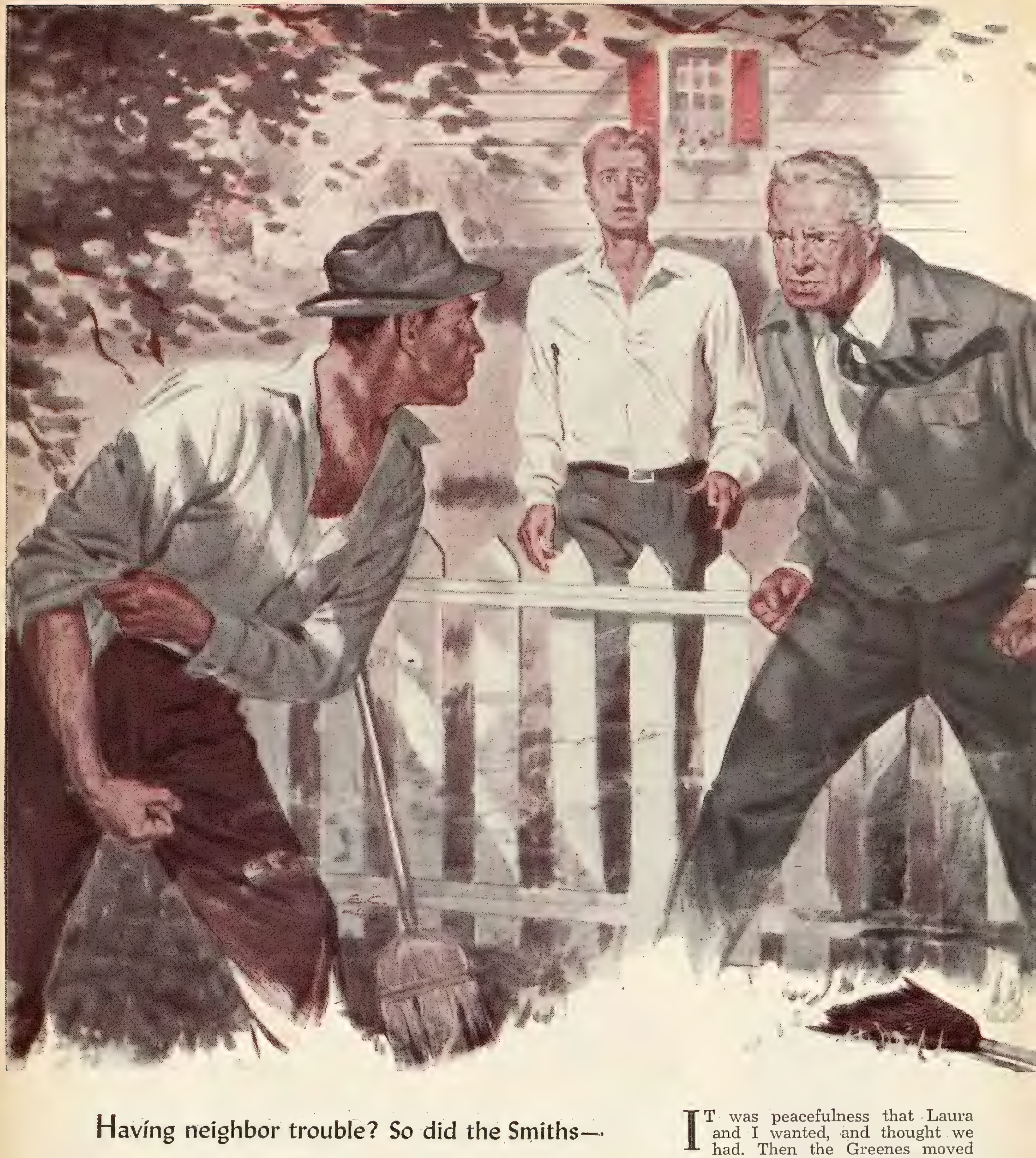
"By Sunday I will have it," he muttered. "I swear it."

WHEN Pepe had eaten his fill, Juan paid for the meal and took him back to the livery stable.

"Good-by, Pepe," Juan said to the *muchacho*. "I hope you have a pleasant journey to your uncle's house."

Pepe looked up at Juan. "I am

(*Continued on page 50*)



Having neighbor trouble? So did the Smiths—when the Greenes started to annex their peach trees. It might have been serious but for a lad who had been involved in boundary disputes overseas—and wanted no more of them

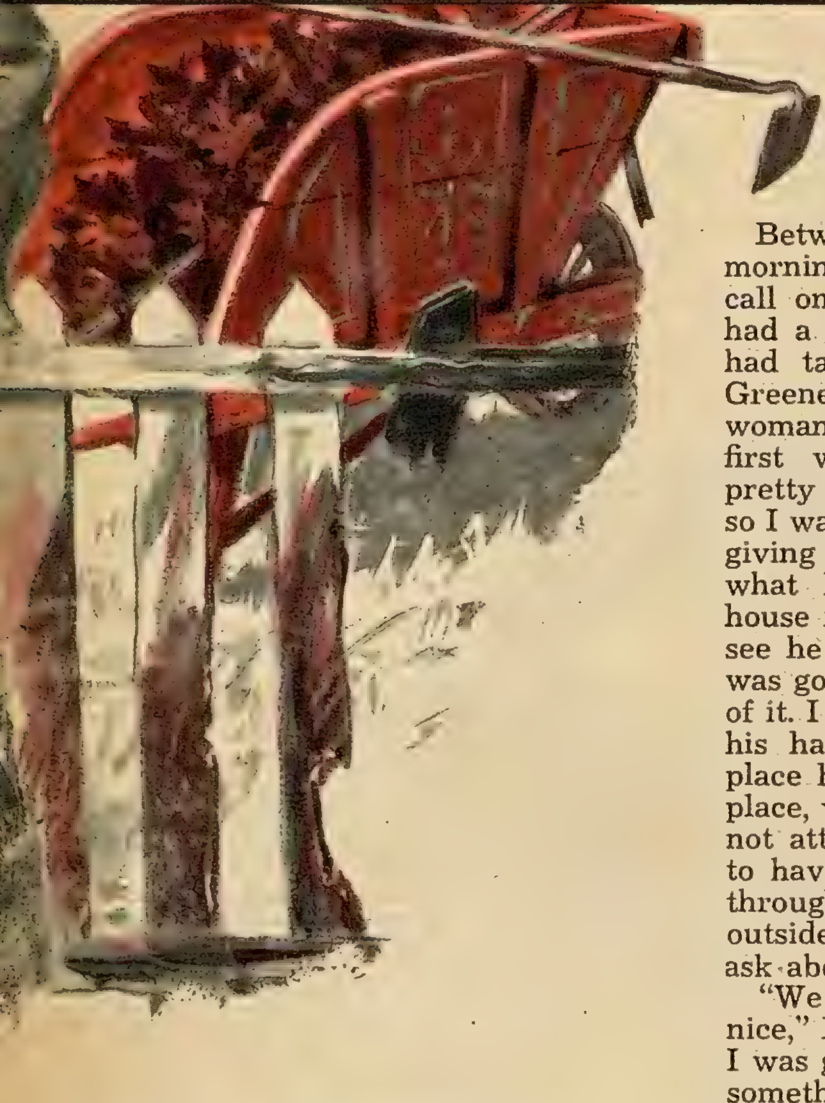
It was peacefulness that Laura and I wanted, and thought we had. Then the Greenes moved into the big house up beyond ours.

Our dispute with the Greenes started, in a restrained kind of way, no more than a week after the large red van backed into their driveway and we peered at them through our windows for the first time. We were able to single out Mr. Greene by the vigorous air of authority with which he directed things. His wife, we saw, was a small, plump, dark-haired woman who seemed to hover on the

Folks Next Door

BY BARRY STEVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA



He came on another step, just as I saw a figure moving behind the fence. Greene's son was coming toward us, his thin face pale in the sun.

lawn while he officiated. I think from the start I resented Greene's air of positiveness and authority.

The morning I first really tangled with Greene was on a Sunday, early in April. Spring was flourishing, the crocuses and tulips had pushed up quite a way, and our property needed a good going over from the winter's litter. I had worked up past the apple trees with a bamboo rake, to the dividing line between our acre lot and the Greenes'. I was just beyond the peach trees, and Greene was raking his side, not far from me.

Between their moving in and that morning we had paid a welcoming call on them one evening and had had a pleasant enough time. Laura had taken quite a fancy to Mrs. Greene, who seemed a nice quiet woman; and I got along all right at first with Greene. He did seem pretty sure of himself, I thought, and so I was the same way with him, not giving an inch. He talked a lot about what he planned to do with his house in his spare time, and I could see he had money in the bank and was going to make quite a place out of it. I also saw that he had a job on his hands, because the old Jones' place he had bought is an ark of a place, very Victorian, with large and not attractive rooms. He was going to have it repapered and repainted throughout and had big plans for outside. But he didn't so much as ask about our house.

"We think our place is pretty nice," I said with some belligerence; I was going to make him talk about something of mine if I had to pull it in by the heels. "It's the real thing, you know—colonial, built just after the Revolution." Then I went too far. "This place of yours is one of those odd Gay Nineties affairs—but I imagine you can do a good deal with it. Too bad it hasn't a little more land along the front."

HIS gray-blue eyes that had been full of enthusiasm dropped away from mine and I saw he was hurt. It wasn't a kind thing for me to say and I felt upset right after I'd said it.

"Is it?" he murmured, and the way he spoke we were suddenly a mile apart there in the room. Then he added, "*We* like it," and started talking about something else.

"It's a wonderful location," I said quickly, "and a well-built house. I'll bet you'll make a wonderful place out of it."

But I was too late. It was one of those things that words don't repair.

"Yes," Greene said quietly. "I know what you mean."

ON Sunday morning, though, he seemed friendly enough as we both raked, twenty feet apart, near the peach trees.

Somehow, while we each worked, we'd got talking about the war and I'd mentioned that our son Steve was in the Pacific and had been in the fighting on Okinawa.

Greene said almost at once, "My boy Paul was at Iwo Jima. That was an even tougher battle, I think, Smith. Don't you?"

I held up my answer just a moment, squinting over at him. He is a fairly powerful, deep-chested man, half a head taller than I am and five or six years older, probably fifty. He has straight sandy hair, combed back pompadour, and his steady blue eyes have good wrinkles at the sides. I thought even then that they could be kindly eyes if he'd stop thinking so much about himself and what was his.

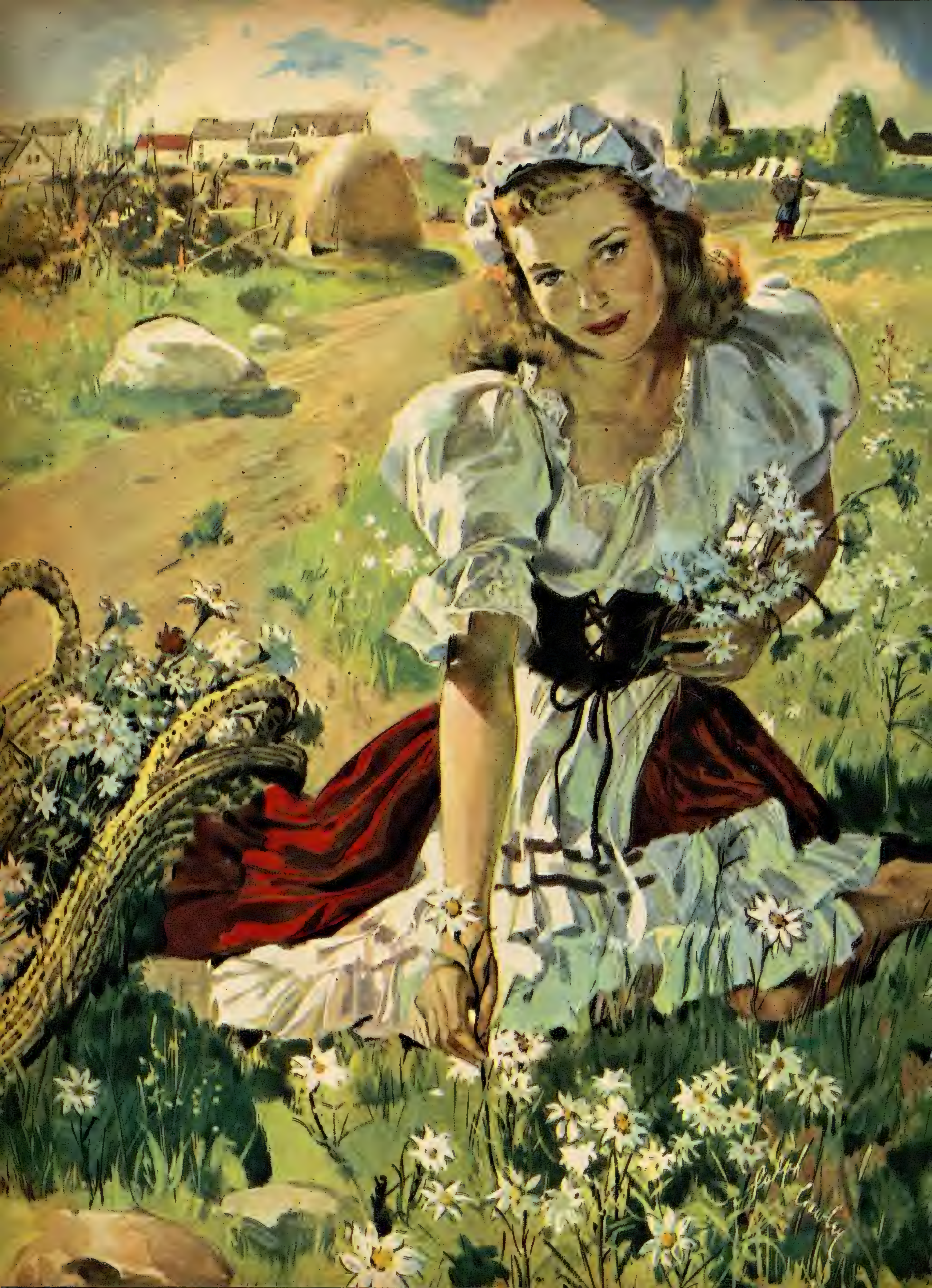
"Well, Okinawa was no pink tea," I said. "My kid's in the infantry."

"My boy Paul's a marine," Greene said. "They got it plenty tough at Iwo."

I didn't say anything more, though it was an effort. I kept on raking, and while I did I realized that Greene was watching me with growing intentness. Every foot I got nearer to him the intentness seemed to grow. Then I noticed he was raking closer to me, working down the grade. Almost before I knew it, his rake was within a foot of mine, going back and forth hurriedly. Then it scraped against mine.

Greene stopped and his head came up. I saw he was trying to force himself to grin, but that he had

(*Continued on page 58*)



Tale of a Traveler

Phelim had left no Blarney stone unturned in his search for his fair colleen — and the tale of her beauty and his travels had grown with the telling. But at the inn you could hear the awful truth

BY T. F. HEALY

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

I WALKED alone along the country road to get the feel of my native land I was revisiting. After a while I came upon an old man sitting on a boulder in the ditch. He was the same man I had seen a few days before, sitting by himself in the village tavern and mumbling over his tumbler of whisky.

"God save you! A nice evening!" I saluted him in the idiom of the countryside.

"God and Patrick save you," he answered. "'Tis a nice evening, and a fine coolth on the hills."

"I've seen you in the public house," I said.

"Och, I go there often for a drop of the comfort to cheer me, and needful of it, too. It helps an old man put the longing and the worry from him like a pair of old shoes."

He took a drag on his pipe and looked at me appraisingly.

"I can tell by the cut of you you're a Yankee from the States."

"From the States, yes," I said, "but not so much a Yankee for I was born here and came back for a visit after the war."

"What's the news from the States now?" he asked abruptly.

"I couldn't say exactly, not having been there myself for some time."

"I never cared for the States when I was there."

This took me aback. "You were there?"

"All over. Let me see, now, where-all I was! In New York, in Chicago by the inland seas, Omaha of the plains, Denver of the mountains, and—"

"You sure did some traveling in your time."

"Travel is it? I have surely, and no man has gone up and down the crooked ways of the world more than myself here, never stopping long enough in one place to see the new leaves come where I had seen the old leaves wither or the wheat harvested where I had seen it sown."

He paused to relight his pipe. "And in Europe too," he went on. "In London, and it a drear and lonely place; in the sweet far land of France —in Paris itself and it more to an Irishman's heart; in Madrid of proud Hispania; in Rome by Tiber's shore; along the castled splendors of the Rhine amongst the goodly German folk. In the East too, in India and China. Och, where haven't I been!

"Over the world many's the time," he continued, "till 'tis tired I am with the wandering and the dust of many roads on my feet; and the spirit has gone out of me for any more of it."

"Well, you've seen plenty anyhow."

"Wish I hadn't though. It did me no good; 'twas a waste of time."

"Traveling is never a waste of time, if—"

"If," he picked me up, "if a man finds what most he is looking for."

"And didn't you? What were you looking for anyhow?"

He looked up at me. "Well, since you ask it," he replied, "'twas a woman I was seeking."

"A woman!"

"A woman," he said. "A colleen more beautiful than the singing of the birds or the leaves in summer and more full of joy, the way Helen or even Deirdre herself wouldn't be in it. A girleen with curls of gold and milk-white arms and eyes with a look in them would bring folly from a scholar and make the saints themselves tumble with jealousy out of the sky. There never was a woman the like of that woman."

HIS voice faded away, and he talked to himself for a moment.

". . . and to be hunting for her and calling out her name in the strange foreign places and never to be hearing her voice to take the power of the grief from you, and your heart like a piece of twisted horn within you, ochone."

The eerie twilight of the land came on, and a great cloud moved against the dark immobility of the sky.

"How quiet it is," I said. I could think of nothing else to say.

"It is, and maybe a bit of a storm too, for it comes up quietlike in these parts, like the running of a hound upon the moor. It'll blow up anon, and I'll be going to my own place a bit of a ways through the fields there, and bidding you a good night."

"Good night," I said. "A man as traveled as yourself needs a good night's rest."

"Rest surely for one so tired with the wandering and grown so old at it I can't go any more to seek herself, for I'm not worth a cuckoo's spit now."

He got to his feet and went through a gap in the hedge.

I STOPPED at the village tavern for a glass or two. Over the bar I told my host of my meeting with the old man. He laughted loudly.

"You've been talking with Phelim O'Neill," he said. "Sure nobody listens to him around here save for the foreigners who heed him, and they're mostly Yankees now. He's cracked, you know; a bit daft with the moon song in his brain."

"But how he's traveled! Been everywhere."

"Never been out of the barony in all his life."

"But he told me," I said, "of the places he's been to, and he—"

"That's only his imagination. All the traveling poor Phelim ever did was in his head."

"I fell for it anyhow, even for the bunk about the girl."

"Och, the girl! Well, there was a slip of a lass, they tell, he was greatly in love with, and that years ago, only if she didn't run off with a lad come back from the States, and he gave her silks and satins when all poor Phelim could give her was a new plaid shawl."

"So there was something to it!"

"And they eloped, and Phelim loved her so much he never got over it, and him conjuring to what great city of the world she went to and following her everywhere in his mind. Love affects men differently, I suppose; and that's the way it struck Phelim, and he never got over it, poor man."

"So that's the story!"

"Save to say they never left the country and went only twenty miles away to live—Rossdonverna, I think. No good to tell it to Phelim, though. And isn't it better to let him have his dreams and his memories of her yet as his colleen, ever young and fair to see."

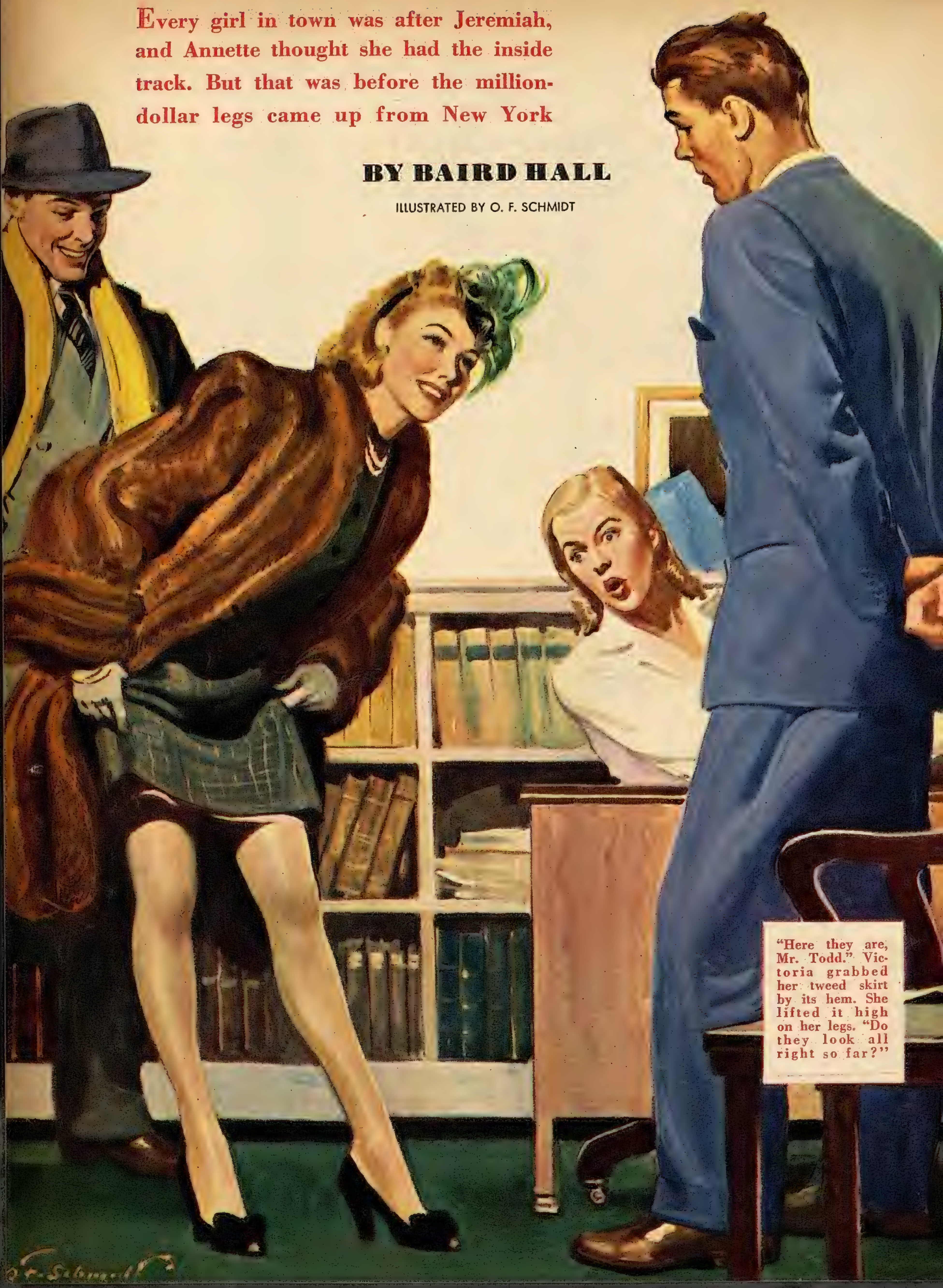
THE END

"'Twas a woman I was seeking. A colleen more beautiful than the singing of the birds or the leaves in summer and more full of joy."

Every girl in town was after Jeremiah, and Annette thought she had the inside track. But that was before the million-dollar legs came up from New York

BY BAIRD HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT



"Here they are, Mr. Todd." Victoria grabbed her tweed skirt by its hem. She lifted it high on her legs. "Do they look all right so far?"

Million-Dollar LEGS

WHEN Jeremiah Todd came back to Sims River from law school, every girl in the valley decided she wanted to marry him. And it was too late.

Jeremiah had been an ugly kid, scrawny and carrot-headed, and so shy that the village schoolteacher could never make him speak much above a whisper. College and law school didn't change him much. He came home the same tall, gangling, shy guy with the same rugged ugly face.

Nevertheless, one girl after another decided she was just what Jeremiah needed. It began to be a regular joke around town, except to Jeremiah. For twenty-seven years girls had had no use for him. Now, when they began to smile, he hid.

Behind Mrs. Higgins, the girls said. Every girl in Sims River was sure she could lay hands on Jeremiah Todd if it weren't for Sarah Higgins, Todd's housekeeper. Then had come a day when Mrs. Higgins fetched her niece Annette Lyons from Hartford to be Jeremiah's office girl. And that really blew the lid.

"Annette's a sneaky little cat!" Glo Foster said.

"She droops and flutters her eyelashes at him," snorted Dotty Moore.

This last was absolute calumny. Never once, from the opening of the morning mail to the final murmured "Good evening, Mr. Todd," did Annette raise her eyes to meet Jeremiah's. Annette did not forget her aunt's firm warning: "If you look straight at him, you'll drive every thought right out of his head—and yourself right out of his office, my girl."

Jeremiah didn't know that Annette never looked straight at him. He merely was not afraid to glance at her when, one bitter cold January morning, she handed the telephone across his desk.

"It's long distance, Mr. Todd."

He took the phone.

"Mr. Todd? This is Fosdick, Gordon, Marsh and Leeds of New York. Mr. Marsh is calling. Just a moment please, Mr. Todd."

"Aya," responded Jeremiah, as casually as if his heart hadn't jumped into his mouth. Fosdick, Gordon, etc., of New York was a most eminent law firm. Then Mr. Marsh came on the wire. His speech was formal restrained but cordial.

"I regret, Mr. Todd, that our first contact"—there was a slight emphasis on the word first—"that our *first* contact with you must be on a case the nature of which is definitely distasteful to us. But our valued clients, Boyd-Globe, the insurance firm, have written an accident policy on one Miss Victoria Ames, a professional dancer who performs under the pseudonym of Vicki Vance. It is a short-term policy with an exorbitant face value at a very high premium, and the coverage is specifically limited to the two legs of this Victoria Ames. Yesterday morning Miss Ames announced her intention of going skiing in Vermont."

"Um," said Jeremiah.

"She is apparently a headstrong and irresponsible young woman. Neither her professional managers nor our clients, Boyd-Globe, can dissuade her from this indulgence, which is rendered doubly hazardous by her lack of experience with the sport in question."

"Well, beginners aren't as likely to—" began Jeremiah.

"Fortunately," interrupted Mr. Marsh, "if the legs of Victoria Ames suffer injury in the actual performance of skiing, the contract becomes void. The limbs are certainly covered during all normal activities, including transportation by motor vehicle. It becomes essential, therefore, that we provide ourselves with a reliable eyewitness and legally competent report on the condition of the legs at all times when skiing is or might be indulged in."

"Well, now—but—" tried Jeremiah, and the watching Annette saw the back of his neck turning scarlet.

WHEN Mrs. Higgins brought Jeremiah's lunch tray to the office, he was still red.

"I've taken a job I don't want," he told her, "just because I haven't the guts to say no to Fosdick, Gordon and Boyd-Globe." Jeremiah knew better than to attempt concealment in Sims River. Miss Victoria Ames would arrive at the Sims River Inn. This "headstrong young woman" had agreed, Mr. Marsh said, to contact Lawyer Todd on her arrival. This "contact" would not escape notice.

The housekeeper carried her news back to the kitchen. Here Annette, for the first time, learned the real gist of the phone call.

"Auntie, suppose he gets interested in this actress—and her—her fat legs?"

Mrs. Higgins eyed her niece severely. "Do you think Jeremiah Todd is the sort to chase after actresses?"

"No. But—".

"You're the only girl he can stand the sight of. And why is that? Why? Because you've done what I told you."

"But I'm not *doing* anything. It's just sitting and waiting. I—"

"You'll be doing something. Plenty. And soon. And it'll be more than any flashy actress can do, my girl."

EVEN a pessimistic Jeremiah was unprepared for the impact of Victoria's arrival. The big car rolled to a stop. Jeff Harmon, road commissioner and driver of the town's road plow, happened to be seated in Jeremiah's office. Jeff watched a woman, followed by a man, come scrambling over the roadside bank.

Victoria Ames burst in the office door. She looked at Annette. She looked at Jeff Harmon. Then she saw Jeremiah rise. Victoria smiled.

"Here they are, Mr. Todd." She grabbed her heavy tweed skirt by its hem. She lifted it high on her legs. "Do they look all right so far?"

Victoria still smiled at Jeremiah. "What is your expert opinion?"

"I don't know," said Jeremiah simply.

Victoria let the skirt drop then. "I'm Vicki Vance. I understand you're responsible for these legs while I'm here. I do want to be cooperative."

"Thanks." Jeremiah's gentle drawl was in amazing contrast to the panic of his face. "Guess if you'll tell them at the inn when you're going out to the tows, that will be all that's needed, Miss Ames."

Victoria gazed at him. "Why, you're sweet!" she said softly, and added, "You have to watch me ski, don't you? We'll be glad to have you come in our car."

"Guess that won't be necessary, thanks."

"Come along then, Vicki," laughed her escort, who stood in the doorway. "You've got your marching orders."

Victoria stiffened slightly. She turned, and went out. Jeff Harmon rose with a sigh.

(*Continued on page 55*)

Everett Henry

A Favorite in Flowers

THE COLUMBINE . . . State Flower of Colorado

DIXIE
BELLE

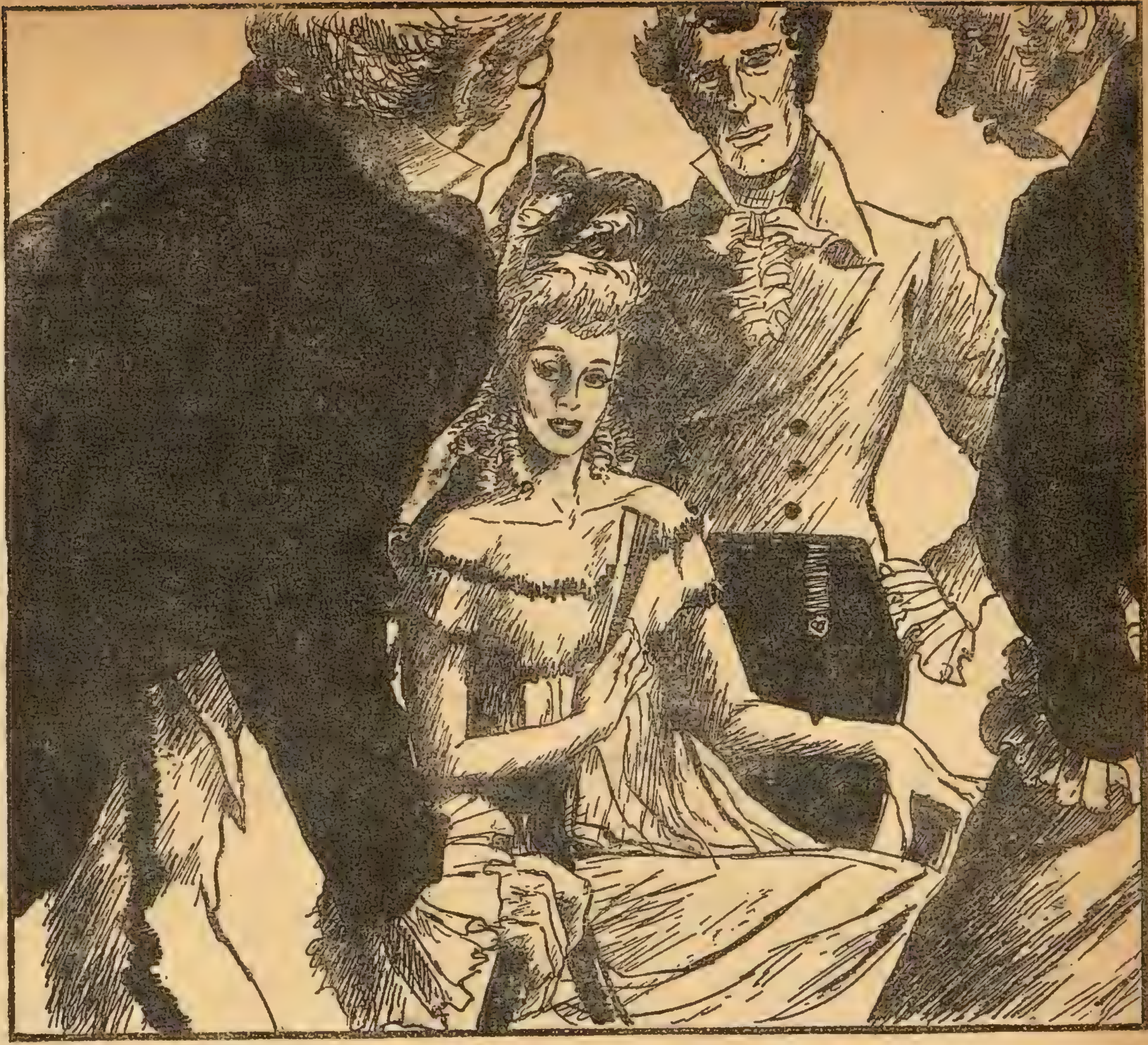
A favorite has what it takes . . . in flowers or in gin. DIXIE BELLE, for instance . . . a favorite for bright, clean flavor and appealing bouquet. Distilled from selected grain neutral spirits and choicest fruits, herbs and berries. For superior gin drinks . . . DIXIE BELLE.

DIXIE
BELLE
LONDON DRY PROCESS
DIXIE
BELLE
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING



FRIDAY'S CHILD

By
GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY
THOMAS ATWELL

Gay Lord Sheringham thought his would be a marriage of convenience, but he soon found that there was nothing convenient about living with young Hero Wantage. "Born to trouble," she managed to become innocently involved in a scrape a minute. This hilarious tale of Regency bucks and Incomparable Beauties is one of the most laugh-provoking novels of the year.

"Do not, I beg of you, my lord, say more!" uttered Miss Milborne, in imploring accents.

Her companion, a tall young gentleman who had gone romantically down upon one knee before her chair, arose much chagrined. "I must say, Isabella, I think you might let a fellow speak!" he said crossly.

"I would spare you pain, my lord."

"I wish you will stop talking in that damned theatrical way!" said the Viscount. "And don't keep on calling me 'my lord', as though you hadn't known me all your life!"

Miss Milborne flushed, and stiffened a little. It was perfectly true that she had known the Viscount all her life, but a dazzling career as an acknowledged Beauty had accustomed her to a far more reverential mode of address than that favoured by her childhood's playmate. In some dudgeon, she gazed coldly out of the window, while her suitor took a few hasty turns about the room.

He was a handsome young blade, wild enough to intrigue the female fancy, and if not as brilliant a match as the Duke of Severn, who had lately shown flattering symptoms of being on the verge of declaring himself, at least he was much more presentable—His Grace being a stolid young man inclined to corpulency. On the other hand, the Viscount was by no means so devout a lover as his friend Lord Wrotham, who had offered to blow his brains out if such an act would afford her pleasure. In fact, the suspicion had more than once crossed Miss Milborne's mind that the Viscount had joined the throng of her admirers for no better reason than that he was never one to be out of the mode.

She stole a look at him under her eyelashes. No, he was not as handsome as poor Wrotham, whose dark, stormy beauty troubled her dreams a little. But his features were

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good. He had deceptively angelic blue eyes, at odd variance with the air of rakishness that sat upon his person. As Miss Milborne watched him, they chanced to encounter hers. For a moment they stared belligerently, then his lordship's good humour reasserted itself, and he grinned. "Oh, deuce take it, Bella, you know I'm head over ears in love with you!"

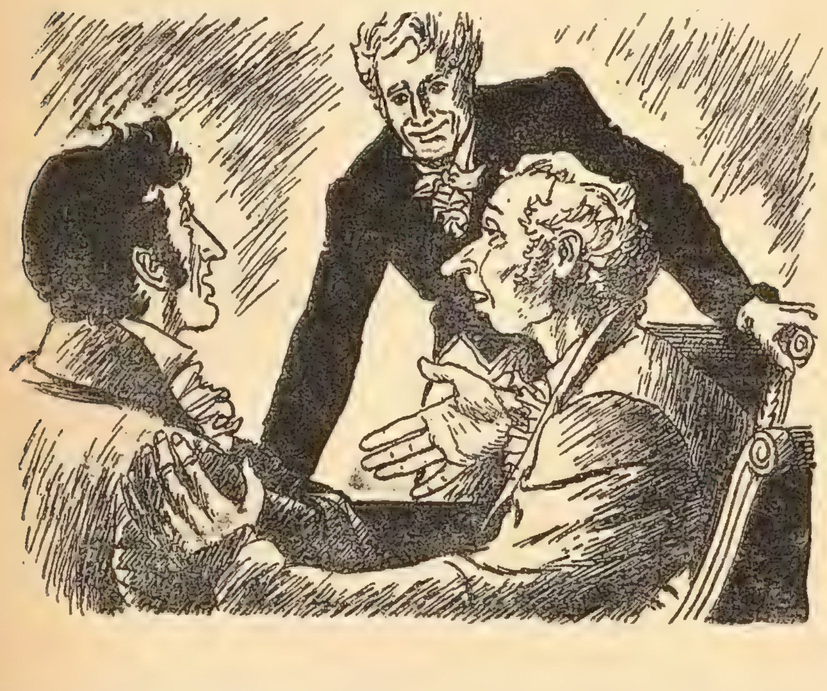
"No, I don't," said Miss Milborne, with unexpected frankness.

The Viscount's jaw dropped. "But my dear girl—! Haven't I been dangling at your shoestrings ever since I first knew you?"

"No," said Miss Milborne. "When you first knew me, you said all girls were nuisances, and you called me Foxy."

"I did?" gasped his lordship, appalled at this heresy. "At all events, I liked you better than any other girl I knew!"

Miss Milborne regarded him in a reminiscent way which he found singularly unnerving. "No, I don't think you did," she said at last. "In fact, Sherry, if you had a preference, I think it was for Hero Wantage."



"Hero?" exclaimed the Viscount. "No, dash it all, Bella, I never thought of Hero in all my life!"

"No, I know that," said Miss Milborne impatiently, "but when we were children you did like her more than you liked me or the three Bagshot girls, because she used to fetch and carry for you. She was only a baby, or she would have seen what an odious boy you were."

Roused, the Viscount said, with feeling: "I'll swear I wasn't half as odious as the Bagshot girls! Lord, Bella, do you remember the way that little cat, Sophy, used to run and tell tales about the rest of us?"

"Not about me," said Miss Milborne coldly. "There was nothing to tell." She perceived that her reminiscent mood had infected the Viscount, the gleam in his eye warning her that some quite undesirable recollections were stirring in his memory, and made haste to recall him to the present. "Not that it signified, I'm sure. The truth is, we should not suit, Sherry. I cannot accept of your obliging offer!"

"Isabella!" pronounced Lord Sheringham, in boding accents, "Don't try me too far! If you love Another—You know, Bella, if it's Severn you mean to have, I can tell you now you won't get him. *You* don't know the Duchess! Can't call his soul his own, poor old Severn, and she'll never let him marry you."

Miss Milborne rose from her chair abruptly. "I think you are the most odious, abominable creature in the world!" she said angrily.

The Viscount took two strides towards her and tried to take her in his arms. He received a box on the ear which made his eyes water, and for an instant was in danger of forgetting that he was no longer a schoolboy confronting a tiresome little girl. Miss Milborne, reading retaliation in his face, strategically retired behind a small table, and said tragically: "Go!"

THE Viscount rode home to Sheringham Place in high dudgeon, and was not in the least soothed by being informed that his mother was desirous of seeing him.

With her he discovered his uncle, Horace Paulett. Since Mr. Paulett had taken up his residence at Sheringham Place some years previously, the Viscount had expected to find his uncle there, but this did not prevent his ejaculating in a goaded voice: "Good God, *you* here, uncle?"

Mr. Paulett, who was a plump gentleman with an invincible smile, merely smiled more broadly than ever.

"Sit down, my love, beside me," Lady Sheringham began. "Did you—did you make her an offer?"

"Yes, I did! She won't have me."

"Alas! The dearest wish of my heart!" sighed Lady Sheringham. "If I could but see you married to Isabella, I could go in peace!"

Her son looked at her in a bewildered way. "Go where?" he demanded. "If it's the Dower House you're thinking of, there's nothing that I know of to stop you going there any day you choose."

"Sometimes I think you wilfully misunderstand me!" complained Lady Sheringham. "You cannot be ignorant of the enfeebled state of my health!"

"What, you don't mean that you're going to die, do you?" said the Viscount incredulously. "No, no, you won't do that! Why, I remember you used to say the same to my father, but nothing came of it."

Lady Sheringham reverted to her son's present predicament. "The estate would round off yours so delightfully, Anthony, and dearest Isabella is her father's sole heir."

"Damme, ma'am, I don't want her fortune! All I want is my own fortune!" said his lordship.

"If she had accepted your hand you would have had it, though heaven knows you would squander the entire principal before one had time to look about one! But what delicately nurtured female, I ask of you, my son, would consent to marry one whose footsteps are set upon the path of Vice?"

"Here, I say, ma'am!" protested the startled Viscount. "It's not as bad as that, 'pon my soul it's not! Dash it, a man can't be on the Town without kicking up a lark or so every now and then!"

"Loth as I am to say it," Mr. Paulett interposed, "I cannot consider poor Sherry fit to assume the control of his fortune. Well for him that it is held in trust for him!"

"Oh, is it well for me?" interjected poor Sherry wrathfully. "Much you know about it! And why my father ever took it into his head to make you a trustee beats me! Once I get the confounded Trust wound up, out you'll go, and well you know it!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Paulett, smiling in a maddening way. "But there are two years to run before the Trust comes to an end."

"Unless I get married!" the Viscount reminded him, his eyes very bright. He strode towards the door.

"Anthony!" shrieked Lady Sheringham. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going back to London!" answered the Viscount. "And I'm going to marry the first woman I see!"

HE lost no time in starting. A pair of spirited bays were harnessed to his curricle; a sharp-faced Tiger, named Jason, was perched up behind him; and the Viscount, with all the air of one shaking the dust of a loathed spot from his shoes, drove along at a spanking pace.

No slave could have been less critical of his owner's vagaries, or more tireless in his attentions than Jason. He had been overturned in his lordship's curricle five times, and was generally supposed to be willing to engage on his behalf on any enterprise.

They were passing the modest estate owned by Mr. Humphrey Bagshot. The Viscount kept his moody gaze fixed on the road ahead, and would not have spared a glance for the house but for his Tiger.

"There's a female a-wavin' at you, guv'nor," Jason informed his master.

The Viscount turned his head, and found that he was sweeping past a lady who was perched on top of a wall, somewhat wistfully regarding him. Recognizing this damsel, he reined in and backed his pair. She smiled shyly and called out, "Hello, Sherry!"

The Viscount looked her over. She was a very small, very young lady, and she did not at this moment appear to advantage. The gown she wore was of an unbecoming shade of pink, and had palpably come to her at second-hand. A drab cloak was tied round her neck, its hood hanging down over her shoulders. There were tear-stains on her cheeks, and her wide grey eyes were reddened and a little blurred.

"Hallo, what's the matter?" asked the Viscount.

Miss Wantage gave a convulsive sob. "Everything!"

The Viscount was a good-natured young man, and whenever he thought of Miss Wantage, which was not often, it was with mild affection. In his graceless teens he had bullied her and tyrannized over her, lost his temper with her, boxed her ears, and forced her to engage in various sports and pastimes which terrified her; but he had permitted her to trot at his heels, and he had allowed no one else to tease or ill-treat her.

HER situation was not a happy one. She was an orphan, taken when eight years old to live in her cousin's house, and to be brought up with her three daughters. The Viscount, who disliked the three only one degree less than he disliked their Mama, gave it as his considered opinion, when he was fifteen years old, that they were brutes, and treated their poor little cousin like a dog. He had therefore no difficulty now, as he looked at Miss Wantage, in interpreting correctly her somewhat sweeping statement. "Those cats been bullying you?" he said.

"I'm going to be a governess, Sherry."

"Never heard such nonsense in my life!" he said, slightly irritated. "You aren't old enough!"

"Cousin Jane says I am. I shall be seventeen in a fortnight's time, you know."

"Well, you don't look it," said Sherry. He cast off the rug which covered his shapely legs. "Jason, walk the horses!" he ordered, and sprang down from the curricle. He hoisted himself up beside her and put a brotherly arm round her shoulders. "Now, don't go on crying, brat: it makes you look devilish ugly!" he said. "Why has that old cat suddenly taken it into her head to send you off? You're not a pauper-brat!"

Miss Wantage raised her innocent eyes to his face. "But I am, Sherry. I haven't any money at all."

"That don't signify," said the Viscount impatiently. "What I mean is, females of your breeding aren't governesses! Never knew your father myself, but I know all about him. Very good family. You've got starchy relations. You'd better write to them."

"It wouldn't be of any use. I think my father quarreled with them, because they wouldn't do anything for me when he died. So I dare say they wouldn't object at all to my becoming a governess."

"Well, I do," said the Viscount. "In fact, I won't have it. You'll have to think of something else."

Miss Wantage agreed, but a little doubtfully. "Marry the curate, do you mean, Sherry?" she asked, slightly wrinkling her nose. "Cousin Jane says it must be the curate, or that horrid school."

"You don't mean to tell me that the curate wants to marry you?"

Miss Wantage nodded. "He has *offered* for me," she said, not without pride.

"It seems to me," said his lordship severely, "that you have been getting devilish flighty since I saw you last! Marry the curate, indeed! What beats me is why he should want to marry you. You'd never do for a parson's wife. The whole idea is the greatest piece of nonsense I ever heard! In fact, it's a very good thing I chanced to come down here, for the Lord knows what silly trick you'd have tried to play off if I hadn't caught you in time!"

"No, and I am so glad to see you again, Anthony," she replied. "I thought perhaps you would come."

"Good Lord, did you? Why?"

"To wait on Isabella," she replied innocently.

"Here, who told you I wanted to marry Bella!"

"You did," answered Miss Wantage simply.

"She won't have me."

"Sherry!" cried Miss Wantage, quite shocked. "You don't mean that she refused you?"

"Yes, I do," said the Viscount.

"Oh, Sherry, do you mind very much?" asked Hero, her heart wrung. "I did think that Isabella—"

"I'll not hear a word against her!" said the Viscount nobly. "She is, and will always be, the Incomparable! But if she thinks I'm going to wear the willow for her sake, she's mightily mistaken! And it wouldn't surprise me above half if that's just what she'd like me to do, for of all the heartless baggages I ever encountered—"

"What *are* you meaning to do, Sherry?"

"Just what I told my mother. Marry the first female I see!"

Miss Wantage gave a giggle. "Silly! That's me!"

"Well, good Lord, there's no need to be so curst literal!" said his lordship. "I know it's you, as it turns out, but—" He stopped suddenly, and stared down into her heart-shaped countenance. "Well, why not?" he said slowly. "Damme, that's exactly what I will do!"

For one dazed moment she could only gaze blankly up at him. "M-marry *me*, Sherry?" she stammered.

"Yes, why not?" responded his lordship. "That is, unless you have some objection, and considering the way you were ready to marry the curate I can't for the life of me see why you should have!"

"No, no, I wasn't ready to marry the curate!"

"Well, never mind about that," said his lordship. "It's no use your pretending that you'd prefer to be a governess to marrying me, because it's absurd! No one would."

Miss Wantage was far from wanting to pretend anything of the sort, but the notion of marrying one who had for a number of years appeared to her in much the same light as he appeared to his Tiger seemed so fantastic that she could neither credit him with any serious intentions, nor believe that such a dazzling change in her bleak future could really take place. "Oh, Sherry, don't, please!" she begged, a catch in her voice. "I know it's a joke, but, please, I wish you would not!"

"It's no such thing!" the Viscount said. "In fact, the more I think of it the more it seems to me an excellent plan. Married I must be, and I'd as soon have you as any other. Sooner," he added handsomely. "It's my belief we should deal famously, for you don't take pets, and you won't expect me to alter all my habits."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Of course, I know it ain't a love-match," pursued his lordship. "For my part, I've done with love, since Isabella cut up all my hopes."

A sympathetic sigh from his companion brought his attention around to her. He surveyed her somewhat doubtfully, as an unwelcome thought occurred to him. "I wish you weren't so devilish young!" he complained. "A pretty pickle we shall be in if you take it into your head to fall in love with some fellow or other after we're tied up!" A qualm seized him. "I suppose I ought not to do it," he said, with a vague feeling of chivalry. "I don't mind people calling me a libertine, but I'm damned if I'll have them saying I took advantage of a chit not out of the schoolroom!"

Miss Wantage clasped her hands together in her lap, and said rather breathlessly: "Sherry, if you think I might suit, please—please do marry me, for I know I should like it above all things!"

"Yes, but you've no more notion of what it means than a sparrow," said the Viscount bluntly. He thought this over for a moment, and added: "In fact, much less."

"But I should like very much always to be with you, Sherry, because you are never cross with me, and I should not be sent to that dreadful school, and—oh, Sherry, it wasn't k-kind in you to put it into my head if you d-didn't really mean it!" She swallowed a sob.

"Damme, why shouldn't I marry you? I know you haven't had time to fix your affections, but ten to one you never will, and in any event you won't find me the sort of husband who's forever kicking up a dust over trifles. And you needn't fear I shall be forcing my attentions on you. Dash it, it may not be as romantic as you'd have liked, but you can't deny it will be more amusing than being a governess! Come along!"

"Come now?" gasped Miss Wantage. "But I have nothing with me."

"Now, will you have sense, Hero? If you go back and start packing a portmanteau, you'll be discovered. And if the rest of your gowns are anything like the one you have on now, the sooner you're rid of them the better! I'll buy you everything you want when we get to London."

"Oh, Sherry, will you?" she cried, her cheeks in a glow. "Thank you! Let us go quickly!"

The Viscount sprang down into the lane, and held up his hands. "Jump, then!"

She obeyed him promptly. Jason, who had led the horses up to them, regarded her fixedly, and then turned an enquiring eye upon his master. As the curricle moved forward he sprang nimbly up behind.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Viscount, reining in suddenly. "We can't have half the countryside blabbing that they saw you driving off with me! You'll have to sit on the floor-boards and keep yourself hidden under the rug, Hero."

Hero made no objection. Since his method of driving was of the style known as neck-or-nothing, she was considerably jolted, but she made no complaint, merely clasping her arms round his top-boots.

The Viscount pulled up beyond the second toll-gate, giving it as his opinion that they were now reasonably safe from any chance encounter with persons who might recognize them.

"I don't mind staying where I am, if you think it would be better, Sherry," Hero assured him.

"Yes, but you're giving me cramp in my left leg," said the singleminded Viscount. "Get up, brat, and for the Lord's sake smooth your hair!"

Miss Wantage did her best to comply with this direction, but without any marked degree of success. The Viscount produced his comb and dragged it through the soft, tangled curls, tied the hood-strings under her chin, and, after a critical survey, said that it would answer well enough. Miss Wantage smiled trustfully up at him, and the Viscount made a discovery. "You look just like a kitten!"

She laughed. "No, do I, Sherry?"

"Yes, you do. I think it's your silly little nose," said the Viscount, flicking it with a careless forefinger. "That, or the trick you have of staring at a fellow with your eyes wide open. I think I shall call you Kitten. It suits you better than Hero, which I always thought a nonsensical name for a girl."

"Oh, it is the greatest affliction to me!" she exclaimed. "You can have no notion, Sherry! I would much rather you should call me Kitten."

"Very well, that's settled," said Sherry. "What we have to do now is to decide what the devil I'm to do with you when I get you to London."

"You said you would buy me some new clothes," she reminded him, not without a touch of anxiety.

"I'll do that, of course, but the thing that's worrying me a trifle is where you are to sleep tonight," confessed Sherry. "We shan't have time to be married today, you know."

"No, not if we are to go shopping," agreed Hero.

"I'll put you up at Grillon's Hotel," he decided after a moment. "I'll say you're my cousin, going back to school."

UPON the following morning, not very much after ten o'clock, two young gentlemen sat at breakfast together. The apartment was the bachelor lodging of Mr. Gilbert Ringwood, and his guest was his boon-companion, the Honourable Ferdinand Fakenham.

Mr. Ringwood brooded gloomily over the racing news in the morning's paper, and Mr. Fakenham sat with his clouded gaze fixed on nothing in particular. Presently there came the sound of a vehicle approaching at a smart pace up the street. It drew up outside the house, and shortly the door burst open to admit Sherry.

He tossed his hat and his gloves on to a chair, "Hallo, Ferdy!" He drew up another chair, and sat down. "Gil, you're a knowing one: I want your help!"

Mr. Ringwood was so much moved by this unexpected tribute that he blushed. "Anything in my power, Sherry!" He added mistrustfully: "As long as it isn't to carry a message to George!"

"Why the deuce should I want a message carried to George?"

Mr. Fakenham shook his head portentously. "Taken one of his pets—George," he said. "Came smash up to me yesterday, asking where you was."

"Oh, hang George!" said Sherry. "He needn't think he's going to blow a hole through me, because he ain't."

"Seemed very set on it," said Mr. Fakenham doubtfully.

"Tell him to take a damper! Gil, where does a fellow get hold of a special license?"

Mr. Ringwood swallowed once or twice. "You don't mean a marriage license, do you, Sherry?"

"Yes, I do. What else should I mean?"

"Sherry, she's never accepted you?" gasped Mr. Ringwood.

The Viscount frowned at him. "The Incomparable! Oh, lord, no! Wouldn't look at me!"

Mr. Ringwood relaxed. "Who wants this special license?"

"I do. I'm getting married today."

"Sherry! How can you be married today, when you say she wouldn't look at you?"

"Lord, can't you think of any other female than Isabella Milborne?" demanded Sherry. "I'm going to marry someone else, of course!"

Mr. Ringwood blinked at him. Mr. Fakenham, having thought it over, pronounced: "Oh! Someone else. No reason why he shouldn't do that, Gil."

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Ringwood.

"You don't know her."

Mr. Ringwood gave a slight cough. "Sherry, old boy—don't want to pry into your affairs—wouldn't offend you for the world!— You ain't thinking of marrying the lodgekeeper's daughter, or anything of that kind?"

"No, no! She's a Wantage—as well born as you are. Mrs. Bagshot brought her up: she's another of her cousins. You must know the Bagshots."

Mr. Fakenham was suddenly roused to animation. "If she's a Bagshot, Sherry, I wouldn't marry her! Do you know that woman has brought out a third one? Tallow-faced girl called Sophy?"

"Lord, yes, I've known the Bagshots all my life! Hero's not like them, I give you my word!"

"Who?" asked Ferdy, his attention arrested.

"Hero. Girl I'm going to marry."

Ferdy was puzzled. "Why do you call her Hero?"

"It's her name," replied Sherry impatiently. "But if it hadn't been for me, that old cat of a Bagshot woman'd have packed her off to be a governess at some rubbishing school in Bath. Hero! Chit who used to go bird's-nesting with me! I couldn't have that, damme if I could! Besides, if I must marry, I'd as lief marry Hero as anyone."

AT that moment a startlingly handsome young man erupted into the room. His fiery dark eyes singled out the Viscount. "I know where you have been!" he said in a throbbing voice. "You have taken a damned advantage of me!"

"Nothing to be in a pucker about," said Mr. Fakenham. "Sherry's going to be married."

"*What?*" gasped Lord Wrotham, turning a ghastly colour.

"No, no, not to Isabella!" Mr. Ringwood assured him, touched by the sight of such agony.

Lord Wrotham staggered to a chair, and sank into it. "I thought you was gone into Kent to steal a march on me with the Incomparable!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, that's what I did do," said Sherry, with a candour bordering, in the opinion of his friends, on the foolhardy. "Only she wouldn't have me."

"She refused you!" Lord Wrotham cried, suddenly radiant.

"That's what I'm telling you. It's my belief she's got better game in view than either of us, George. If she can bring him up to scratch, she'll have Severn, you mark my words!"

"I will not believe that she could be so worldly!" Wrotham said, striding over to the window.

His long-suffering friends, relieved to see that his rage had, for the moment, abated, returned to the consideration of the problem confronting Sherry. Their discussion presently attracted Lord Wrotham's attention, and he came away from the window and shocked the company into silence by saying that he was acquainted with a bishop who could produce a special license. He explained this extraordinary lapse by adding apologetically that his mother had been as thick as thieves with the fellow any time these past ten years.

The Viscount at once closed with the offer, and proceeded to enlist the services of Mr. Ringwood to escort the bride on a tour of the milliners' and mantua-makers' shops, and to dissuade her from purchasing garments unsuited to her station.

It was decided that as soon as Miss Wantage had accomplished her shopping, she should be escorted to the Viscount's lodging.

But when she and Mr. Ringwood repaired thither shortly after noon, his lordship had left a hastily scribbled note for Mr. Ringwood, informing him that he relied upon his friend to bring the bride to St. George's, Hanover Square, not a moment later than half-past two o'clock.

Mr. Ringwood, who was by this time on very friendly terms with the most unexacting young lady he had so far encountered, communicated the contents of the note to her, and said: "I think I had best take you to eat a little luncheon."

THEY were a trifle late in arriving at the Church, since Mr. Ringwood had made an unfortunate reference during luncheon to the Pantheon Bazaar. Miss Wantage had immediately demanded to be taken to this mart, and had enjoyed herself hugely there, dragging Mr. Ringwood from shop to shop, and alarming him very much by developing a sudden desire to become the possessor of a canary in a gilded cage. Mr. Ringwood said desperately that Sherry wouldn't like it, and to his surprise he found that these simple words acted like a talisman on his volatile companion.

Not only Sherry was awaiting them in the Church porch, but the Honourable Ferdy Fakenham as well, whom he had brought along to support him.

"Hallo, Kitten, that's a devilish fetching bonnet!" said the Viscount, by way of greeting. "But what the deuce made you late? You had best pay off the hack, Gil: no saying how long we shall be here."

"No, Sherry. Keep the hack!" said Mr. Ringwood firmly. "There are one or two packages in it."

"Oh, Sherry, they are things I bought at the Bazaar!" said Miss Wantage. "I am sorry if you do not like it, but I didn't buy the canary which I wanted!"

"My Lord!" said the Viscount, realizing his narrow escape.

"Told her you wouldn't like a canary," explained Mr. Ringwood.

"I should think you might well!" replied his lordship. "Oh, well, it can't be helped. Lord, if I haven't forgotten to present you, Ferdy! It's Ferdy Fakenham, Kitten. He's sort of a cousin of mine."

They all went in and the business was, in fact, soon settled. The bridegroom confided in a relieved aside to his supporters that he thought they had brushed through it pretty well.

Once outside the Church again, the Viscount handed his wife into the hackney, and turned to consult his friends on the best way in which to spend the evening. Even Ferdy goggled a little at a suggestion that they should all foregather for an early dinner and pay a visit to the theatre.

"But, Sherry, dear boy! Lady Sheringham—wedding night—won't want a party!" stammered Ferdy.

"Fudge! Can't spend the whole evening looking at one another!" said the Viscount. "Kitten, you'd like to go to the play with us, wouldn't you?"

"Oh yes, do let us!" cried Hero at once.

"And you'd like Gil and Ferdy to go along with us too, I dare say?"

"Yes," agreed Hero, smiling warmly upon the two.

"Then that's settled," said the Viscount, getting into the hackney.

The vehicle drove off, leaving the Honourable Ferdy and Mr. Ringwood to look fixedly at each other.

"Know what I think, Gil?" Ferdy asked portentously.

"No," replied Mr. Ringwood. "Damned if I know what I think!"

"Just what I was going to say!" said Ferdy. "Damned if I know *what* I think!"

Pleased to find themselves in such harmonious agreement, they linked arms in a friendly fashion and proceeded down the road in the direction of Conduit Street.

Ferdy stopped suddenly and said: "I'll tell you what!"

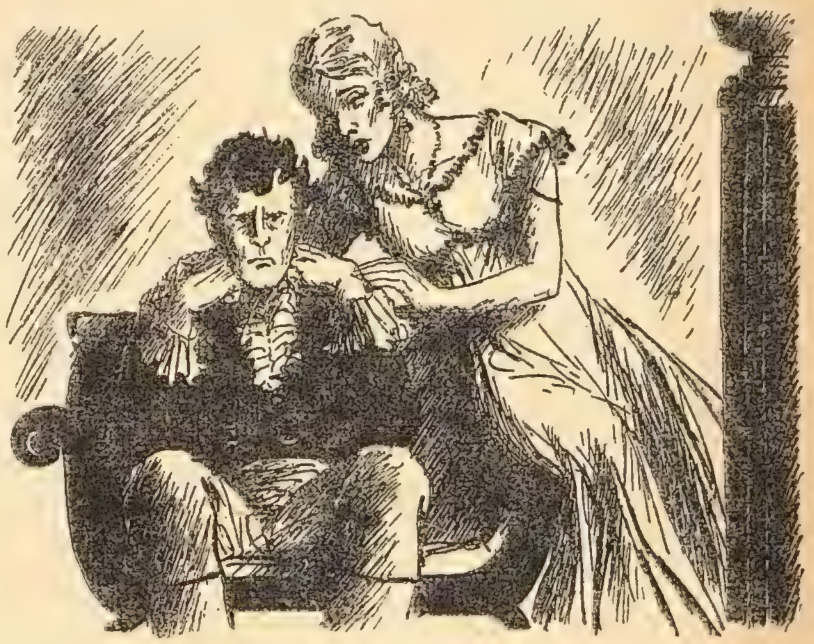
"Well, what?" asked Mr. Ringwood.

Ferdy considered the matter. "I don't know," he confessed.

HIS lordship's first act, on arrival at the hotel, was to produce from one pocket a small package, which he handed over to his bride, saying as he did so: "Almost slipped my mind! There's a wedding gift for you, brat: frippery things, but I'll buy you better ones."

"Oh!" gasped Hero, gazing in incredulous delight at her first pair of diamond ear-rings. "Anthony!"

"Good Lord, Kitten, they're only trifles!" he expostulated, as she cast herself on his chest. "My dear girl, do have a care to my neckcloth! You've no notion how long it took me to get it just so!"



Later, when she appeared before him dressed for the evening, he stared at her in great surprise, and said: By Jove, he had never thought she could look so well!

It was evident from the expressions on their countenances that Mr. Ringwood and the Honourable Ferdy thought that their friend's bride did him credit. Each of these gentlemen had brought with him a wedding gift, the results of an earnest discussion. The Honourable Ferdy had selected a charming bracelet for the bride; Mr. Ringwood had chosen an ormolu clock, which he thought might come in useful. Hero accepted both offerings with unaffected delight, clasping the bracelet round her arm immediately, and promising the clock an honourable position on her drawing-room mantelpiece.

The play to which the Viscount carried his guests was a merry, and not always very polite, comedy which cast Hero into a trance of ecstasy. She did not quite comprehend some of the witticisms which amused her companions, and at one point she threw Mr. Ringwood into acute discomfort by asking enlightenment of him. Fortunately, just then a knock fell on the door of the box and a fashionable-looking gentleman entered, glancing curiously at Hero from under rather drooping eyelids, and saying in a languid tone: "So you are come back again, my dear Sherry! And without a word! I begin to think I must have offended you."

"Hallo, Monty!" responded Sherry, getting up from his chair. "What a fellow you are for funning! No offense at all! I'm devilish glad to see you here tonight—want to present you to my wife! Hero, this is Sir Montagu Revesby—particular friend of mine!"

Hero felt a little shy of this elegant stranger, who looked to be some years older than Sherry. The slightly supercilious air that hung about him, and the irony of his smile, made her uncomfortable.

"But this is most unexpected!" Sir Montagu said. "You must allow me to offer you my felicitations, Sherry." His cold eyes ran over Hero; his smile broadened. "Ah—my *deepest* felicitations, Sherry!"

He bowed once more over Hero's hand, promised himself the pleasure of waiting upon her formally at no very distant date, and took his leave.

ON their first evening in their new home in Half Moon Street the young couple dined tête-à-tête at the fashionable late hour of eight o'clock. Both Ferdy and Gil had called earlier in the day, Ferdy to leave a bouquet of flowers and Gil a canary in a gilded cage.

Under the Viscount's instruction, Hero very correctly left him at the end of dinner and withdrew to the drawingroom abovestairs, while he drank his port in solitary state. Since this was dull work, he soon joined her, and before he had had time to find an evening spent at his own fireside very flat, Sir Montagu Revesby's card was brought up.

Sir Montagu followed, full of graceful apologies for intruding upon her ladyship so soon after her arrival in town. He had come only to discover if Sherry liked to accompany him to a little meeting of a few friends in a house near-by.

"You won't mind my leaving you, will you, Kitten?" Sherry said.

Mindful of his warning that once they were settled in London they would not interfere with each other's pursuits, Hero swallowed her disappointment, and assured him that she was on the point of retiring to bed.

"That's right," said his lordship. "I knew you would be tired."

After he had gone, Hero felt a strong inclination to cry, and concluded that she must indeed be tired, since she knew very well that she had nothing whatsoever to cry about, but, on the contrary, everything in the world to make her happy.

After that, engagements seemed to take his lordship rather frequently to certain discreet establishments, generally in the company of Sir Montagu Revesby, whose chosen mission in life appeared to some older heads to be to introduce young men of fortune to such gaming-houses as could be expected to relieve them of their wealth in the least possible space of time.

Sir Montagu was showing himself to be an admirer of the famous Miss Milborne's beauty, but Miss Milborne was not quite sure that his manner towards her was entirely free from mockery. His charm failed to captivate one lady at least. Hero could not like him. Sir Montagu came once or twice to dine in Half Moon Street, and she was a kind and considerate hostess, concealing the scarcely recognized jealousy that rose in her heart when she saw the influence this assured, smiling man exercised over the volatile Viscount.

She herself was beginning to go to quite a number of card-parties. From a sedate pool of quadrille or one of commerce, it was no great step to the headier excitements of loo, faro, and whist.

Mr. Ringwood had taught her how to drive her phaeton, and as she discovered an aptitude in herself for handling the ribbons it was not long before she was to be seen driving in dashing style through Hyde Park.

When Hero burst upon her husband one evening in all the glory of a new dress, it transpired that he had forgotten all about his engagement to take her to Almack's assembly, and had made an assignation with a party of his intimates at Cribb's Parlour.

She instantly said: "But I do not at all care to go, Sherry. Indeed, I have the headache a little, and if you are engaged with your friends I should be quite *glad* to stay at home!"

"Should you indeed?" he asked eagerly. "You know, I am prepared to take you if you really wish to go, only I dare say you would find it pretty flat."

"Oh, yes!"

At the end of dinner Lord Wrotham presented himself in knee-breeches, a circumstance which made Sherry exclaim: "Knee-breeches for Cribb's Parlour!"

"Cribb's Parlour?" repeated George, shaking hands with Hero. "But I thought that we had planned to go to Almack's!"

"Oh!" Hero cried, in a little confusion. "I had quite forgot that you said you would go with us!"

"Well, it's of no account," said Sherry. "Hero don't care to go to the Assembly, and I have made up a little party to meet at Cribb's Parlour."

Lord Wrotham looked enquiringly at Hero. The significance of her ball-dress was not lost on him; he said: "Are you sure you do not care to go?"

"No, truly I had as lief stay at home," she assured him. "I have the headache, you know."

"Oh!" said Wrotham, frowning over it. Sherry gave Hero a careless pat on the shoulder, recommended her to go early to bed, and swept his friend off. Lord Wrotham's doubts were still troubling him, and at Cribb's Parlour he suddenly startled his friends by saying in accents of strong conviction: "She *did* want to go!"

"Nonsense!" said Sherry. "What a fellow you are, George! Once put a notion into your head, and, damme, there's no getting it out again!"

"No!" said George. "I tell you she was dressed for it. I shall return and offer to be her escort!"

The Viscount shrugged, casting an expressive glance at Mr. Ringwood, and Lord Wrotham took his impetuous departure. The Viscount's countenance wore something very like a scowl, and he drank off his second glass rather defiantly. The third glass seemed to help him to come to a decision. He set it down empty upon the bare table and suddenly demanded: "If she wanted to go to the damned Assembly, why the devil did she say she didn't? And George Wrotham shan't take my wife to Almack's, because I'll take her myself!"

Adding, with immense dignity, that he was going off home to change his dress, he stalked out of the Parlour.

It was more than half an hour later when he was at last correctly attired, and five minutes after eleven when he arrived at Almack's. No one was allowed to enter after eleven, and the rules laid down by Almack's despotic patronesses were not even relaxed for the Duke of Wellington himself.

When Lord Wrotham brought his fair charge back to the house, shortly before two o'clock, the door was opened to them by a sober but awe-inspiringly stiff young man, who bowed to his friend, thanked him in frigid terms for his kind offices, and expressed the hope—bleakly—that he and my lady had been tolerably well amused.

George, somewhat astonished by his reception, said that he had passed a charming evening. Hero, on whom the Viscount's punctilious manner was thrown away, said vivaciously: "Was it not kind of George to take me after all, Sherry? It was so pleasant, too!" She turned and held out her hand to Lord Wrotham. "Thank you, George!"

He took her hand and pressed it, assuring her warmly that the obligation was on his side.

"I did not expect to find you at home so soon, Sherry," Hero said innocently after George had gone. "Was it flat, after all, your party?"

"I do not know why you should have told me that you had the headache," said his lordship stiffly, "and then, when you had fobbed me off, have gone with Wrotham!"

"Fobbed you off?" exclaimed Hero, quite dismayed. "Oh, don't say you did wish to go! I would so much, much rather have had you with me than George!"

"I must own that, considering I was perfectly ready to escort you," began his lordship in an injured tone, "I do not know why—" He stopped, meeting her anxious, uncritical gaze. "No, it wasn't your fault. I wish I had taken you, and I'm sorry, Kitten. There!"

She took his outstretched hand and carried it to her cheek. "Oh, Sherry, how silly to be offering me an apology for such an absurdity."

"Damme, I've been waiting for you to come home these three hours, with nothing to do but read some dashed book or other!"

Hero found the thought of his spending an evening at home with a book so droll that she broke into a peal of laughter, which was so infectious that his lordship was obliged to join in. They went upstairs together, and when they parted outside Hero's door, Sherry did her the honour of informing her that she was a good little puss. and that he had always had a fondness for her.

FOR one person, the evening at Almack's had been an evening of almost unleavened annoyance. Miss Milborne, seeing the most ardent of her admirers enter with Hero on his arm, had suffered something in the nature of a shock. The reflection that he was the second of her suitors to be filched from her by Hero could not but cross her mind.

Lord Wrotham, in the hope that change of treatment might induce the Beauty to look more kindly upon his suit, determined to make no sign for several days, and spent a happy hour in devising a romantic gesture which must melt a heart already thawing towards him. Miss Milborne had told him once that violets were her favourite flowers. She should receive a posy of them upon the evening of Lady Fakenham's ball. He was unable to decide between two messages to accompany it: *Wear these for my sake*, and *If you wear these tonight I shall know what to think*, and he ended by carrying this problem to Hero.

"Well, I know what I should write if I were you, George," said Hero. "I should just write the words *With my love*."

"No," he said, "I think I will write *Wear these for my sake*, after all. She will know what I mean!"

Having settled this to his moderate satisfaction, he took his leave of Hero, went off in tolerably good spirits. He met Sherry on the doorstep, but he was too intent on pursuing his quest for violets to do more than exchange a brief greeting with him. Sherry regarded his retreating figure with dark suspicion, and went straight upstairs to the drawing-room to demand of his wife if George lived in Half Moon Street.

She said innocently: "I thought he lived in Ryder Street. Has he moved, Sherry? He said nothing of it to me, and he was with me not five minutes ago."

"I'm well aware of that!" said his lordship tartly. "And I should like to know what he was doing here! I suppose you will say he called to see me!"

"Oh no, I don't think he wanted to see you, Sherry! He came to ask my advice about something. He is going to send violets to Isabella for the Fakenham's ball."

"It seems to me," he said severely, "that Bella Milborne ain't the only female George has an eye to!"

"Oh no, Sherry!" Hero said earnestly. "Indeed, you are quite wrong! Why, you cannot mean that you suspect George of having an eye to me? Oh, Sherry, how nonsensical!"

"Well, I don't know," said Sherry, looking her over critically. "The fact of the matter is you seem to have grown so devilish pretty since I married you that there's no knowing what will happen next." He returned to the original bone of contention. "But that's neither here nor there. Whoever heard of a fellow's wanting the advice of a chit like you, I should like to know?"

"But indeed he did, Sherry! The case is that he has great hopes that Isabella may relent towards him, and he wished to know my opinion of a—well, a little billet that he means to send her with the flowers."

ON the night of the Fakenham's ball, no sooner did George, on the watch for Miss Milborne's arrival, clap eyes on the yellow roses she was wearing, than he abruptly left the ballroom. In a small chamber adjoining it, Hero, who had not failed to notice Miss Milborne's roses, found him sitting moodily on a small sofa.

Hero clasped his hand between both hers, saying: "Dear George, do not heed it! Indeed, she could not have carried violets with that gown!"

"She is wearing Severn's roses," he replied. His lip quivered; he said in a hard voice: "She will marry him for his possessions, and his rank. It is plain enough." He dropped his head in his hands, with a groan. "You cannot know the anguish of having one's love scorned, indeed, I dare say hardly regarded!"

"Dear George, do not say so!" Hero besought him, putting up her hand to smooth his unruly locks. "I know—oh, I know!" She was obliged to wipe a tear away.

He put his arm round her, in a brotherly way. "I am the greatest brute alive: I have made you cry, and I would not do so for the world!"

She gave a shaky laugh. "Only for your sake, dear George! Indeed, I am the happiest creature imaginable, in—in general!"

He turned her face up. "I hope you may be, for you deserve to be."

She smiled mistily, and because it seemed a natural thing to do under the circumstances, he kissed her.

Unfortunately, Sherry chose this precise moment to walk into the room with Ferdy and Mr. Ringwood. One moment he stood transfixed, the next he uttered a crashing oath and took a hasty stride forward. Mr. Ringwood, recovering from his own stupefaction, held him back just as George sprang to his feet.

Hero, faintly surprised by her careless husband's extraordinary behaviour, said without the least trace of guilt, or discomposure: "Why, Sherry, what is the matter? Were you looking for me?"

"Yes, by heaven, I was!" replied Sherry, wrenching free from Mr. Ringwood's grasp.

Ferdy, who had been standing with his mouth open, suddenly rose superbly to the occasion, and offered his arm to Hero with a graceful bow. "Let me escort you back to the ballroom!" he said.

"Yes, but—Sherry, you must not mind George's kissing me!" said Hero, looking from one to the other in a little dismay. "Indeed, there was not the least harm in it, was there, George?"

"Dear Kitten," promptly replied George, bowing with even more grace than Ferdy, "there was much pleasure!"

Horrified at such provocative behaviour, Ferdy bore Hero out of the room.

The Viscount ground his teeth in a very alarming manner, and rolled a fiery eye at Wrotham. "Name your friends, my lord!" he said fiercely.

"Sherry!" almost wailed Mr. Ringwood. "Consider, dear boy! Pay no heed to him, George."

Lord Wrotham, however, replied promptly: "With the greatest pleasure on earth! Gil, will you serve me?"

"You can't have Gil!" exclaimed the Viscount hotly. "I'm going to have him myself!"

"Oh, no, you ain't!" retorted George, abandoning his heroics. "You can have Ferdy."

"I shall name both Ferdy *and* Gil," said the Viscount.

"Well you won't, because I've bespoke Gil already."

"Dash it, you must have other friends besides Gil!"

"I have, but if you haven't enough sense to keep this affair between the four of us, I have!" said George.

"Something in that," said Gil. "But mind this, George! If you choose pistols you're not the man I thought you!"

"Well, I shall," said George instantly.

"Let him choose what he likes: it makes no odds to me!" said Sherry grandly. "I shall send Mr. Fakenham to wait on your second, my lord, and let me tell you that I consider it a curst mean trick of you to name Gil before I had a chance to do so myself!"

IT was laid down in the Code of Honour that the first duty of the seconds was to do all that lay in their power to bring about a reconciliation between their principals, and never did seconds use greater endeavours in this direction than Mr. Ringwood and Ferdy Fakenham. Their efforts met with no success.

"I know it ain't usual," said Mr. Ringwood finally, to Mr. Fakenham, "but Kitten is mighty friendly with Miss Milborne, and if there's anyone alive can stop George when he has the bit between his teeth it's she!"

The two gentlemen accordingly set forth together, and were fortunate enough to find Hero at home, and alone. She did not, as Mr. Fakenham had a horrid fear she might, faint, or go into strong hysterics. She nodded her head, turning a little pale; and, fixing anxious eyes on his face, said: "But George will not hurt Sherry! He could not!"

"Yes, he could," said Ferdy. "Devil of a fellow with the pistols, George! Never misses! I can't move George; Ferdy can't move George. Tried our best already. Only one person he'll listen to."

"Isabella!" exclaimed Hero.

"That's it. The thing is for you to see her. Friend of yours. Won't refuse to help you. Persuade her to coax George out of the sullens, and send him along to see Sherry. I know Sherry: let George but hold out his hand, and the whole thing will blow over in a trice!"

"I will go to Isabella at once!" Hero said.

It had not occurred to her that there could be the least difficulty in disclosing the whole of her story to Miss Milborne, but under the steady gaze of those lovely eyes she found herself faltering in her recital, blushing a little.

Miss Milborne heard her out, in slowly gathering wrath. It was just as she had suspected: Hero had indeed stolen another of her suitors.

"Upon my word, I had not thought it possible!" she exclaimed. "So I am to send for George, and to supplicate him not to engage in a duel! After he has been making shameless love to you! Pray tell me why you, who are on such intimate terms with him, do not supplicate George yourself!"

Hero sprang up, quite as angry as Isabella. "You are right! I *will* go to George! He does not make shameless love to me, but he is fond of me. I do not know how I can have been so foolish as to think that you would help me, for there is nothing behind your beauty but vanity and spite, Isabella!"

With these words she fairly ran from the room, and down the stairs, letting herself out of the front door, and shutting it behind her with a slam. She entered her barouche, and told the surprised footman to direct the coachman to drive to Lord Wrotham's lodging.

NEXT morning Sherry and Ferdy arrived at the appointed meeting-place to find George and Mr. Ringwood already upon the ground. The two principals exchanged formal bows. The seconds, inspecting the deadly weapons, held a short, whispered colloquy.

"George said anything to you?" asked Ferdy.

"No. Putting on airs to be interesting," replied Mr. Ringwood.

"Dash it, he *can't* mean to blow a hole through Sherry!"

"Just what I think, myself."

The paces were measured; the principals took up their positions; the seconds retreated eight paces; and Mr. Ringwood took out a handkerchief, and held it up. As it fell, George jerked up his right hand, and fired into the air. A second later the Viscount's bullet buried itself in a tree-trunk quite three feet to the left of his opponent. The next instant he had lowered his pistol, and said furiously:

"Damn you, George, will you *stop* being noble?"

"Good Lord, Sherry!" George said, disgustedly surveying the wounded tree, "you can do better than that, dash it, man!"

"Better than that? I meant to hit it!" cried Sherry, much incensed.

"Who's being noble now?" demanded George, strolling across the ground to give his pistol up to Mr. Ringwood. "You must have been practising."

The late antagonists looked at one another measuringly.

"What I've a dashed good mind to do," said Sherry, "is to take my coat off to you, George, and see if I can't draw your claret! It's what I ought to have done in the first place!"

"No, by Harry, not before we've had breakfast!" replied George. His reluctant grin dawned; he thrust out his hand.

The last shreds of animosity vanished over the substantial breakfast. Finally George took up Sherry in his phaeton, promising to set him down in Half Moon Street.

"Kitten will be wanting to be assured of your safety," he grinned.

"Oh, she don't know anything about it!" replied Sherry.

"Yes, she does. Wasn't going to tell you, but now I come to think of it your coachman knows, and ten to one if you heard of it through him you'd be wanting to cut my liver out again. She came to see me."

"What?" gasped Sherry.

George nodded. "Yesterday morning. You know, Sherry, you ought to keep an eye on your Kitten. Not my business, but she's such a baby there's no knowing what she'll do next."

"If that isn't like Kitten!" exclaimed Sherry. "How was I to guess I ought to have warned her to take a hackney, if she meant to call at a man's lodgings?"

George looked a trifle startled, and said: "The point is she ought not to call at a fellow's lodgings, old boy."

"No, by Jove, she ought not!" agreed Sherry. "Devil of a business being married, George! You've no notion! I don't have a quiet moment!"

"She don't mean a bit of harm, Sherry," said George awkwardly.

Sherry was now careful to afford no other altruistic gentleman an opportunity for displaying his chivalry. He gratified his wife and all his well-wishers by appearing with staggering regularity at the Assemblies.

ANOTHER gentleman who had taken to patronizing Almack's more than was usual was that ladies' favourite, Sir Montagu Revesby, and the older and soberer members of the Assembly viewed with disapproval Sir Montagu's increasing attentions towards Miss Milborne.

Until Sir Montagu's entry into the lists, the knowledgable had considered Lord Wrotham to be His Grace of Severn's most serious rival. But Wrotham had never succeeded in walking away with Miss Milborne from under His Grace's nose, and this was what Sir Montagu in the easiest manner possible contrived to do one evening. Sherry, who had been observing the little comedy, gave a spurt of laughter and bade his wife watch Monty cutting Severn out with the Incomparable!

"Dashed if I ever thought I should be so diverted at one of Almack's Assemblies!" he said to his wife when they were leaving. He had invited Gil and Ferdy to Half Moon Street. Falling in with Sir Montagu Revesby in the vestibule Sherry naturally begged him also to come along. Before Sir Montagu had time to reply, a young woman who had been standing motionless alongside the house started towards them. She was clasping in her arms a bundle wrapped in a shawl. If she had not been so haggard, she would have been remarkably pretty. She put herself in Sir Montagu's way, and said in a low, imploring voice: "I must speak with you! I am desperate, Montagu!"

Everyone stood still. "My good young woman, you are making a mistake," Revesby said languidly. "I fancy I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

A moan burst from the girl. "Will you disown your own child? You said it should be well with me—"

While Sherry stood transfixed by amazement, Hero exclaimed, "Oh, the poor creature!" and ran down the steps to the distracted girl. "Only tell me what it is, and indeed I will help you!"

"Kitten! No, really, Kitten! Dash it, you can't—not our affair!" expostulated Sherry.

For once she paid no heed to him; the girl was speaking in a panting voice. "Ask him if he dare deny his own child! Ask him if he did not promise me marriage!"

"No, Kitten, for heaven's sake—!" said Sherry quickly, as Hero turned toward Revesby. "You can't ask Monty—"

"I beg Lady Sheringham will not allow herself to be imposed upon," Revesby said.

A moan from the girl made Hero clasp her securely in her arms, and say to him indignantly: "Is this dear little baby indeed yours?"

"Look!" cried the girl. "Is she not like him?"

Ferdy, peering at the unconscious infant, said dubiously: "Queer thing, the way females can see a likeness in a baby. They don't look like anything much. Remember thinking so when my sister Fairford's eldest was born. She and my mother would have it it was the image of poor Fairford. Mind you, I'm not saying he isn't a plain-looking fellow, Fairford, but—"

"Oh, be quiet, Ferdy!" interrupted Sherry, quite exasperated. "For the Lord's sake, Monty, take the girl away!"

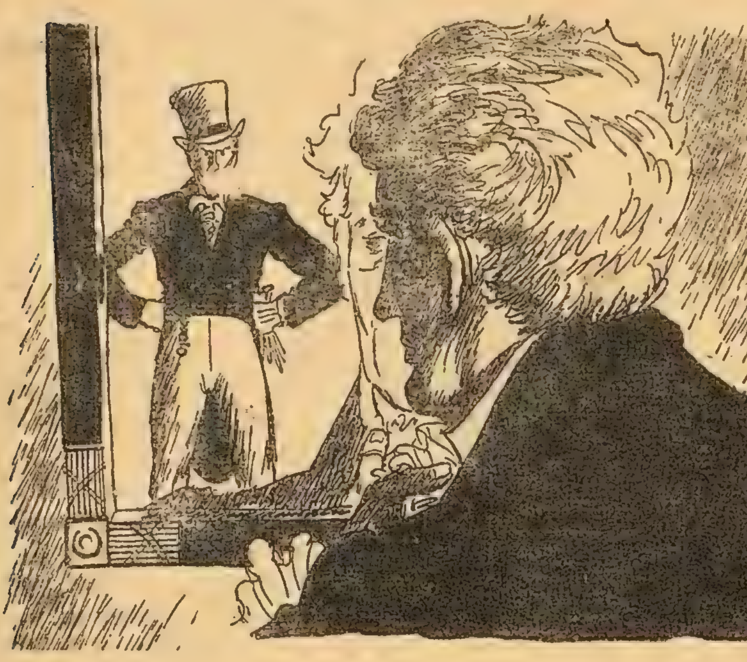
"My dear Sherry, I must decline any responsibility in this affair." Sir Montagu turned abruptly on his heel and strode off down the street. A despairing cry from the girl goaded Sherry into action.

"Here, for the Lord's sake get into the carriage!" he said, pushing both women towards it.

"Yes, do pray come with me!" Hero said to her protégée. "I promise we will look after you, won't we, Sherry?"

"Yes. I mean—well, never mind that now!" replied her harassed husband. "Drive home, John!"

The coachman acknowledged this command with great stateliness; the door was shut on the two women and the footman jumped up behind.



When Sherry, Gil and Ferdy arrived at the house, Hero came downstairs, a look of great distress in her face, and went towards Sherry with her hands held out, and saying impetuously: "Oh, Sherry, that dear little baby is indeed Sir Montagu's own child, but he will not give poor Ruth—her name is Ruth Wimborne—a penny for its maintenance! She is nothing but a country maid, and I can tell that her father is a very good sort of a man—respectable, I mean—for no sooner did he discover the dreadful truth than he cast her out of his home, which always seems to me shockingly cruel, though Cousin Jane says it is to be expected, because of the wages of sin, which comes in the Bible!"

"I suppose something will have to be done about her," said his lordship. "Though I'm damned if I know what!"

"She shall go to Melton, and you will let her live in the little empty cottage by the west gate, Sherry, won't you?"

He was so much relieved to find that Hero had no wish to keep her unfortunate protégée permanently in the spare bedroom that he agreed to this plan.

It was not long before the knowledge of Ruth Wimborne's whereabouts came to Sir Montagu's ears. Correctly assuming that left to his own devices Sherry would never have thought of befriending the girl, Sir Montagu chalked up a score on his tally with Sherry's wife, promising himself the satisfaction of paying it off in full measure. In Sherry, one of the most richly feathered pigeons to come in his way had flown out of his reach, and showed no disposition to flutter back to him.

IT was while Sherry was away at Newmarket that Hero made a new acquaintance, Mrs. Gillingham, a fashionably dressed woman with quiet manners.

"I have not been in good health these past few months," she told Hero, "or I should have done myself the honour of calling upon you, Lady Sheringham, be sure! I have known Sherry any time these past five years, and I have the greatest desire to meet his wife."

She obtained Hero's promise to make one of a card party she was giving on the following evening.

At the slip of a house in Curzon Street, Hero was a little surprised to find that she knew no one in the room, and after looking about her for a while she began to feel uneasy, and to fear that perhaps Sherry would not have wished her to have come.

Hero liked playing cards, and since she had been initiated into a number of games of chance by Sherry himself, she naturally considered that she was well able to hold her own in any company. This proved, however, not to be the case. The stakes, too, were much higher than any she had yet played for. What with the excitement of the play, the heat of the room, and the champagne which was continually poured into a glass, she began to plunge more and more heavily, arising in the small hours a much greater loser than she had had any very clear idea of. But Mrs. Gillingham expressed her conviction that another evening's play would see a stream of guineas pouring into her young friend's lap. Hero believed her, because Sherry had said the same. One had only to have courage, to ignore one's losses, and to continue playing, for the luck to change, and set all to rights.

But the second night's play was even more disastrous than the first; and some warning instinct in Hero told her that a third would be no more successful.

Sherry came home from Newmarket that day, to find a heavy-eyed wife, who explained nervously that she had the headache. He said that he had one himself, and had no hesitation in ascribing it to the malignant behaviour of four out of five of the horses he had backed. Hero turned pale, and faltered: "Was your luck so very bad, Sherry?"

"Devilish!" he replied. "If it goes on like this I shall find myself in the hands of some curst cent-per-cent, I can tell you!"

"What—what is a cent-per-cent, Sherry?" asked his wife in a small voice.

"Moneylender," he replied.

"Do people lend one money?" she asked anxiously.

"Usurers do—at a devilish rate of interest, too! I know 'em all too well! Used to be forever at Howard and Gibbs before the Trust was wound up."

NEXT morning Sherry received a billet on gilt-edged, scented notepaper from a lady with whom he had had no dealings since his marriage. The writer said she had something to say to him which was of vast importance, and which he would regret not hearing. Nancy had never been one to play tricks on a fellow, so he took himself off to the street in which she had her lodging.

When he returned home he went straight to Hero. "Kitten," he said, "out with it! How badly were you dipped at Charlotte Gillingham's house?"

The color fled from her cheeks. "Oh, Sherry, who told you?" she said, in a frightened voice.

"Never mind that! How much, Kitten?"

She shuddered. "Oh, don't ask me!"

"Not ask you!" he exclaimed. "How the deuce am I to settle your debts if I don't know what they are?"

"Oh, Sherry, Sherry, I am so very sorry! Indeed, I never meant to be such a bad wife! And you are not to settle for me at all, because I have found the way to pay it myself, though at first I did not know how in the world I could do so, and I felt as though I would rather die than—"

"Just a moment!" Sherry said. "How did you contrive to come by the money? Kitten, you haven't sold the family emeralds?"

"Oh, *no*, Sherry! Of course I have not done such a wicked thing! I borrowed the money!" she replied.

"*Borrowed* it? Good Lord, I had rather you had sold the emeralds!" And when he had drawn full confession from her, he said sharply: "In the devil's name, why could you not have told me? You can't have been afraid of me!"

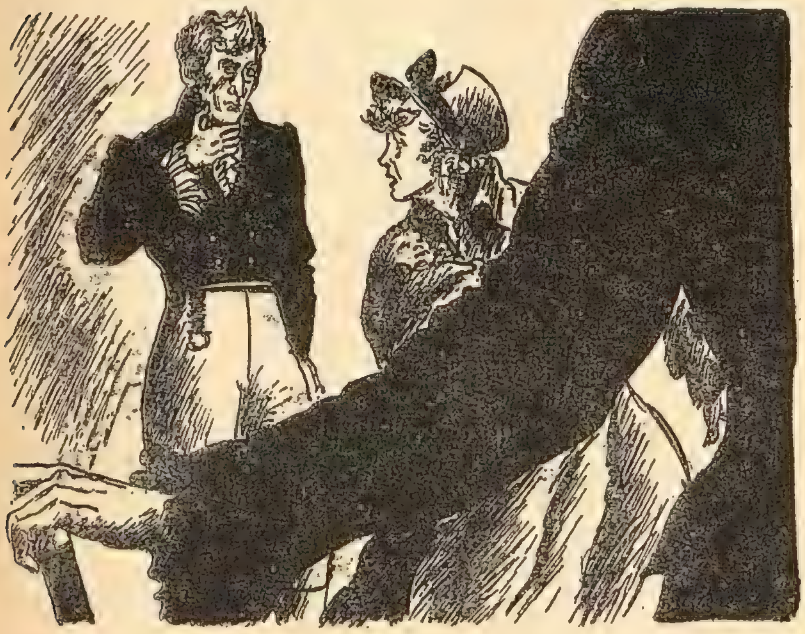
"Afraid of you, Sherry? Oh, never, never! But I felt so dreadfully. You have had such a shocking run of luck, and then those horrid horses behaved so badly at Newmarket—I would have done *anything* rather than ask you to pay my gaming-debts! And I feared you would be cross with me for going to that house, and gaming for such high stakes."

"So I am," he said. "What's the figure?"

"Oh, Sherry, I lost over five thousand pounds!"

His lordship preserved his control over himself with a strong effort. After a moment of inward struggle, he said: "Don't cry! It might have been worse. But there's another thing I want to know! Where *did* you meet the Gillinghams?"

By the time he had been made aware of the manner in which the lady had insinuated herself into his wife's company, of the arts she had employed to inspire Hero with confidence, he was looking so much like a thundercloud that Hero faltered and could only gaze imploringly at him.



She ventured to say: "I have done very wrong, but I did not mean to, Sherry."

He paid no heed; he was looking at the clock. "I am going out," he said abruptly. He turned her face up, and kissed her cheek. "Now, don't cry while I'm away, for there is not the least occasion for it! Besides, it don't suit you to have red eyes, and I don't like it. Promise?"

She nodded, rather mistily smiling, and he left.

He had not far to go to reach his goal.

Sir Montagu, who was dressed for a ball, was adjusting the folds of his cravat in the mirror, and it was in this mirror that his eyes met Sherry's. For an instant he did not move, then he turned, smiling urbanely, and stretching out his hand. "Why, Sherry!"

Sherry ignored the outstretched hand and said, a very ugly look in his eye, "I find that someone—someone, Revesby!—has been trying to do my wife a mischief while I've been away from home!"

"Well, that is certainly very shocking, Sherry, but what has it to do with me?"

"Who set the Gillingham on to lure my wife into her house? She never did so for her own ends!"

Sir Montagu was looking a trifle pale, but he replied with perfect composure: "Go and ask Mrs. Gillingham if I had anything to do with Lady Sheringham's visit to her house."

"Where did you raise the money to pay her for playing your game?" Sherry asked insultingly. "Or does she do it for love of you?"

"Sherry, you are certainly a trifle bosky! I shall not allow you to pick a quarrel with me, you know."

"Won't you!" Sherry said, and struck him across the face with his gloves.

Sir Montagu's pale cheek flamed under the blow.

"Well?" Sherry said. "Well? Will you have swords or pistols?"

"I repeat: I shall not permit you to pick a quarrel with me."

Sherry stood looking at him for a moment with narrowed contemptuous eyes. Then he turned away, and set his hand on the door-knob. "You're cow-hearted—and I never guessed it!"

THE Sheringhams spent Christmas in Buckinghamshire, at the country seat of the Fakenhams. The Festive Season was whiled away in the pursuit of various sports and pastimes, including a grand phaeton-race between Hero and Ferdy's sister Lady Fairford, who was accounted a notable whip. Lady Fairford was naturally the favourite, but Mr. Ringwood backed his own pupil heavily and Hero won by several lengths. Her husband was delighted. He said his Kitten was a regular nonpareil, and could drive to an inch; and when she was toasted in extravagant terms at dinner that evening he looked so proud of her that her heart swelled in her bosom.

The news that a new and dangerous female whip had arrived in town reached the ears of Lady Royston, the wife of a sporting baronet, and herself no mean handler of the ribbons. Meeting Hero at the house of a mutual acquaintance, she singled her out, making much of her, and wondering what would be the outcome if Hero were to race against her. Hero accepted the challenge, judges and timekeepers were elected, rules agreed upon, a date fixed and bets recorded. Hero, dreaming of a victory that would bring that warm look of pride into Sherry's eyes, and place her amongst the most dashing of the Upper Ten Thousand, was blind to the signs that should have warned her that this exploit was a great deal too dashing to recommend her to the more austere leaders of society.

Sherry was hunting in Leicestershire with Mr. Ringwood and Lord Wrotham. The only person of experience to draw on the curb-rein was Mrs. Bagshot, and since Sherry had freely stigmatized this lady and all her daughters as a parcel of dowds, it was not surprising that Hero should not have attended to the severe lecture Cousin Jane read her.

Mrs. Bagshot, coming away from her interviews with Hero in high dudgeon, lost no time in sending off an express to Sherry informing him in good terms of his wife's latest escapade.

Sherry, consequently, arrived in London at dusk in Half Moon Street. He mounted the stairs two at a time, entered his wife's room without ceremony, and demanded furiously: "What the devil is this I'm hearing about you?"

Hero, seated before her mirror, gazed at him in blank dismay, and faltered: *"Sherry!* I didn't expect—I don't—"

"No, by heaven, I'll wager you didn't expect me!" he said. He pulled Mrs. Bagshot's letter from his pocket and thrust it into Hero's hand. "Read that!"

Hero perused it in a dazed manner. She looked up, stammering: "But, Sherry, why? *Why?* At Fakenham Manor, when I beat Lady Fairford, you were pleased! You said you were proud of me!"

He stared at her. "That! A private sport, amongst friends, under my aunt's eye! Well, there's only one thing for it. You have no mother to advise you, so it must be for mine to teach you what you should know. I shall take you down to Sheringham Place tomorrow."

"Sherry, *no!"* she panted. "Your mother hates me—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he interrupted. "I tell you there's nothing else to be done!"

She clutched at the lapels of his coat. "No, no, Sherry, don't send me to her! To go home in disgrace—"

"Yes!" said his lordship, with awful finality, and shut the door upon her.

THAT evening the Honourable Ferdy dined at the lodgings of Mr. Ringwood, after which the two friends settled down to a game of piquet. In this they were presently interrupted by Lord Wrotham, and then another knock was heard on the street door. Hero came in, a bird-cage in one hand and an ormolu clock clutched under her other arm.

"Gil!" she uttered, in a breaking voice. "Help me!"

The three gentlemen had sprung to their feet upon her entering the room, and now stood rooted to the floor, gazing at her in the blankest amazement. Mr. Ringwood pulled himself together first, and drew her towards the fire. "Of course I will help you!"

"All help you!" Ferdy interpolated.

"She is chilled to the bone!" said Mr. Ringwood, holding her small hands in his. "George, pour her a drop of brandy!"

Hero allowed herself to be pressed into a seat by the fire, choked over the brandy, and said: "Oh, thank you—no more, if you please! It is only my hands that are cold, and there is such a wind outside!"

"You have not walked here?" exclaimed Ferdy, as though Half Moon Street were situated in the most remote quarter of the town.

"Yes, for what else could I do? Oh, Gil, promise me, promise me—all of you!—that you won't give me up to Sherry!"

George demanded in a voice which boded ill for the absent Viscount: "What has Sherry done to you?"

"Hold your tongue, George!" commanded Gil tersely. "I take it it's this curst race of yours, Kitten?"

"Yes. His mind is made up that I must go to Sheringham Place so that his mother may teach me—may teach me— But I would sooner die!"

"Sheringham Place at this season?" said Ferdy, horrified. "I wouldn't do that, Kitten! Wouldn't care for it at all! Tell you what: I'll go and have a word with Sherry. Agitation of the moment, you know. And Kitten, you can't leave Sherry like that! I mean to say—married to him—better or worse! Not the thing at all!"

"I know, but perhaps he will divorce me, and then he can be comfortable again," explained Hero, on a forlorn sob. "Sherry—Sherry doesn't love me, you see. He—he never did love me. If I had not been such a silly g-goose, I should not have— For he never pretended that he loved me, you know."

George's face twisted. "I know," he said.

She nodded. "Yes, I—I thought you did, George. So you see . . . I have made up my mind that I will become a governess, just as Cousin Jane always said I should be. But I do not know how to set about it, and that is why I came to Gil, because he taught me to drive my phaeton, and I thought he might know."

"Do you know, Gil?" enquired Ferdy, looking at Mr. Ringwood with dawning respect.

"She ain't going to be a governess," said Mr. Ringwood shortly. "Going to take her to stay with my grandmother."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Ferdy, much struck. "Devilish good notion of yours, Gil! As long as she ain't dead."

"Of course she ain't dead!" said Mr. Ringwood. "How could I take Kitten to stay with her if she was?"

"That's what I was wondering," confessed Ferdy. "Thought she *was* dead. Thought you went to the funeral, what's more."

"If you weren't so cork-brained you'd know that was my other grandmother!" said Mr. Ringwood, quite exasperated. "I'm talking of my maternal grandmother, Lady Saltash."

"Oh, do you think she would be so obliging as to teach me how to behave like a lady of fashion?" Hero asked anxiously.

"Shouldn't be at all surprised," responded Mr. Ringwood. "Never met any old lady so much up to snuff as my grandmother."

A qualm smote Hero; she said: "But perhaps she may not like to have me to stay with her, Gil?"

"Yes, she will. Like it above all things. Dare say you may be very useful to her. Got a pug-dog. Took a piece out of my leg once. Wants exercising. At least, it did when last I saw it. Of course, it may be dead by now. Good thing if it is."

Ferdy interposed at this point to object: "Don't see that, Gil, old boy; don't see that at all! Stands to reason Kitten can't take the pug for walks if it's dead. No point in her going to Bath."

"Bath! Does she live in Bath?" cried Hero, before the incensed Mr. Ringwood could wither Ferdy. "Oh, nothing could be better: for it was to Bath I was to have gone to be a governess, and Sherry does not like the place, and he will never look for me there!"

WHEN Hero put in no appearance at the breakfast-table next morning, the Viscount was not much surprised. He himself had passed an indifferent night.

Although he had been extremely angry with her on the previous evening, he was not one to nurse rancour, so as soon as he had finished his own repast he went up to her room and knocked politely on the door. There was no answer, and, after waiting for a moment, he turned the handle and walked in. No erring wife lay sleeping in the silk-hung bedstead, but on one pillow lay a sealed billet.

The Viscount picked it up with a hand that was not entirely steady, broke the seal and spread open the sheet of paper.

"Sherry, I have run away, because I will never go to your Mama, and I see now that it would be to no avail, even if I did, for you should not have married me. I always knew that you did not love me, and you have been so patient with me, and so very kind, and I know I have been very troublesome, and quite spoilt your life, besides getting into debt. So please, Sherry, will you divorce me, and forget all about me. And also, Sherry, I hope you will not mind that I have taken the drawing-room clock, and my canary, for they were truly mine, like the ear-rings you gave me on my wedding-day, and Ferdy's bracelet.—Your loving Kitten."

The Viscount's lip quivered; he looked up from the letter, and stared about him.

The result of all his thought was to plunge him into quite the most horrid week of his life. He was out of town, traveling first into Buckinghamshire, to Fakenham Manor. He drew blank, but his aunt dragged his story out of him. Lady Fakenham told him that he had come by his deserts and sped him on his way with the reminder that he had only his abominable selfishness to thank for whatever disaster might befall his wife, adrift in a harsh world.

THE Viscount posted back to London. The house in Half Moon Street seemed desolate. He would have liked to have left it; but if Hero came back to him it would be a shocking thing, he thought, for her to find the shutters up and the knocker off the door.

Six weeks after Hero's disappearance, Sherry's mother arrived in London, and summoned him to visit her at Grillon's Hotel. He found her with Miss Milborne in her train, and learned from her that the unusually damp winter had so aggravated her numerous rheumatic disorders that nothing short of a visit to Bath was likely to be of benefit to her. Miss Milborne, too, she said, had been sickly for some weeks. There were rumors around town that Severn had failed to propose. So she had had the idea of inviting the sweet girl to accompany her to Bath. She desired the Viscount to perform the filial duty of escorting them on their perilous journey.

The Viscount refused with wholly unfilial promptness. The dowager smiled wanly, rose up from her chair, and drifted out of the room, leaving him alone with Miss Milborne.

The Viscount stared at the shut door, and then at the Beauty, incredulity struggling with wrath in his countenance. "What the *deuce*—?" he demanded.

Miss Milborne got up and took his hand, saying with a good deal of feeling: "My poor Sherry, have you had no word from Hero?"

He shook his head. "Not one. And let me tell you, Bella, that while I have no wish to offend you, if her ladyship thinks that you have the power to persuade me into going to Bath, she was never more mistaken in her life!"

She smiled. "Indeed, I know it! You never cared a button for me, Sherry. I believe it always has been Hero."

He stood looking down at her. "You said something of the sort the day I offered for you, and I told you Severn would never come up to scratch. We're an unlucky pair, ain't we."

She withdrew her hand, flushing. "Sherry, if you believe that I am wearing the willow for Severn, I cannot bear it! When I thought how it would be to be married to him, to be obliged to live with him for the rest of my life—oh, I *could* not! When he offered, I refused him. You may imagine how deeply I am in disgrace with Mama. The only person who has been kind is your mother. To be open with you, Sherry, I believe she has taken a foolish notion into her head that you may divorce Hero, and end by marrying me after all."

"Well, I shan't," said his lordship.

"Don't flatter yourself I would accept you!" retorted Miss Milborne. "I care no more for you than I cared for Severn! Well, yes, perhaps a little more, but not very much!"

"I wish I knew who it is you do care for!" said Sherry.

She turned her face away. "I had thought you did know."

"George?" Then, as she made no answer, he said: "George took such a pet over you that there's no doing a thing with him these days. You'd best stay in London!"

"No," she replied. "I should not dream of doing so. George may think me what he wills: I shall go to Bath with Lady Sheringham."

"Don't you! It's a rubbishing place: can't stand it myself!" He stopped abruptly. "Bath! When was I talking of the place last? Lord, why did I never think of that before? Bath—school—governess! That's what she's done, the little fool, the little wretch! My Kitten! Tell my mother I'll escort her to Bath with the greatest pleasure on earth."

WHILE these events were in progress, Hero was residing in Upper Camden Place, Bath, the guest of Lady Saltash. At first a little frightened of an old lady who was generally held to be both formidable and sharp-tongued, she had soon settled down and quite lost her shyness. The pug, not being as yet gathered to its fathers, was her particular charge. She had removed her wedding-ring and reverted to the use of her maiden name, two proceedings which drew an approving nod from Lady Saltash.

Mr. Ringwood, though not generally held to be a good correspondent, wrote with painstaking regularity, reporting on Sherry's progress. Hero shed tears in secret over these letters. When she heard that he had plunged into an orgy of gaiety, she really did feel as though her heart must break. When she could command her voice, she sought out Lady Saltash, and tried, for the third or fourth time, to broach the question of her applying for a post in a Young Ladies' Seminary. Her ladyship cut her short. "What has happened to make you start on that nonsense again, pray?"

"Only that I have had a letter from Gil, ma'am."

"Sherry's going to the devil, is he?" the old lady commented. "Very likely. Just as I expected! Pray, what is there in this billet, beyond the lamentable spelling, to make you pull that long face?"

"Don't you think Sherry is forgetting all about me, ma'am?" Hero asked wistfully.

"What, because he is behaving like a sulky boy? No such thing! He is determined no one, least of all yourself, my love, shall guess how much he cares. Really, I begin to have hopes of that tiresome boy! Have the goodness to sit down at my desk, and write, inviting Mr. Jasper Tarleton to do me the honor of accompanying us to the theatre tomorrow evening."

Hero paused in the middle of her task to look up, and to say: "After all, if Sherry may amuse himself, I do not know why I should not too!"

"Excellent!" said her ladyship, laughing. "Do you mean to break Mr. Tarleton's heart?"

Hero gave a chuckle. "Why, he is quite old, ma'am!"

"Quite old! If he is a day more than thirty-five I will never wear my new wig again!"

"Well, too old to break his heart," amended Hero. "I like him extremely, for he is always so kind."

Lady Saltash, who had been deriving considerable entertainment from watching her old friend, Jasper Tarleton, succumb to her protégée's innocent charm, cast her a thoughtful look.

UPON leaving his mother, Sherry betook himself home, meeting on the way Lord Wrotham, who greeted him with a scowl and a curt: "Well, what?"

"Thought you'd like to know the Beauty is back."

"She might be in Jericho for aught I care." George retorted.

"Point is, she ain't in Jericho. She's on her way to Bath with my mother. I am escorting the pair of them there tomorrow. But that ain't what I wanted to tell you. Severn did offer for her."

"Do you tell me she refused him?"

"That's it. Told me something else, too."

"What else did she tell you?" demanded George.

Sherry grinned up at him. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

George drew a deep breath and sat staring straight between his horse's ears. After a moment he recollected the first of Sherry's disclosures.

"I wouldn't go to Bath, if I was you, Sherry. You don't like the place. If Lady Sheringham would allow me to take your—"

"Well, she wouldn't," interrupted Sherry. "Besides, I've got a fancy to go there."

And with this, he strode on down Piccadilly.

George turned his sulky and drove to Mr. Ringwood's lodging, where he learned that Mr. Ringwood was out of town. He stood glowering for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll leave a note for him!"

"Dear Gil," he wrote. *"The devil's in it now, and no mistake, for Sherry's off to Bath tomorrow with his mother and Miss Milborne. I see nothing for it but to post down there ahead of him, to warn Lady Sherry."*

That evening, firmly persuaded that he at last had the clue to Hero's whereabouts, Sherry walked down to White's and ordered the most sustaining meal he had been able to fancy for many weeks. He was finishing it when his cousin Ferdy strolled in and joined him in a glass of burgundy.

"Care to see a little cocking tomorrow night, Sherry, dear old boy?" he asked, sipping his wine.

"Can't," responded Sherry briefly. "I'm off to Bath."

Ferdy choked. When he was at last able to catch his breath again, his eyes were watering, and his countenance was alarmingly flushed.

"Well, what the deuce!" exclaimed Sherry, eyeing him in surprise.

"Crumb!" gasped Ferdy.

"Crumb? You weren't eating anything!"

"Must have been," said Ferdy feebly. "What takes you to Bath, Sherry?"

"My mother. She's at Grillon's with the Incomparable. Both going to Bath. I'm to escort 'em."

Ferdy gazed at him in dismay. "I wouldn't do it, Sherry," he said. "You won't like it there!"

"Well, if I don't like it, I can come back."

"Pity to miss the cocking! Very good match!"

"I tell you I'm going to escort my mother to Bath! What the deuce ails you, Ferdy?"

Ferdy gave it up. He withdrew a few minutes later to join friends. But his friends found him preoccupied that evening.

Suddenly he said, "Think I'll go and see Gil."

"Dash it, Ferdy, you can't go off like that!" expostulated his host.

"Yes, I can," he replied. "Come back later."

Met by the same intelligence which had greeted Lord Wrotham earlier in the day, he too sat down and wrote Gil a letter. Then, for he was very meticulous in all matters of good *ton*, he added a postscript: *"Took a glass of brandy."*

The brandy having made him pot-valiant, he betook himself to Half Moon Street and knocked insistently.

In a few minutes Sherry opened the front door to admit his cousin. Ferdy walked in, smiling affably. "Going back to White's when I've had a word with you, Sherry," he said. "Taken a fancy to go with you."

Sherry stared at him narrowly. "Why?"

"Fond of you, Sherry. Don't know why, but there it is. Always was. If you go to Bath, I'll go to Bath. Take me up in Cavendish Square. Ready for you any time."

HERO, returning on foot from an errand the next afternoon, fell in with George Wrotham who had arrived in Bath on the preceding day. He insisted on escorting her home. They had just crossed the street when Sherry's curricle swept past them. His start, and the expression of frozen amazement on his face, were not lost on Hero; and as it did not occur to her that his astonishment was due not so much to seeing her as her companion, the last shreds of hope that he might have come to Bath to search for her were banished from her mind.

"Did you see who was with him?" George demanded. "Ferdy! Sherry will ask me where you are staying. What would you have me say to him?"

She was unable to make up her mind; but when they reached Camden Place, Lady Saltash instructed George to furnish Sherry with the information that Hero was at present residing with her.

Hero, who had been walking about the room in some agitation, paused to interject in a tone of strong resolution: "George, if he should ask you if I am happy, you are to tell him that I have no time to be anything else, for I am forever going to parties, and balls, and concerts!"

It was nine o'clock when Sherry stalked into Lord Wrotham's private parlour at the White Hart. "You black-hearted scoundrel, George!" he said fiercely. "What were you doing with my wife?"

"Escorting her home," answered George calmly.

"The devil you were! Met her by chance, I take it?" said Sherry, with awful sarcasm.

"I did, but if you mean wasn't I aware that she was in Bath, yes, I was."

Sherry was looking as black as thunder. "She told *you* where she could be found? She took *you* into her confidence? Wrotham, answer me this, or I'll choke the truth out of you!—Did she run away from me to *you?*"

"No, ran to Gil," replied George, and added a brief account of that occasion.

"Where is she?"

"She is the guest of Lady Saltash."

Sherry cast George a measuring glance, and said: "How often have you been here since Kitten left me?"

"Dash it, Sherry, what kind of a fellow do you think I am?" said George indignantly. "I never came near the place till I heard you was on your way! Then I had to warn Lady Sherry."

"Had to warn her!" ejaculated Sherry. "As though I had been a regular Bluebeard! If that don't beat all!"

"Well, you scared her into running away from you," said George unkindly.

Sherry picked up his hat. "I've nothing more to say to you!" he announced. "I'm going to see my wife!"

"It's no use your going there tonight," said George. "She's gone to some party or another."

"Gone to a party! She must have known I should seek her out immediately!"

"Dare say she did," responded George coolly. "I fancy she don't want to see you, Sherry."

NEXT morning Sherry was in Camden Place by half-past ten. The ladies, said the butler, were not at home. Sherry then had the thought of repairing to the Grand Pump Room, where he ran straight into his mother and Miss Milborne. He perceived that Sir Montagu Revesby made one of the group, and favoured him with the coldest of bows.

Lord Wrotham, coming up to the party, found an opportunity to approach Miss Milborne, but she behaved to him with chill civility, and affected not to hear his urgent request for some private speech with her. He was about to press the matter when he caught sight of Hero, leading Lady Saltash to a chair, and attended by Mr. Jasper Tarleton. He got up quickly, said: "Pray excuse me!" to Miss Milborne, and made his way across the room to warn Hero that Sherry was present.

George had hardly reached Hero's side when Sherry bore down upon them. His eyes were fixed on his wife's face, and he would no doubt have ignored everyone else had he not been brought sharply to earth by Lady Saltash, who said compellingly: "Well, Anthony? How do you do? You are acquainted, I believe, with Miss Wantage?"

Sherry stammered that he rather thought he was, and as one in a trance shook hands with Hero. She did not meet his eyes, murmured a greeting, and swiftly disengaged herself.

Turning to Lady Saltash, she said: "You will not mind my leaving you?"

"No, no, child, be off with you!" Lady Saltash replied. "I know very well you are agog to go driving with Mr. Tarleton! Sit down beside me, Sheringham, and tell me all the London gossip!"

Sherry could not pursue them, so he asked Lady Saltash to inform him when he might have the honour of calling upon her. Lady Saltash said affably that he might call at any hour that suited him, only they were such gadabouts, she and Miss Wantage, that she could not promise that they would be at home.

NEXT morning Mr. Ringwood arrived in Bath and joined Lord Wrotham at breakfast. He listened in silence to the slightly disjointed account his lordship gave him of the imbroglio which seemed hourly to be growing more complicated. A large part of George's recital was naturally concerned with the behaviour of Isabella, but Mr. Ringwood paid little heed to this.

"I'm going off to see Sherry," he said.

At sight of him Sherry gave something of the growl of an infuriated tiger. "The very man above all others I wish to see!" he said menacingly. "You have the devil of a lot of explaining to do, let me tell you!"

Mr. Ringwood seated himself. "Going to be frank with you, Sherry," he said. "Kitten came to me, because there was no one else she could turn to. But she never blamed you: stuck to it everything had been her fault from the outset. Said something which made me think a trifle. Said you had never loved her, and it was Isabella you had really wished to marry."

"No!" Sherry interjected, in a strangled voice.

"I must say, I never thought you cared a button for the Incomparable," agreed Mr. Ringwood. "Thought maybe you cared more for your Kitten than you knew."

Sherry had gone over to the window. He said curtly over his shoulder: "I did."

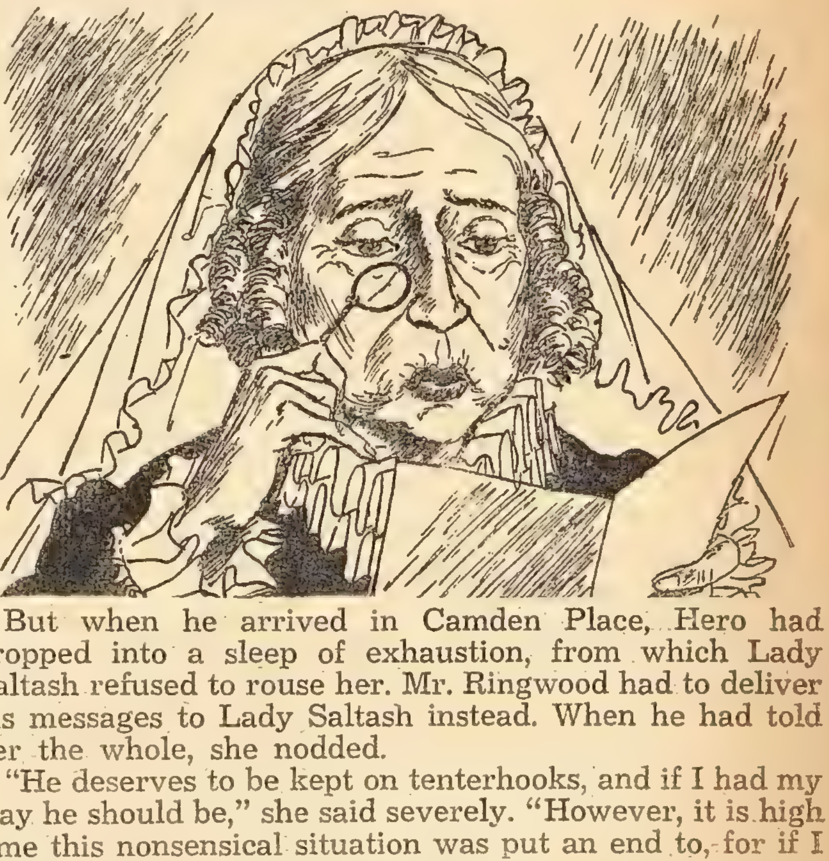
"Then why the devil did you come to Bath, which we all know you can't abide, only to be near Isabella?" demanded Mr. Ringwood, exasperated.

"To be near her? You must be crazy! It was to Bath that Kitten's aunt had the intention of sending her, to become a governess. I made sure I should find her here. And I saw her with George almost the very instant I entered the town, and if I could have come up with him then, I'd have murdered him in cold blood! I have been trying ever since to get two words with Kitten alone, but she will not receive me."

"Upon my soul, Sherry, if ever there was a born fool, you are he!" exclaimed Mr. Ringwood. "How the deuce was Kitten to know you had come here to search for her? Depend upon it, she believes you came only to be near Miss Milborne. I've been hearing lately from my grandmother that there's some fellow or other paying Kitten attentions, and you'd do well to step in before it was too late." Mr. Ringwood rose from his chair. "Best thing for me to do now is to go round and see Kitten."

Sherry grasped his hand. "Gil, you're the best friend a man ever had!" he declared. "Tell her I've been fit to blow my brains out any time since she left me! Beg her only to see me! Tell her—"

"Don't put yourself about! I'll tell her everything!" promised Mr. Ringwood.



But when he arrived in Camden Place, Hero had dropped into a sleep of exhaustion, from which Lady Saltash refused to rouse her. Mr. Ringwood had to deliver his messages to Lady Saltash instead. When he had told her the whole, she nodded.

"He deserves to be kept on tenterhooks, and if I had my way he should be," she said severely. "However, it is high time this nonsensical situation was put an end to, for if I do not mistake the matter, my friend, Jasper Tarleton, has lost his heart more entirely than I was prepared for." She considered for a moment. "You may tell Sheringham, from me, that if he chooses to dine in my house tonight, he will find only his wife at home."

As for Hero, when her hostess recounted to her the interview with Mr. Ringwood, she bounced up in bed, cast her arms round Lady Saltash, and ruthlessly hugged her.

IT was Hero's custom to lead Pug out to take the air for a few minutes before the dinner hour; and when Lady Saltash had driven away in her barouche to keep her dinner engagement, she put on her hooded cloak, took Pug's leash in her hand, and let herself out of the front door. She tripped along, her thoughts winging ahead to the magic hour of seven o'clock. Suddenly there loomed before her a man's figure in a caped greatcoat and a tall beaver hat. She gave a gasp of fright, but she had no time to do more before she was caught up into a strong embrace. She had a glimpse of a loo-mask covering the upper half of his face, and quite suddenly she thought that she knew who it was who had waylaid her, and she got an arm free and flung it up round his neck, returning his embrace with the utmost fervour. The sound of footsteps approaching in the distance made the masked gentleman sweep her off her feet, bear her in three swift strides to the waiting post-chaise, and toss her up into it. Since she was still unconsciously clinging to Pug's leash, this lethargic animal was swung up willy-nilly after her.

Meanwhile Sherry, already dressed for dinner with his wife, sat in his room talking with George Wrotham and Gil Ringwood. A knock fell on the door, and his mother entered, clasping, ominously, her vinaigrette.

"Oh, Anthony, I am in such anxiety over dearest Isabella. She assured me she should be home by five o'clock at the latest, and here it is half-past six. And Mr. and Miss Chalfont have this instant come with Isabella's scarf, which she was so careless as to drop in the inn at Wells where a party of them had gone this afternoon. It appears that she and Sir Montagu set out to drive back to Bath quite half an hour ahead of the others in the party! There is nothing for it, Anthony, but for you to set out instantly in search of her."

"Oh, isn't there, by Jove!" said the Viscount. "I am dining with my wife in Camden Place at seven o'clock, and you may judge how likely I am to break that engagement for Bella!"

George stepped forward at this point, saying in a low, vibrant voice: "You may leave the matter in my hands, Lady Sheringham!" He bowed briefly and strode towards the door. Gil hastened out after him.

AS the dowager sank down upon a chair, a servant came to the door to announce the arrival of the Honourable Ferdy Fakenham. On Ferdy's heels came Sherry's servant. The Tiger looked at his master, real trouble in his sharp eyes. "It's the missus!" he blurted out.

"What?" Sherry said quickly. "What has happened?"

"Loped off with that well-breeched swell I seed her with t'other day!"

The Viscount had the oddest impression that the floor was heaving under his feet. "It's a lie!" he said hoarsely.

"I'll wish myself dead if ever I told you a lie, guv'nor! Along comes the missus with the dawg on a string. Then I seed that well-breeched swell put a mask over his phyz, and I'm bubbled if he didn't catch hold of the missus and start a-kissing of her! And afore I could get my breath he threw her into the rattler and the whole lot starts off!"

The Viscount started forward. "You watched her ladyship being forcibly carried off, and you—"

"Guv'nor, I seed her put her arm round the cove's neck, hugging him like you never saw! What's more," Jason hurried on, "I loped after them. Gone off with the missus on the Radstock road what leads to Wells, he has, but he won't get far, he won't!"

Sherry was regarding him intently. "What did you steal from him?"

Jason sniffed, and reluctantly produced from the breast of his jacket a bulging wallet. The wallet was found to contain, besides a handsome number of bank-notes, a special marriage-license, and several visiting-cards inscribed with Mr. Tarleton's name.

"Get my curricle round to the door as quick as you can now!" Sherry ordered.

"Anthony!" intoned the dowager. "Do you need further proof of that wicked girl's—"

"I beg you will say no more, ma'am!" he interrupted, with a look so stern that she quailed. "My folly—my neglect of her, my damnable brutality have led her into this flight!" He broke off, his lip quivering.

Ferdy looked at him earnestly. "Sherry, dear old boy, you know what I think? Might have taken Kitten to a masquerade. Mask, you know."

"Ferdy, I was to have dined with her!" Sherry said.

"Must have forgotten that. Dash it, deuced easy to forget a dinner engagement! Done it myself. Mind you, quite right to go after her! Not the thing to be driving about with a fellow in a mask." Ferdy took a noble resolve. "Tell you what, Sherry: I'll just come along with you."

THE chaise with Hero inside and her abductor riding behind it pulled up at the hostelry at Wells. Hero looked out, her eyes dancing. Her gaze encountered, not Sherry's beloved features, but Jasper Tarleton's.

"Oh!" wailed Hero, her face puckering like a baby's. "Oh, I thought you w-were Sh-Sherry!"

Mr. Tarleton's brain reeled. "Thought I was who?"

"M-my husband!" wept Hero, tears rolling one after the other down her cheeks. "Oh, how *could* you play such a c-cruel trick on me?"

If the floor had heaved under Sherry's feet, the universe fairly rocked about the unfortunate Mr. Tarleton. "Your *husband?*" He became aware of a post-boy at his elbow waiting to be paid, and it was then that he discovered what he had lost. "Come into the inn, where we can be private," he entreated his weeping victim. "As for you, fellow, you must wait!"

He gave up his gold time-piece and his signet-ring as pledges, ordered coffee to be sent immediately to the parlour, and made haste to rejoin Hero.

While the waiter arranged the cups on the table, he left the door into the adjoining coffee-room ajar, admitting sounds of betokening some fresh arrivals at the inn. A voice which made Hero stiffen in her chair said: "Be so good as to show us to a private parlour! There has been an accident to my carriage, and we have been obliged to walk to this place."

To Mr. Tarleton's surprise, Hero rose up from her chair and tiptoed to the door and set her ear to the crack.

Sir Montagu's voice was clearly heard to say: "Now, my dearest Miss Milborne—"

"If you attempt to lay a finger upon me, sir, I shall scream!" interrupted a woman's voice.

Hero left the door and ran to Mr. Tarleton's side. "I am saved!" she whispered joyfully. "It is Isabella Milborne, and the most odious man imaginable! Do you remain in this room, Mr. Tarleton, while I arrange it all! Pray hold Pug's leash, dear sir!"

Mr. Tarleton, on whom the events of the evening were beginning to leave their mark, accepted the leash meekly and, with some misgiving, watched his companion open the door and walk into the coffee-room.

"But how is this?" faltered Miss Milborne, at Hero's entrance. "How do you come to be here? Oh, Hero, what fresh scrape have you fallen into?"

"Well, I must say, Isabella, I think it is the outside of enough for *you* to be accusing *me* of being in a scrape, when you are in a much worse one yourself!" said Hero. "I cannot conceive how you come to be driving about the country with Sir Montagu Revesby, for I am sure it is not at all the thing!"

Sir Montagu spoke, in his silkiest voice. "Lady Sheringham! Is it too much to hope that we may be permitted a glimpse of the gentleman who is no doubt concealed in that private parlour?"

"No!" said Mr. Tarleton from the doorway. "It is not too much, sir!" And with these words he landed a useful right on Sir Montagu's jaw, and sent him crashing.

Sir Montagu reached out his hand for his walking-stick, dragged himself up, fumbling with the carved ivory handle, and, as Mr. Tarleton squared up to him purposefully, tore the concealed blade from its innocent-seeming sheath and thrust at his assailant. Mr. Tarleton was just too late to avoid being touched. The next instant he had closed with Sir Montagu, twisted the sword-stick from his grasp and floored him again. After that, he stood panting, and trying to grip his own arm to stop the blood.

JUST then the clatter of hooves sounded in the yard, the grating of wheels on cobble-stones, and an impatient voice called out: "Hi, there! Ostler! *Ostler,* I say!"

"Sherry!" shrieked Hero, and sped forth into the corridor which led to the yard. "Sherry, Sherry!"

His lordship had just sprung down from his curricle. He saw his wife and strode towards her. "Oh, Kitten, thank God I have found you!" he exclaimed, holding out his arms. "You mustn't do this, my little love!"

Hero ran straight into his arms, and flung her own round his neck. "No, no, Sherry! I never meant to do it!" she sobbed. "I thought it was you, not Mr. Tarleton!"

"Oh, Kitten, if that isn't just like you!" he said unsteadily. "It ought to have been me! And if I hadn't been such a gudgeon—Kitten, you little wretch, kiss me!"

The Honourable Ferdy Fakenham descended from the curricle, and with great dignity bade Jason lead the horses into the stable and see them well rubbed down. By the time this order had been reluctantly obeyed, Sherry was drying his wife's wet cheeks with his handkerchief, and Hero was smiling up into his softened face. "But, Sherry, how did you know?"

"Jason saw you. I thought—I was afraid it was because I had given you such a dislike of me that you could not bear even to speak to me!"

"Oh, Sherry, *no!* I have loved you all my life!"

"Kitten, Kitten!" he said, folding her in his arms again. "I wish I could say the same! But it wasn't until after I had married you that I grew to love you so! What a fellow I am! But I found out when you ran away from me how dearly I loved you! You won't get the chance to run from me again, I can tell you!"

Ferdy coughed apologetically. "Sherry, dear old boy! There are a couple of postboys peeping at you."

"Let 'em peep!" said his lordship, but he tucked Hero's hand in his arm, and walked slowly into the inn with her, and to the coffee-room. His astonished gaze took in first Miss Milborne, then Sir Montagu Revesby, and lastly Pug, who had just waddled in.

"Where did that come from?" Sherry demanded.

"Oh," replied Hero happily, "it's Pug."

"Well, why the deuce did you bring him," Sherry asked, "when you were eloping?"

"I was taking him for an airing when Mr. Tarleton abducted me, and somehow he got into the chaise too. Oh, Sherry, this is Mr. Tarleton!"

Mr. Tarleton had risen rather unsteadily to his feet, and now said, "Sheringham, if I may have only one word with you alone, I fancy I can explain everything!"

"Oh, you don't have to do that!" Sherry responded cheerfully, shaking hands with him. "I don't blame you for running off with my wife: did the same thing myself! Hallo, you're hurt! How is this?"

Ferdy nudged his cousin. "Know what I think, Sherry? Someone's had his cork drawn. Claret flowing copiously. If it was Monty's cork, good thing!"

Sherry turned to look at Revesby, his face hardening. "By Jove, you're right, Ferdy! Someone's landed him a facer at last!"

"Oh, Mr. Tarleton very kindly knocked him down, because he said such horrid things to me!" explained Hero blithely.

"Oh, that was it, was it?" said his lordship, a martial light in his eyes. "I'm much in your debt, Tarleton! And what, my buck, did you say to Lady Sheringham, before I choke it out of your lying throat?"

Sir Montagu, retreating, said hoarsely: "You will regret it if you touch me, Sheringham! If the events of this night were to become known—"

"If there is to be any more fighting, I shall have the vapours, and so I warn you!" declared Miss Milborne.

"Revesby," said Sherry, "Wrotham is searching for you, and he's likely to fetch up here at any minute."

"George is searching for me?" said Miss Milborne faintly. "Oh, good heavens!"

Sherry had raised his head, and was listening to an unmistakable sound. George came striding into the coffee-room, with Mr. Ringwood at his heels. He checked on the threshold. "Sherry!" he ejaculated. "Good God, you here? What the— *Kitten!*"

Mr. Ringwood put up his glass. "Well, upon my word!" he said, mildly astonished. "Kitten! You and Sherry come here on your honeymoon?"

Hero clasped both his hands tightly. "Dear Gil, I am so glad to see you again! I was carried off by poor Mr. Tarleton there, quite by mistake; and Isabella got into a scrape too, through Sir Montagu Revesby; but then Sherry came, and everything has ended happily!"

SIR MONTAGU said: "Lady Sheringham mistakes—I can explain—the most lamentable accident—!"

"Yes?" said George, advancing upon Sir Montagu.

"George!" said Miss Milborne compellingly.

Lord Wrotham's eyes turned swiftly towards her.

"George!" she said again, rather pale, but meeting his gaze squarely. "If you call him out, I will not marry you!"

"Isabella!" uttered his lordship, trembling. "Do you mean—can you mean—?"

"Oh, George, for heaven's sake, take me home!" begged Miss Milborne, her admirably modulated voice breaking. "I'm so tired, and hungry, and I never cared a rap for that odious man, no, nor for Severn either, or Sherry, or anyone save yourself, and I'm sure I don't know why I care for you, for you are just as odious as any of them, only I do, and I will marry you tomorrow, if you like!"

"If I like!" said his lordship thickly, and enveloped her in a crushing embrace.

Mr. Ringwood, observing George's attention to be distracted from Sir Montagu, touched that pallid gentleman on the shoulder and nodded significantly towards the door. Sir Montagu made good his escape.

"And the best of it is," remarked Sherry, "he won't dare show his face in town for months."

"Have you let that fellow go?" George demanded.

"Yes, but really it is much better that he should go," said Hero soothingly. "For if you were to shoot him, you would have to leave the country, and then you could not marry Isabella. And he will not dare say a word about what happened to-night, because of what we might say about his wounding poor Mr. Tarleton. And besides that, if he spread a horrid scandal, I dare say Sherry would not mind my telling people about his baby, for he has one, you know, and he would not give its mother a penny to provide for it, and it is Sherry who has to do so, which is a great deal too bad, for it is not Sherry's baby! Indeed, I wish it was—at least, I wish it was mine, because it is the dearest little thing!" A thought occurred to her. She turned impulsively towards Sherry. "Oh, Sherry, do you think—"

"Yes!" said his lordship hastily. "Yes, I do, Kitten, but not now, for the lord's sake!"

"Bad *ton!*" explained Ferdy kindly. "Not quite the thing! That fellow Tarleton present: almost a stranger! Talk it over later!"

"No, you won't!" said his lordship forcibly.

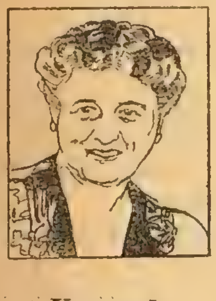
"Eh?" said Ferdy. "Good heavens! So I won't!"

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

PAPA WENT TO CONGRESS, by **Kenneth Horan**, is the hilarious story of the Ingham family's assault upon the capital during the administration of President Cleveland. Kenneth Horan's father was a Republican congressman from Michigan, elected on the Rural Free Delivery issue. Papa didn't succeed in selling R.F.D. to the nation, but his family did succeed in leaving an imprint on Washington "Social Life."



Kenneth Horan

Washington was unaware of the Inghams until the day that young Kathie Ingham stationed herself and sister Kenneth on the steps of the British Legation and announced that, "'Her ladyship is receiving next door.'

"Time and again Kathie sent ladies and gentlemen up our front steps, until we began to think all of Mrs. Flynn's biscuits and cakes would be gone. The drawing room was surely filled with people to the very brim, talking and laughing. And in the midst of them, of course, was Mama, as pretty as could be, telling all about her girlhood in Michigan but leaving out the part about our grandfather, who wagered he could drink a whole keg of beer and won his bet. We couldn't see Mama, but once in a while, when the door was opened for some guests, we could hear her happy voice and it made us glad.

"And that was how it happened that Mama was so gay and smiling at supper that night.

"'I just love Washington,' she said. . . . 'The ladies who called on me were so charming and seemed so surprised to know we were from Michigan. And quite a few foreign gentlemen called too. And they all asked me the strangest questions—whether the British minister was sponsoring us, and whether I was a friend of her ladyship. I didn't know what to answer, so I just changed the subject and told them about how lovely we thought this city, and how much you, dear Jim, enjoyed the Congress.'"

After that, Washington "Social Life" was easy for Mama, who had "the smallest waist in Michigan."

Aunt Sophie, the militant worshiper of Susan B. Anthony, went to Washington with the Inghams, and pretty Aunt Melony soon joined them with the avowed purpose of marrying President Cleveland. When the President married someone else, Melony reluctantly returned to Michigan and her husband, Alonzo Leap.

Published by Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.

TUX 'N TAILS is **Raymond Andrieux's** first book in English. The French writer tells the merry story of the "other" side of a de luxe New York restaurant. Here is the tale of the customer who ordered an expensive meal for which he could not pay. Put to washing dishes, he proved to be an excellent worker and eventually became a valued member of the staff.

Raymond Andrieux

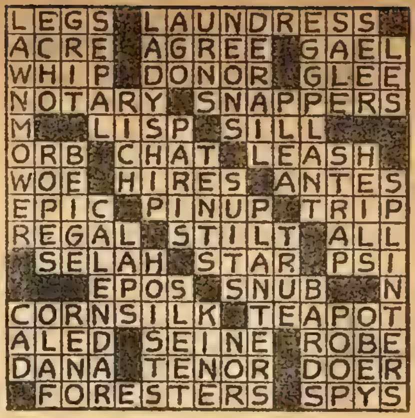
And there was the night that the writer was roused by a call from Madame Gaston, the wife of the chef, who informed Andrieux that her husband had not come home. Rushing down to the restaurant, Andrieux arrived in time to release a shivering but still mortal Monsieur Gaston from the icebox.

Readers will enjoy, too, the Angel Child, six-year-old Bobby Simpson, who turned on the taps in the men's room and flooded the Café Riche in celebration of his birthday.

Published by the Vanguard Press, New York. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



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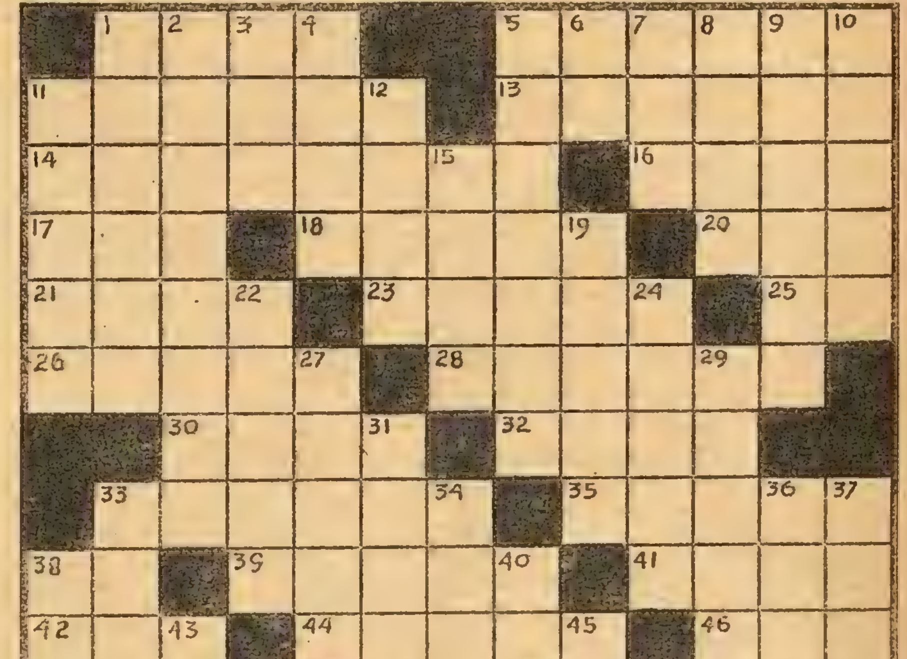
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

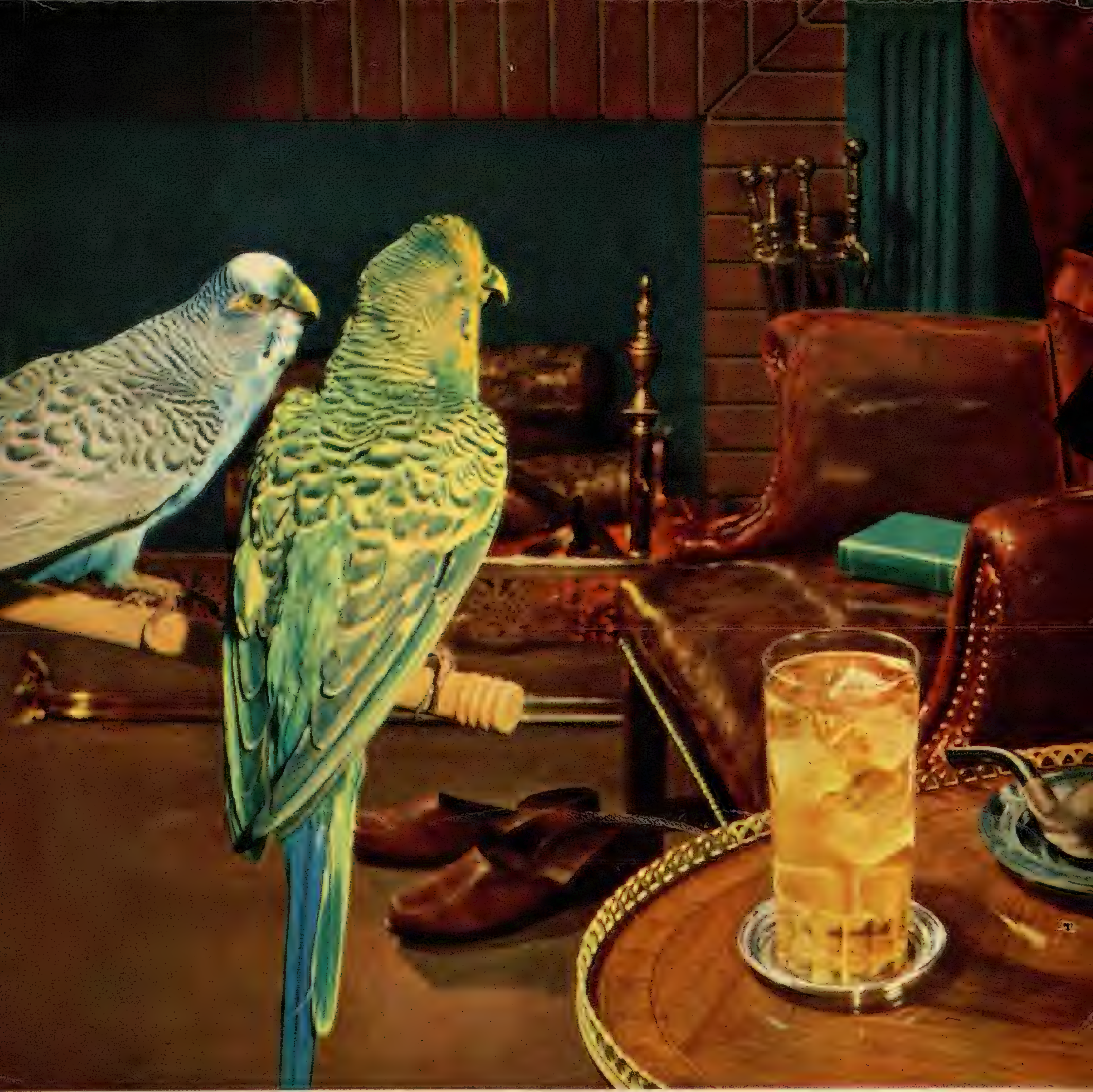
1 What most despised of creature's almost extinct in labor circles?
5 Der who is also a baseball term?
11 What device that once kibitzed in Greek plays now stands around kicking?
13 What was Shylock's official business?
14 An herb
16 Goat in Roman dress (anag.)
17 Long summers do what?
18 Toast the locks barberously
20 Capone law was administered with a what? (slang)
21 Complete: *Honi—— qui mal y pense!* (Evil to him who thinks evil)
23 Poultrymen call substandard fowls of the brood what?
25 Two (abbr.)
26 Poets dub a lush lawn a what? (Sharp, eh?)
28 The lovesick song writer suffered from a strange what?
30 Ruralist with minus I. Q.
32 Mess up
33 You wouldn't say toward the rear of a ship; you'd say what?
35 What, now synthetic, are impossible to wear out?
38 Romantic Chinese Dr.
39 Broad one-master
41 Name the river of Rommel's dreams—
42 —and a serpent found along its banks
44 Complete: If You Knew —— Like I Knew ——!
46 Take the square root of 10,816 and Latinize
47 Grecian oats (anag.)
49 Name the capital of Yugoslavia
51 A Shakespearean character
53 War criminal with taking ways
54 Jimmy Durante daren't do what lest he lose his brains?
55 Descendants

VERTICAL

1 Name the original bogeyman of radio
2 Creme de menthe, benedictine, and apricot brandy are whats?
3 Mark Twain said it might've been better had Noah missed the what?
4 Neck, medieval fashion
5 Complete: When the enterprising —— isn't burgling! (Gilbert and Sullivan)
6 Has life
7 The cashew's not a sneeze. What is it?
8 What's a Captain Kidd highball?
9 A rich uncle's synonymous with a what?
10 What woman inspired Byron
11 To the vulgar (ahem!), a glamor gal has what?
12 Span's garnishment
15 E pluribus ——
19 What New York island's synonymous with immigration?
22 You post when a horse does what?
24 Where are artistic Kaffeeklatsches held? (sing.)
27 Mercutio and Alexander Hamilton were killed in whats?
29 Complete this song title: The Lass with the —— Air
31 Man is said to be born to what?
33 What Texas cow town's also a motorcar?
34 Caesar was especially prominent in the what?
36 Lee did (anag.)
37 Immediately after birth the doctor must do what to the umbilicus?
38 Mechanized fly two aircraft carriers have been named after (pl.)
40 In the '20s a drip was called a what?
43 Watch the birdie
45 Your I-nesses
48 Crammed the craw
50 Complete this fish song: And he would ——, ——, ——; Way up the river he would ——, ——, ——!
52 Name L. Frank Baum's dream city



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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A DELECTABLE Calvert highball...made just the way he likes it...*there's* genuine affection, if we ever saw it.

And there, too, is a whiskey that's *the real thing.* So mellow, so gloriously smooth and rich, it's just beyond imitation.

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THE GIRL WITH *THAT* VOICE

Continued from Page 13

cope with, I promenade." The unfortunate tenants who live below her can testify to this. It's nip and tuck between Scott and termites as to who can do in a good floor quicker.

She has made few friends among her fellow stars. Perhaps because she is basically an introvert with a touch of egomania, or is too intelligent to clutter up her life with friendships that are as shallow as the Los Angeles River in the middle of summer. Strangely enough, the one studio friend she has made is Gail Russell, shyest star on the Paramount contract list.

In Hollywood, Lizabeth's private life has consisted mainly in trying to keep a roof over her head. Arriving in the midst of the Los Angeles housing shortage, she has already been forced to move five times. Every time she gets a sublease the tenant returns. "All I want," says Lizabeth belligerently, "is a roof, a shower, and a grill on which to make coffee any time of day or night. You'd think I was asking for the moon and the stars." At present she is living in a three-room walk-up apartment on which she has a six-month lease that will soon expire. She pays $72.50 a month, thanks to the OPA. She has no telephone. "When I want to phone I go to Thrifty's, on the corner, and stand in line. And I can remember when I took phones for granted, like hot and cold running water."

In January, Lizabeth did her first Lux broadcast, playing her original role in You Came Along with Van Johnson playing the Robert Cummings part. Lizabeth had never met Van Johnson before. "I thought he'd be conceited, but he wasn't," she says. "He sent me orchids to wear at the broadcast, and there I was swooning like a bobby-soxer." Her favorite screen actor, however, has been Gregory Peck, until she saw Cornel Wilde in Leave Her to Heaven. "Wouldn't you know he'd be married?" she says regretfully.

Lizabeth weighs 115 pounds, has a 34-inch bust, a 24-inch waist, a 34-inch hip, and stands five feet six inches. She wants to be tall and willowy, but has given up hope of growing any more. "My bones are too big," she sighs. She has ash-blonde hair that tumbles casually about her face with a casualness that is not entirely unstudied. "Sometimes," she says with a laugh, "it's so casual it takes me an hour." She has strong well-shaped hands, high cheekbones, blue eyes and dark lashes. She has a great flair for clothes and dresses simply, exquisitely and expensively.

She smokes cigarettes continuously, and has a nervous habit of clicking her gold cigarette case when she talks—a little habit that drives people in her vicinity quite mad. She never drinks, except an occasional sherry as a friendly gesture.

She was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, September 29, 1923, one of four children. Christened Elizabeth, she later dropped the E on a night train to Boston (for dramatic effect). "I was a strange little girl," she says of herself. "Other little girls called me a show-off." Every Saturday afternoon she put on her best clothes and paraded up and down the neighborhood streets.

She survived this prissy stage, she doesn't know how, and at the age of eleven became a tomboy. Her mother thought to put an end to this rowdy exuberance by subjecting her daughter to lessons. Lizabeth took elocution, music, voice, dancing, and every kind of lesson Scranton had to offer. To keep her out of mischief in the summertime, Mrs. Scott sent her to summer camps. But by the time she was fifteen, Lizabeth had about all the toasted marshmallows she could stomach. She sold her mother on the idea of letting her spend the summer with the Mae Desmond stock company, near Scranton. By the end of summer, after she had played to the hilt a series of walk-ons, Lizabeth decided the theater was in her blood. She persuaded her mother to send her to the Alviene Academy of Theatrical and Cultural Arts in New York for one year. At the end of the year, when Lizabeth showed no signs of returning to Scranton, Mrs. Scott, knowing her daughter had a cushy taste for luxuries, cut her allowance to ten dollars a week. That, she thought, will bring Bernhardt home in a huff and a hurry. But Lizabeth, grimly determined to succeed then as now, merely moved out of the girls' residence where she was staying and into the Y.W.C.A.

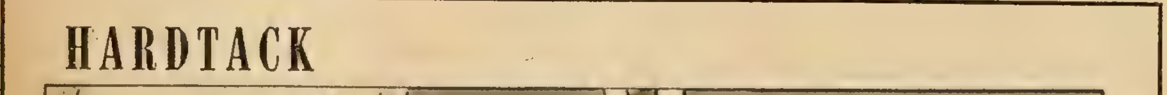
"ALTHOUGH every producer in New York was casting," says Lizabeth, "I couldn't get a thing. Somebody suggested that I try modeling. The agencies told me I wasn't the type." Then one day on Broadway she ran into an unsuccessful playwright who had become stage manager for Olsen and Johnson's Hellzapoppin. "The play is going on the road," he told her, "and they need a girl for the blackouts." Lizabeth, the tragedienne, did not exactly fancy herself as a stooge for Olsen and Johnson, but at least it was the theater, and also it was fifty dollars a week in the poke. The play was on tour a year, the longest year in Lizabeth's life. But she packed in a lot of sound practical knowledge and acquired a sense of timing that has helped her tremendously.

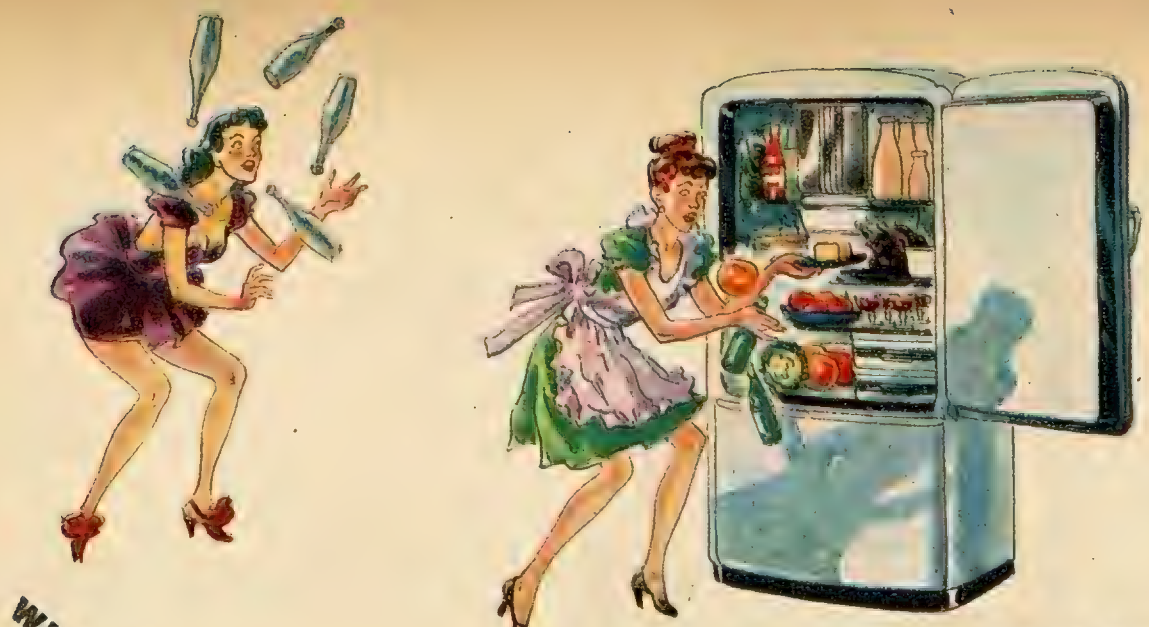
Back in New York, and broke again, she haunted casting offices. That was when she joined up with the Fifty-second Street stock company. "We were on Eighth Avenue really," says Lizabeth, "but we always spoke of it as 'right below the Theater Guild.' We thought that gave us tone."

She played the movie star in Personal Appearance, and the unfortunate Miss Thompson in Rain.

And now on $250 a week, rumored to be the Scott salary, Lizabeth can have grand ideas, but not much more. In fact, without a telephone, a car, a secretary, and with only a transitory roof over her head, she doesn't feel at all starlike. Recently, after months of doing her own housework, she found a maid. The girl told her that she might as well know the usual charge was seventy-five cents an hour, "but being as how you are a movie star, I'll have to charge you a dollar an hour." Lizabeth felt it was worth the extra two bits to have someone consider her a star.

THE END

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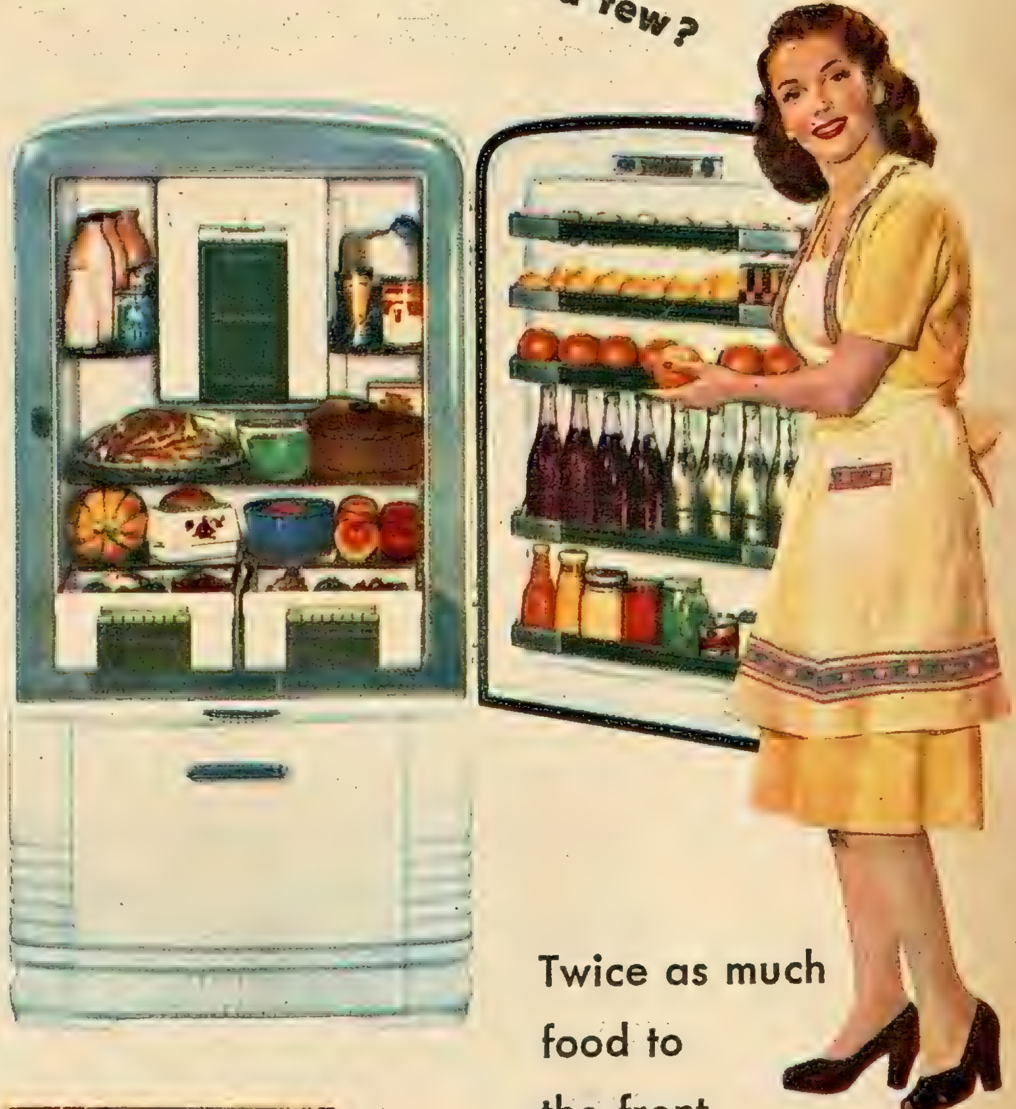
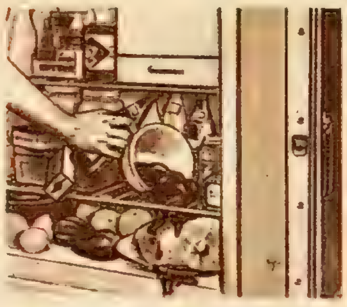
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

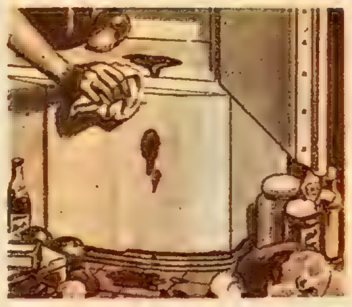


Twice as much food to the front

IT'S EASY to see that the Crosley SHELVADOR* makes twice as much food get-at-able in front row space. That means only half the shuffling of foods.



SHELVADOR* avoids much of the food shuffling and chances of tipping and spilling because it puts the foods most often needed in front row space—at your finger tips.



THIS ELIMINATES many a clean-up job occasioned by tipped-over foods. Every clean-up costs time and money plus the loss of cold air through the open door.

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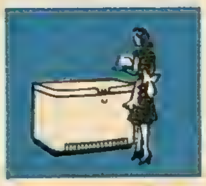

HOME FREEZERS

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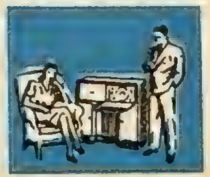

RADIOS AND COMBINATIONS

TOO POOR TO BE HONEST

Continued from Page 23

not going to my uncle's house. I am going home with you."

Juan rubbed his chin perplexedly. His life was complicated enough now, without adding the care of a motherless boy and a lonely burro to his problems.

"Bueno," he said grudgingly, "you may come home with me tonight. But *mañana* you must be on your way. Do you understand?"

"Si, señor," Pepe agreed meekly, kicked Cristobal in the ribs, and followed along behind Juan as they rode out of town.

JUAN awoke at daylight the next morning, discovered Pepe still asleep, and stealthily crept out of bed. Carrying his boots and sombrero out of the house before putting them on, he went out to the stable and saddled Diablo.

A bottle of tequila was in the saddlebags, and, holding it up to the light, Juan saw that it was half full. Diablo eyed it hopefully.

"Ho-ho!" Juan chuckled. "So you are thirsty too! *Bueno,* I will fix you a pick-you-up. But only one, my little bumblebee, for we have work to do."

While Diablo watched with interested eyes, Juan poured two fingers of tequila in a washbasin and added a pint of water as a chaser. Setting the highball before the horse, he urged, "Drink quickly."

Diablo started to lower his muzzle into the basin. Cristobal, who had been standing near by, came up and sniffed at the mixture.

Diablo lowered his head to drink. But before his muzzle touched the highball he glanced at the wistfully watching burro. Suddenly he gave a snort of displeasure and kicked the washbasin over with a forefoot, spilling its contents.

"Name of a name!" Juan muttered. "Are you sick?"

He lifted the bottle to his own lips. Suddenly he became conscious of someone standing behind him, and turning he saw Pepe regarding him from the stable door. For a moment he held the bottle to his lips, angrily telling himself that there was no reason why he could not drink in front of the boy if he wished. But at last he lowered the bottle without drinking, corked it, and replaced it in the saddlebags.

"Good morning, Pepe," he said. "Did you sleep well?"

Pepe nodded. He looked at the saddle on Diablo. "Where do you ride, señor?"

"To work."

"May I go with you?"

"You must be on your way to your uncle's house. You promised, remember?"

Pepe's eyes studied the ground. "Yes, I remember."

"Okay, I apologize!"

LIBERTY

Juan mounted Diablo and waved good-by to the boy as he rode off. "Have a pleasant journey," he called back.

Pepe waved in reply, then went dejectedly into the stable.

THE round-up crew was working that day in the hilly rugged brush country which lay along the southern boundary of Señor Alvarez's ranch. Camp had been set up in a box canyon, into which the cattle were driven and the new calves branded when the cowboys threshing the arroyos had brought them in.

At noon, tired and disgruntled, Juan drove his small gather back to the box canyon and joined the other cowboys around the chuck wagon where the noon meal was being dished out. Mike, the red-faced round-up foreman, came over to him and grunted, "What's your tally, Juan?"

Juan told him the number of cows and calves he had brought in. Mike gazed out at the dry brush-covered hills in disgust. "Mighty poor range. I reckon the boss will be wantin' us to move our gather up to the north flats."

That was what Juan had expected. Anxiously he hoped that it would not be done before Saturday night.

Señor Alvarez came riding up before the crew had finished eating. The sleek suave-appearing rancher was dressed faultlessly in black riding breeches, white silk shirt, and a pearl gray hat. Juan glared at him. A man who wore such fine clothes and took so many baths, he mused bitterly, deserved to be robbed.

The cattle, Juan overheard Señor Alvarez say, would be moved out of the canyon Monday morning. *Bueno!* That would give Buckley a chance to steal them Saturday night.

Señor Alvarez came over to him, smiling. "Well, Juan," he said, "you have done well. Perhaps I shall even give you a raise—to fifty dollars a month."

"You are too kind, señor."

"It is nothing. I always reward honest labor."

ON the pretext of beating the brush for more cattle, Juan rode southward toward Blue Mesa early in the afternoon. It would be a simple matter to steal the cattle, he knew. All the cowboys in the round-up crew would want to go to Tres Rios Saturday night. A few strands of barbed wire would be strung across the mouth of the box canyon, making it possible for a lone man to stay behind and watch the cattle. Juan intended to volunteer for that task. Then, when night came, Buckley and his men would come to the canyon, tie Juan up so that it would look as if he had been overpowered, cut the fence, and drive the cattle off. The Mexican border was only a few miles away, and by the time the theft was discovered the rustlers would be beyond the reach of the law.

Juan smiled to himself. How easy it would be!

He was not far from Blue Mesa when he became aware that someone was following him. Did someone suspect where he was going? he wondered.

Reining Diablo off the trail, he drew his gun and waited behind a sheltering boulder. As a mounted figure drew abreast, he lifted his gun and commanded, "Halt—or you are one dead *hombre!"*

Rider and mount came to a startled halt. A pair of very frightened black eyes regarded Juan for a moment, then a smile came to the thin brown face.

"Señor Juan—you gave me a scare!"

Juan frowned. "Pepe! I thought I told you to be on your way."

The *muchacho* guiltily dropped his eyes. "I could not go. You are so kind and my Uncle Enrique is so cruel."

"You told me you have never seen your uncle."

"I lied. I know him very well. He hates boys. He gives them nothing to eat and makes them sleep out in the cold, and if they cry even a little bit he beats them with a huge whip."

"Pepe," Juan interrupted severely, "it is not good for such little boys to tell such big lies."

Pepe flushed. "Anyhow, I do not *think* my Uncle Enrique is a kind man. And I *know* you are kind."

Juan thoughtfully scratched his ear. He could not keep his rendezvous with Ace Buckley now, for Pepe showed every intention of sticking to him like a thistle to a blanket. To his surprise, he found himself pleased that the meeting had been postponed.

Reining Diablo about, he started back up the trail, saying to Pepe, "Come, we will ride back to camp."

Suddenly a harsh voice called

(*Continued on page 52*)

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(*Continued from page 50*)

from the bluff above, "Wait a minute, Juan. I want to talk with you."

Juan saw Ace Buckley and two of his men urging their horses down the steep incline. Pepe whispered, "Are these men *bandidos?* Will we have to fight?"

"They are friends of mine," Juan answered uncomfortably.

"They are ugly enough to be *bandidos.* If you say so, señor, I will help you fight them. See, I have a gun." Reaching into his overalls Pepe pulled out a rusty single-action Colt which Juan recognized as an old one of his own. "I found it in the stable," the boy said proudly.

"Such foolishness!" Juan scolded. "It will not even shoot. And these men are not *bandidos,* so put it away."

Reluctantly Pepe did as he was told.

Buckley's dark face was lined with suspicion. "You were supposed to meet me at Blue Mesa. What're you tryin' to do—run out on me?"

"Of course not," Juan said.

"We'll be at the round-up camp tomorrow an hour after dark. If things ain't like you said they'd be, this climate won't be very healthy for you. Understand?"

Juan nodded and weakly said that he did.

As he and Pepe rode on toward the camp, the boy declared solemnly, "I do not like those men. I could read evil in their eyes."

Juan rode in silence, then he asked, "And what do you read in my eyes?"

The *muchacho* studied him intently, then answered, "Only good, señor."

JUAN spent an uneasy night, and his mind was still so preoccupied the next morning that when Pepe begged to be allowed to accompany him to the round-up camp, he gave in. Time enough to settle Pepe's problem after he had dealt with his own.

At noon, Mike asked him if he would mind guarding the herd that night. "The boys want to go in to town," the foreman said. "I'll make it up to you by letting you have the afternoon off."

Juan assented, and, with Pepe and Cristobal at his side, rode to Tres Rios early in the afternoon. Juan brooded upon his problem. It was not, he told himself, that he wanted to be dishonest. If some other way could be found to obtain the necessary two hundred and fifty dollars, he would gladly take it. He wondered if anyone in Tres Rios would loan him the money.

In town, he tied Diablo to the hitch rail in front of the bank. Then he gave Pepe a dime and said, "You may buy yourself some candy, then wait for me here. I will not be long."

Leaving the boy, he hiked up his gun belt and went into the bank. Banks, so he had been told, were in business to make loans.

Juan was not happy when he came out of the bank five minutes later. Loans, a florid-faced vice-president had informed him, were made only to reputable persons on good security. Forty-dollar-a-month cowboys were not considered reputable persons, it seemed, nor was a fifty-dollar horse such as Diablo classed as good security.

Juan sighed, and walked dejectedly up the street to the café where Rosita worked. Why was it, he wondered, that honesty was made so difficult and dishonesty so easy?

As he entered the café he noted with displeasure that Señor Alvarez was eating lunch at the counter. Rosita came over to Juan and said, "Hello." She looked at him intently. "Why are you so gloomy?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," Juan muttered, "is a great sum of money."

Her eyes snapped. "So you lied to me! One whole month have I given you to get the money, and now you have failed! You are a lazy, no-good, worthless—"

"But, Rosita—"

Señor Alvarez turned and regarded them. "What," he asked, "is the cause of such strong words?"

While Juan stared sullenly down at the counter, Rosita told the wealthy rancher of the promise Juan had made and of his inability to fill it. Señor Alvarez listened sympathetically. "It is indeed a small amount of money to raise," he said. "It seems to me that any man of ambition and industry could obtain it in a very short time."

"See, Juan!" Rosita exclaimed triumphantly.

Juan thoughtfully rubbed his chin. "Perhaps," he said to Señor Alvarez, "*you* would loan me the money?"

"I would," the rancher answered with a frown, "if it weren't that I would be interfering in a private matter. It seems to me that Rosita is testing you. Therefore you must stand on your own feet."

"Where," Juan demanded, "am I going to stand on my feet and find two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"That is your problem. If you are clever you will find a way."

Such, Juan brooded angrily, was the reward of one who tried to be honest. *Por Dios,* he would be honest no more! Getting to his feet, he exclaimed, "*Bueno*—I will *be* clever!" and stalked out.

Pepe was waiting at the hitch rail. When he saw Juan, his eyes lighted. "Señor Juan, I have been waiting—"

"Be still and listen to me!" Juan interrupted. "I am sending you to your uncle's house at once."

Pepe moved closer to Cristobal. "I— I do not understand, señor. You were so kind, but now you sound so cruel."

"I *am* cruel!" Juan exclaimed harshly. "I am evil. I drink and steal and murder. Best of all, I like to hang little boys up by their thumbs and flay them with huge whips until the flesh of their backs is in shreds and the blood flows. Now—go!"

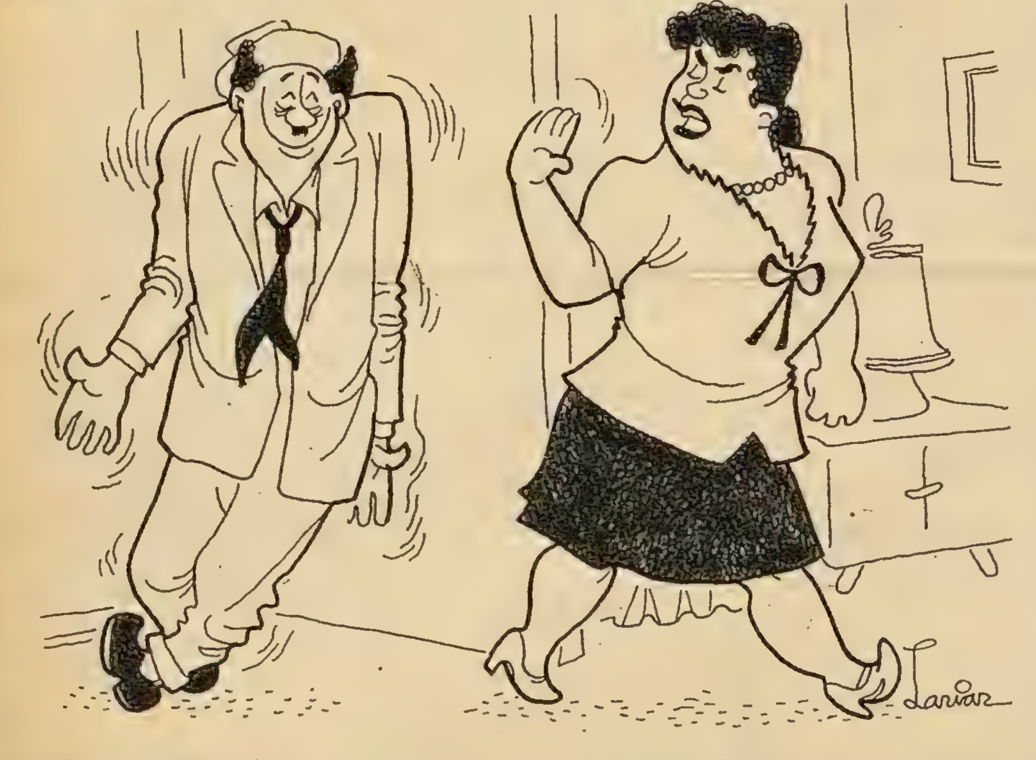
Trembling with fright, Pepe mounted Cristobal. "*Si,*" he murmured, "I am going. But I thank you for feeding me and for being kind—"

Juan angrily mounted Diablo and rode out of town. Why, he brooded, did Pepe have to look at him in such a way? Name of a name, it made this business of being evil very difficult!

WHEN the other cowboys had left the camp, Juan sat down with his back to a boulder and morosely watched the sun go down. He wished that Buckley would hurry up and appear so that they could get the unpleasant task over with.

As time dragged slowly by, he began to feel drowsy. Presently he

THE HOME FRONT



"Oh, save your breath—you might want to knock somebody down with it!"

LIBERTY

closed his eyes and fell asleep. He had a disturbing dream, a dream in which he seemed to be driving a never-ending herd of cattle over a precipice while Pepe looked on with hurt, accusing eyes. No matter which way he turned he was unable to escape those eyes.

Suddenly a hand shook his shoulder and Buckley's voice was saying, "Good work, Juan. This is the easiest bit of rustling I ever did." Trying to shake the disturbing dream from his mind, Juan stood up and said uncertainly, "Señor Buckley, I do not think—"

"Two hundred—two hundred fifty," the outlaw counted as he thumbed a sheaf of new bills from his wallet. "Here you are, Juan. You did a nice job of arranging things."

Instead of taking the bills, Juan suddenly exclaimed, "I have changed my mind. You must not steal the cattle. I will not let you steal them."

"Gettin' cold feet, huh?" Buckley laughed scornfully, putting the money back in his pocket. "Well, just try and stop me."

Before Juan could move, the outlaw drew his gun, lifted it, and brought the heavy barrel down hard on Juan's head.

JUAN sat up with a groan and looked around. The moonlight, stronger now, showed him that the canyon was empty.

Groggily he got to his feet and stumbled toward where Diablo grazed. *Ay*, what a fool he had been! The cattle were gone. Pepe, whom he realized now he would miss very much, was on his way to his uncle's house and probably hated him. Rosita would have nothing further to do with him when she learned that he had not raised the money. Señor Alvarez would no doubt fire him for losing the cattle. And for all this his only reward was the grandfather of all headaches!

He mounted Diablo and let the horse choose its own direction, the only thought in his mind to get as far away from the scene of his downfall as possible. For a moment he meditated on trying to catch the cattle thieves, but by the time he rode into Tres Rios for help, the rustlers would be safely across the border. If he pursued them alone, what good would one gun be against three?

Sunk deep in misery, he closed his aching eyes and let Diablo move along at a lazy jog trot. After a while the horse came to a halt. Juan opened his eyes and stared indifferently around. Suddenly he forgot his headache. For below him, clear in the moonlight, were the stolen herd, Buckley and his two companions—and Pepe.

The *muchacho* sat astride Cristobal, defiantly holding the outlaws at bay with the gun which would not shoot. Juan heard his shrill, determined command. "Put up your hands or I will shoot. I will not let you steal Señor Juan's cattle."

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This, Juan told himself, must be a dream. Then he heard Buckley curse and saw the three outlaws reach for their guns. The sound of a shot shattered the stillness, and he knew it was no dream. A second shot roared. Pepe toppled to the ground. Tears of anger blinded Juan.

"*Por la Madre de Dios,* they cannot do this to Pepe!"

In a moment he was galloping across the canyon floor. He was not conscious of firing his gun, but as if having eyes and a will of its own, the weapon roared time after time. One outlaw went down. Flame stabbed at Juan and something seared across his ribs, but he was as oblivious of that as if it had been a mosquito bite.

The second outlaw crumpled. Buckley, apparently terror-stricken, whirled his horse about and started to flee. The animal collided with Cristobal, knocking the shaggy little burro flat. Diablo gave a squeal of anger and launched himself at the horse, bowled it over, and kicked Buckley out of the saddle. Scrambling to his feet, the outlaw lifted his gun to fire at Juan.

"This," Juan muttered between his teeth, "is one I owe you." Then he brought the barrel of his gun down firmly on Buckley's head. It made a dull sodden thud, extremely satisfying to Juan's ears.

IN a moment Juan was kneeling over Pepe. He breathed brokenly, "My little friend—that I should let them hurt you!"

Then he picked the boy up in tender arms, and with the somewhat battered but still cheerful Cristobal tagging happily along at Diablo's heels, rode rapidly toward home.

The doctor said it was only a flesh wound which would heal quickly if Pepe were given plenty of rest and care. Rosita, who with Señor Alvarez had hurried to Juan's hut when she heard the news, volunteered:

"He will get the best of care. I myself will be his nurse."

"And I will see to it that he lacks for nothing," Señor Alvarez declared. "Such bravery must not go unrewarded." The rancher smiled at Juan and took a well-filled wallet from his pocket. "Nor have I forgotten your bravery, my friend. Permit me to show my gratitude by giving you the two hundred and fifty dollars."

Juan felt ill at ease. "I cannot take it," he protested. "What I did was nothing. Besides—"

"I beg to disagree," Señor Alvarez broke in. "Never have I seen any man do such a brave loyal thing just to save his employer's property."

"But, you see—"

Rosita nudged Juan and whispered fiercely, "Do not argue with him; it might make him angry."

That, Juan thought with a sigh, was the last thing he wanted to do. Reluctantly he took the money and handed it to Rosita.

PEPE, who had been watching from the bed with shining eyes, called softly, "Señor Juan."

Juan bent over the bed. "*Si?*"

"Are you angry with me for coming back?"

"Of course not. But why did you do it? Your Uncle Enrique will be very worried."

Pepe was silent for a long while, then he said shyly, "I lied to you about my uncle. I do not have one. I do not have anybody."

Juan covered a thin brown hand with his own. "You have some one now. I will be your uncle."

"But you said you did not like little boys. Will you beat me?"

"Only when you need it," Juan answered severely. Then he squeezed the hand and added, "But I do not think you will need it very often."

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

TRUBBLE: Bombed-out buildings.

ONE-DERFUL: The girl of your dreams.

CALMBAT: Just a quiet little fight.

POITRY: Verses about Hawaiian food.

IMMENSEPATION: Lincoln's biggest proclamation.

SHIVERLOUS: Being gallant in Iceland.

KNOCKTURNE: The critics panned this serenade.

ROOMYNANT: A big, hungry camel.

FEEVER: Doc's charge for cooling you off.

DIEJEST: Mortician's house organ with grisly jokes.

MILLION-DOLLAR LEGS

Continued from Page 29

"Expect I better be pushing off. The boys'll be waiting for me down at the store by now."

A shudder passed over Jeremiah. His look went to Annette, sitting, eyes lowered, at her typewriter table. She sat very still. Her heart was singing. He had snubbed that girl the way she deserved. Now he was gathering up some loose notes and coming over to Annette.

With no word spoken, Annette took her notebook and pencil from the drawer. Jeremiah paced and began those familiar, those comfortably impersonal phrases of the law: "Whereas the party of the first part does hereby convey—"

Annette and Auntie Higgins congratulated each other that evening. Next morning Jeremiah came into the office at quarter past eight. He had been there almost an hour when the phone rang. Jeremiah answered it. He reached for his arctics.

"Annette, Miss Ames and her party have left the inn. I may be gone most of the rest of the day."

For once Annette's violet blue eyes opened wide at Jeremiah.

Jeremiah met Annette's look without self-consciousness. "I'm not going to ski," he explained as he bent over to buckle the arctics. "Got to be on the slope, though. That's what they're paying me for. Never saw a beginner break a leg yet. But if one's ever going to, it'll be this one—just to make trouble. Well"—Jeremiah straightened up—"a job's a job. Keep an eye on things." He nodded and was gone.

Annette stood until she heard his car roar out the slippery driveway. Then Annette deserted her post—through the door to the kitchen.

"He's gone with that girl, auntie! He's going to be with her at Thunder Mountain all day!"

"So what? The girl can't—"

"You didn't see her look at him and say, 'Why, you're *sweet!*' She doesn't care what she says, and you tell me to do nothing at all!"

"Well, you're going to do something." Mrs. Higgins wiped her hands on her apron. "The time's come for you to do something. But you're going to keep your wits about you, child. Now you listen to me—"

JEREMIAH nosed his car into the crowded parking space below Thunder Mountain Lodge. He saw Victoria coming toward him down the beginners' slope. Her skis, now in unison, now separately, were determining her course. But the girl was a dancer and her balance above those wandering skis was breathtaking. Alone on the slope, she might have made it. She was not alone.

"Track! Track!" came Victoria's clear voice as she veered toward a plump and petrified middle-aged beginner immovable at the edge of the flat. In the final second Victoria yelled, "Timber!" and leaped into the air, skis flying.

Jeremiah started forward.

"Toddie!" squealed Victoria in joyous greeting. "You lamb! Toddie, please untangle me."

Jeremiah snapped loose the harnesses of her twisted skis. Victoria sat up, stubby boots straight out in front of her, making no move to rise. Ordinary spills at Thunder Mountain attracted no attention, but Victoria was pretty, and Jeremiah himself, as he now realized, would have been less conspicuous if he'd worn his ski clothes. Near-by people were smiling at the picture.

Jeremiah turned an agonized crimson but prepared to make the speech which had yesterday deserted his mind.

"Miss Ames, the insurance company asked me to plead once more for your consideration. This policy on your—legs only has a few weeks to run. They figure you don't really want to involve them in unnecessary legal expense on a policy written in all good faith—"

"Good faith!" Victoria frowned. "Toddie, my manager put on the insurance stunt to make money, and your insurance company took it to make money. That's their business and they can look out for it. Besides"— she grinned abruptly—"I do want to involve them in legal expense, which is you. You wouldn't play with me otherwise, would you? So if you're satisfied with my legs for now—all right then, give me a lift up." She reached both mittened hands toward him.

He hoisted her and, as she turned to look for scattered ski poles and paraphernalia, he got away in the direction of the terrace.

The respite was temporary, of course. Jeremiah had given Miss Ames her marching orders yesterday in his office. Today Victoria was merciless. She said skiing was like flying and, besides, Toddie would be wasting his time if she didn't take a few chances. When he failed personally to attend a spectacular spill, Victoria simply had herself carried to him in the lodge lounge.

It was a harassed and weary Jeremiah who drove into his garage at the end of this winter's day.

Cheerful yellow glow shone from the kitchen windows and from the windows of Jeremiah's bachelor quarters at the front of the house. He let himself in the side door. The room was warm and still and welcoming. With a grateful sigh Jeremiah slid the overcoat from his drooping shoulders. As he turned to toss it at a chair, he saw Annette, enveloped in a large gingham apron.

"Auntie Higgins said please not to be upset, Jeremiah, if I brought your supper." By general custom he was "Mr. Todd" in the office and "Jeremiah" in the house.

"Why sure." He sank into his old leather chair. "Only look, Annette. I can go on over to the—" He stopped

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abruptly. On the rare occasions of a Higgins "night out," Jeremiah had eaten at the inn. Tonight he couldn't. He couldn't face any more of it.

"Oh, no. Please!" Annette sounded genuinely distressed. "It would upset auntie. You see, she turned her ankle, and she'll be in bed, or anyway up there in her room maybe several days, and if you'll just let me do the cooking and things here—I—I'm really all right at cooking."

"Sure." Jeremiah smiled at Annette. "I'm sorry about the ankle," he said, "but that'll be mighty nice of you. I tell you, you set out our supper on the table in the kitchen."

"Oh, but—you always have yours here."

"No need to make extra work. We'll keep each other company, h'm? I'll sit here and thaw out a minute. Call me when supper's ready."

Annette went noiselessly down the back hall. Once in the kitchen, she swung a clenched fist through the air like a boxer's smashing left hook. "Whee!" breathed Annette. It had worked The supper, carefully prepared by Auntie Higgins, was waiting in the oven. And they would "keep each other company in the kitchen."

Annette muttered a loud and exultant, "You bet *we* will!"

Everything was cozy, intimate, wonderful. Annette had risked putting candles on the old kitchen table. And Jeremiah was so easy to talk to when he wasn't scared. Auntie Higgins was right. He was comfortable with her. It was almost like being married already. Just a few days, with auntie upstairs, and Jeremiah would see—

WITH a bang the back door smote the refrigerator and Victoria was in the room. Snow powdered her hair. She was in a black dinner dress, without wrap or hat or overshoes.

"Toddie! It's happened! A perfectly horrific huge black bruise. Look. It's where I hit the tree."

Jeremiah looked.

Victoria also surveyed the darkened area at the top of her sheer stocking. "I suppose I *could* paint it out when I go back to work." She glanced up.

Jeremiah's eyes met hers. His voice was steady. He said, "Are you, in fact, going to make a claim for the bruise?"

"No." She said it hardly above a whisper. "You *really* despise this, don't you? You *really* despise me for teasing you—this way."

Jeremiah's calm was that of numb misery. He answered, "Guess I'm sort of behind the times."

Victoria turned toward Annette as if she were going to speak. She didn't. She walked to the door, said, "Good night, Toddie," and went out.

Annette set down the hot apple pie she had held, with two pot holders, throughout the intrusion. Jeremiah ate his piece of pie. But Annette did not risk speaking. He sat rigid on the wooden kitchen chair and the crimson never left his face and ears. Then he stood up.

"Mighty good supper. Thanks."

Annette's rage and fear did not diminish while she washed the supper dishes that night, alone.

Certainly Jeremiah had smacked the Ames girl down again. But Victoria would come back. Annette was sure of it.

No reassurance whatever was afforded Annette by Jeff Harmon's visit to the office next day.

"Suppose Jeremiah's off with the dancer girl, eh?"

"He's at Thunder Mountain, yes," said Annette coldly.

Jeff chuckled. "We're fixing it up good for him today."

"What do you mean?"

"Now, now. We gotta have something for the record or folks might forget Jeremiah is our number one expert on ladies' legs. I've fetched that newspaper fellow that takes pictures around. We're heading for the mountain. From all I hear, this feller can get some real juicy shots of Jeremiah doing his experting."

"You listen, Mr. Harmon! Jeremiah is a lawyer and you're just going to make trouble—"

"Easy now, Nettie." Jeff chuckled again. "Don't fool yourself this business is too hard on him. May be scared stiff, but Jeremiah's a man, and this Vicki Vance is pretty. Playing peekaboo with those million-dollar legs ain't *all* suffering."

ANNETTE stiffened. That was it! She knew it. She'd known it right along. As Jeff Harmon, with glee in his eye, hustled back out the door, Annette sprang from her table and snapped down the night latch. She turned, to gaze around the cluttered but somehow prim and dry little office. Phooey! He was respectable. He was so goody shy, Annette mustn't dare to look at him. So said Auntie Higgins. Even this droopy dress she had on now was all auntie's doing.

Well, upstairs was Annette's wardrobe trunk with some less "appropriate" things. What was the use of unpacking a chiffon negligee, for instance, if there was nobody to see it.

But who said nobody would see it?

The office, as far as Annette was concerned, could turn to dust and blow away. This time she'd really have something for Jeremiah when he came home—and it wouldn't be a supper cooked by Auntie Higgins.

At Thunder Mountain, Jeff Harmon had a consultation with Fritz Hartshorn, the manager, before he finally located Jeremiah in a far corner of the lodge lounge. Jeremiah was reading in quiet peace.

Jeff quickened his approach the last dozen paces. "Say now, I thought you was here to watch out for that girl from the inn."

Jeremiah looked up suspiciously.

"Well," said Jeff, "there's a crowd around her out there. Looks like something's up." And Jeff hustled toward the terrace door. Jeremiah dropped his magazine to follow.

There was a little group around Victoria. It included Hartshorn, Charlie Davenport from the ticket booth, and the news photographer. Victoria, one ski on and one off, stood at the edge of the flat. She saw Jeff and Jeremiah only when they pushed in through the group.

"Toddie! I—I didn't know you had come today."

"Are you hurt?" said Jeremiah.

"That's right," cheered the newsman. He shoved people aside and, with dexterity, swung his camera tripod into position. "This is Lawyer Todd, isn't it? Better have him look you over, Miss Vance. You know. Make it good. Publicity helps a lot."

Victoria glanced quickly around at the ring of expectant faces and at Jeremiah who, startled eyes on the news camera, stood rooted in horror. Victoria laughed. With a rapid stoop, she scooped a double handful of snow and packed it.

"Oh, my favorite winter sport is really snowball fights," sang Victoria. The large wad smashed against the tripod and sent the camera crashing.

"Hey!" roared the newsman angrily. "You know better than that."

"Here now," spluttered Hartshorn, "you and I said—"

"You bet. Publicity pictures are fine. But, you big boob, Fritz! Do you want that insurance story? Want people saying it's that dangerous to ski your Thunder Mountain?" She laughed again into the manager's doubtful face. She kicked loose her one ski. "Fritz, ask my friends to bring along my stuff when they come. Toddie, will you run me back to the inn?"

"Sure. But—"

Victoria took his arm long enough to turn him through the crowd, then let go, and walked silently beside him to the parking space.

THE silence continued for the whole nine-mile drive to Sims River. The inn was at the far end of the village street, but as they approached Jeremiah's house, Victoria said, "Run in your driveway. Please. I'd rather walk to the inn."

Jeremiah stopped in the drive.

"Toddie, I want to talk to you. Not in your office. May I come in? Just for a minute?"

Jeremiah led the way to the back door. He stopped, standing in the kitchen.

"You know I'm a dancer, Toddie. Only you don't really know. I mean, it's like your being you and a lawyer besides. There's a lot of publicity and noise and—things about being a dancer. It's part of the work."

"Sure." Jeremiah managed a smile. "I know. Thanks for passing up that picture. I know it would have been good publicity for you."

"That!" Victoria shook her head impatiently. "I'm not saying what I mean. Because I'm—scared." She drew a determined breath. "Look. I really mean about my legs. I mean about not being modest. With you.

A dancer's legs are bone and muscle and business on her job. But when I was teasing you— Oh, I'm not explaining right. I don't know why I want to. Yes I do. You're nice and kind. I mean really nice. You said you're old-fashioned. I guess I am too. Anyway *I'm* nice, Toddie. You made me ashamed."

ANNETTE had heard Jeremiah's car come in the drive. Standing among scattered feminine garments, her calculations unprepared for this midafternoon return, Annette nevertheless made her new plan with speed and determination. Time enough later to find excuses for having deserted the office. She swept her hair up from her neck and fastened it in pleasant disarray. She slipped into the chiffon negligee. The dresser mirror was already tilted downward. She quickly practiced a right move to bring one pink bare leg just through the negligee's front fold. This perfected, she started along the hall, pausing at the linen cupboard to snatch a bath towel and continuing to the head of the back stairs.

Annette was halfway down these stairs when she heard the voice. Victoria's voice. Annette hesitated only an instant. A spasm of real hate went through her. She moved down the last steps and through the door.

"Oh. Jeremiah." Annette's voice was demure enough. Her violet blue eyes were not. They opened wide on Jeremiah and the look was challenging. The pink knee came through the negligee and, having moved it there, she made no move to cover it.

Jeremiah's gaze was plain surprise and question. He did not flame to red. Jeremiah's painful shyness was, in fact, no more connected with one part of a girl than another. And he wasn't stupid. Annette's costume, even with bath towel, struck him first as illogical.

Annette felt she was not getting her due. She laughed. "Jeremiah, you look so surprised. Did you think *I* didn't have any legs?"

"Oh, don't!" Victoria's wincing gasp was mostly guilty conscience, and the disgust on her face was as much for herself as for this present unsubtle performance.

But the disgust was, for Annette, the last straw. "You! Why, you cheap, rotten little—"

"Whoa," said Jeremiah quietly, "Look, Annette. I guess we've got some wires crossed up. You better go upstairs and get dressed. And don't bother with supper for me. I'll manage for myself."

Annette understood the finality of his tone. She stared at him for a moment. And abruptly she laughed. "You bet I won't cook your supper! And I didn't yesterday. And why I washed those dishes I don't know. I suppose it was sort of a game. I suppose that's why I've been hanging around here anyway." She still stared at Jeremiah's undeniably plain face under the carroty hair. "Not you. You poor—thing."

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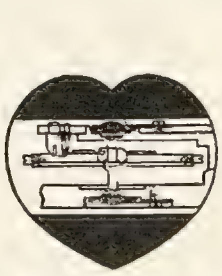

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Annette turned. Trailing clouds of chiffon glory she went up the steep back stairs.

"She"—Victoria made an inept and unnecessary gesture toward the stairs—"won't cook for you."

"Guess that's the gist of it," agreed Jeremiah solemnly.

"Toddie, I will. I can cook and—" Victoria heard what she was saying and her eyes went round in surprise and her mouth dropped open. She uttered a noise like "ugh" and made a wild dash to a door. The door slammed behind her. Then the house was still.

Utterly still. Not even the tick of a clock. Jeremiah, motionless in the middle of the empty room, made mental note that the kitchen clock had stopped. Jeremiah's gaze, however, remained on the door through which Victoria had vanished.

A SLOW grin widened Jeremiah's mouth. He walked over and opened the door gently. Victoria stood, her back to him, facing the shelves of canned goods.

"A cook here in Sims River doesn't get much insurance on her legs."

"No, Toddie."

"But the legs get worked pretty hard."

"Yes, Toddie."

"Of course, she might get a chance to rest 'em now and then with a little skiing."

"Would you go skiing—with the cook?"

"Aya."

"Toddie, shut your eyes. I might be going to turn around."

He obliged, and knew she did turn around, because it was the front of her that pressed against him. When he opened his eyes, there were just the shelves of canned goods. But Victoria's hair was ticklish under his chin.

THE END

FOLKS NEXT DOOR

Continued from Page 25

something working in him he had to say or burst.

"You know, it's nice of you, Smith," he said. "I mean raking my grass for me."

I stopped dead. Then I kept on, so he wouldn't see I was upset.

"Oh, no," I said, laughing. "Our land goes out along here from where the old stone wall ends."

We faced each other in a strained atmosphere of politeness.

"The way I got it," he said, "the original stone wall started curving and swung down past here. It's in my deed. It ends out by the front bank, by the big oak. You can see how the wall back there is starting to curve down toward your place, before someone lugged away the missing rocks."

I hung on to my good manners for dear life.

"I guess I wouldn't have been taking care of this strip of land for three years if I didn't think it was ours," I got out. "And the four peach trees here—they'd be yours too, if what you say were so."

He leaned with his freckly hands firm on the handle of his rake and his eyes stared straight across into mine.

"To be frank," he said steadily, "I think they *are* mine."

FOR a moment he had the legs knocked out from under me. I'd pruned and sprayed the four peach trees with prayerful hands for three years, to get the handful of peaches they gave me back. And the fifteen-foot-wide strip of land out to our front bank added just the needed dignity and expansiveness to our place.

"Well, there's no sense arguing about it now, Greene," I murmured. "We'll look into it."

I tried to smile to keep the thing on a diplomatic neighborly level, and Greene smiled back, but they were both smiles that had sharp teeth behind them.

"Yes," he said. "All right. I just thought I'd better mention it now, Smith, instead of later, so that we—"

I switched the subject off to something else. Then in a minute I went back to the house.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Why don't girls who like to diet
Ever do it on the quiet?
—*Beatrice Lieben.*

"We can't start a fuss about it," Laura said. She pushed back her thick hair that was once rich brown and now has some gray running through it. "They seemed like such nice people, too. Goodness, Jim, we've got to live beside them perhaps for years."

I said, "You think I'm going to let him walk all over me?"

"It's only the peach trees," Laura said, "and I could buy all the peaches they ever gave for fifty cents. Nobody'll ever know whose piece of land it is anyway."

I stepped over to the kitchen window and nudged the curtain aside. Greene was standing close by the peach trees. While I watched, his hand moved up and, with that air of authority he had, he pruned off one of the dead branches.

I WENT along in an appeasing sort of way on the strip of land and the peach trees. I kept quiet, more than anything else to calm Laura, and for our peace of living. I also looked up the wording in our deed and it wasn't as clear as I'd have liked it about the southern boundary.

Then, a week later, I discovered Greene spraying the peach trees. I was boiling all over. Laura tried to quiet me down, but I marched out of the house and stood beside Greene.

"Hello," he said, but he hardly looked toward me. He was holding a large hand sprayer and pumping.

"You don't need to spray the trees, Greene," I said flatly.

He stopped pumping and gazed over at me.

"Someone's got to take care of them," he said.

"I can take care of my own peach trees," I said. Then I came out plain with it: "I don't like to be disagreeable, but I'd just as soon you stayed over on your own side."

He was absolutely silent for a moment, staring me in the eyes.

"*Whose* peach trees?" he asked in a level voice.

"Mine," I said. Then I made a mistake; I guess it was the desire to have peace. "Look, Greene. Would you like to compromise on this thing—you take two of the trees and I'll take the other two?"

He closed in on me almost at once.

"I couldn't do that," he said. "That would be admitting I thought some of this belonged to you." He went back to the spraying. "And as long as you've been so hotheaded about it," he went on, "I'm deciding to show you it doesn't."

I deliberated a long minute, watching him. I could see it wouldn't take much to bring us to blows.

"All right," I said. "Go ahead. But I'll trouble you to keep out of here until it's settled."

He stopped spraying again and we glowered at each other. It struck me for a minute how quickly it had happened, a couple of men living beside each other and now at daggers' points. I had a sudden funny impulse to walk over to him and ask him to call it off. I saw his blue eyes, with their faint myriad wrinkles that could only show he had kindness in him, gazing into mine and had a fleeting idea that maybe he was thinking the same thing. But we didn't waver.

"All right," he said. "I guess that's fair enough."

GREENE'S bank got in touch with our bank several days later and they pored over our deeds. Mine told me that Greene was going to settle the boundary line question at any expense. I was told also that we didn't have a leg to stand on. I gave up, licked.

"We'd best just forget all about the Greenes," Laura said the evening I gave in. "We've got enough to worry us, with Steve and everything. We just won't have anything to do with them, that's all." She smiled over at me. "Nobody'll ever know whose land it is anyhow," she finished, "unless he were to put up a fence or something."

Greene started building the fence along the boundary line the following Monday. From our bedroom window, early in the morning, I spied two men digging postholes into the land I had nourished. Laura came to the window and we both watched dismally. We saw that it was going to be a waist-high affair.

That next night, coming out from

town on the train, I saw Greene. He was up beyond me in the coach, and I studied his profile. He had a newspaper, but he wasn't reading. I thought there was a dejected tilt to his head, and once, when he turned a little, his mouth seemed drawn. He sat almost without moving, staring forward, out over the other people, but I had a notion he wasn't seeing them at all. I wondered if he was thinking about me—and the fence. Then, just as the train was nearing our station, his head came around and he saw me. I knew that whatever he was thinking about, it wasn't our quarrel. The desolation in his eyes went deeper.

I was moved, and I had it in me to nod at him, even if coldly, but I didn't. And Greene didn't either. His glance fell away from mine and he went out the front door of the car. I went out the back.

Outside, turning the corner by the drugstore, I glimpsed him coming along fifty feet behind me. It is about a half-mile walk. Going along, I managed to look back and he was still there behind me, but two or three hundred feet away now. I knew he was holding back his pace on purpose.

Farther on, at the curve of the road below our house, I slowed down and looked openly back toward him. I don't know why I did. Maybe it was because of what I'd seen in his eyes in the train, or because of that little inner surge we all have sometimes to hope for friendship and an end to bitterness. I saw his head in the battered gray hat lift up quickly and strain, almost with eagerness, I thought, toward me. I am quite sure that his pace quickened for a moment—then as suddenly it slowed. I started walking faster again myself. I felt bitter toward him again. I also felt, vaguely, that we were a pair of stubborn idiots.

At dinner Laura told me about bumping into Mrs. Greene that afternoon in the grocery store.

"She snubbed me, Jim," she said, and her voice had that little wounded embarrassment in it. "And the funniest thing—I had an idea she wanted to be friendly at first. I smiled at her and her eyes kind of lighted up—then the bright look ran right out of her face. She didn't smile back, Jim."

"What do you expect?" I threw out. "She just follows after him."

Laura looked across the table at me. I thought there was the faintest irony, perhaps a bit critical, in her eyes.

"I follow you the same way, don't I, Jim?" she asked in a low voice.

"That's different," I said.

IT was four days later, Saturday, when our dispute with the Greenes really flared.

On Friday the Greenes' son Paul came home. We were on the front porch when their car drove past, up the hill. Greene was driving and the little huddled figure of Mrs. Greene was leaning forward in the back seat. Their son, in his Marine uniform, sat beside his father. He looked pale, but he was sitting up straight and talking easily with Greene. I couldn't help thinking that the Greenes got all the breaks, having their son home—and ours with heaven knew what still ahead of him. They got out of the car and I saw that all they had to do was to help their boy a little as he limped up the walk into the house. I was glad for them, but I tried not to think about our Steve. I knew Laura was trying, too.

Before that, on Thursday, I saw Greene out inspecting the nice barricade which the men I called his hirelings had built. The section of fence along the boundary was completed, though we could see now that they were continuing it along the front of the house and probably intended carrying it along the other side. It seemed clear that the fence was only a part of Greene's general decorative scheme for the whole place, but I was still certain that fencing us out was the real purpose.

Saturday morning I decided to burn out the last year's growth of thick scrub grass up beyond the apple trees and out to the front bank. Laura had gone in town. I looked up toward Greene's place and thought it over a few moments, but I was

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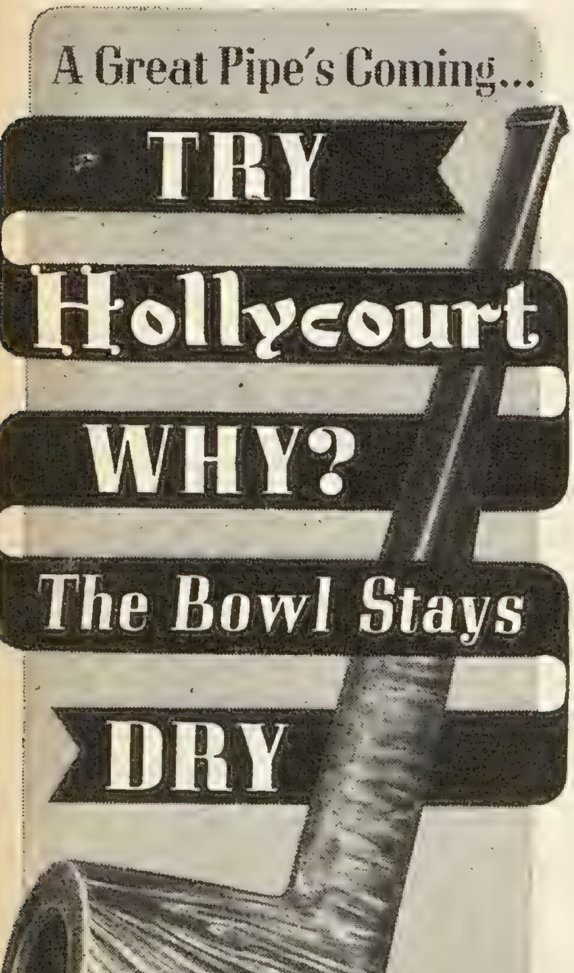

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quite sure it would be safe enough. There was practically not a breath of air.

Little by little the fire ate out the dead growth and everything was under perfect control. While I patted with a broom I got looking at the fence and considering it with so much pent-up heat of my own that I didn't even notice a breeze had arrived and the fire was getting hotter.

Then almost at once the fire started rushing viciously at the fence. I jumped forward and started pounding the broom down with all my strength to stop it. But it was getting out of control. It sped on. In another minute some of the pickets were already smoldering and wild little flames were flinging themselves up higher and stronger.

I was in the middle of it, sweating my heart out, when Greene came running from his house. Through all the smoke and confusion I saw he had two brooms in his big hands and a look of fury on his face.

He clambered over the fence and pounded at the grass like a man possessed, and I pounded beside him. It was a good ten minutes before we had the fire reduced to smoke. A good part of the fence was pretty badly blackened, but not beyond repair.

THEN I started feeling the pain in my hand. I'd been right down in the flames during part of the fire fighting, and the hand was scorched all right, along the back. It was beginning to blister.

Just at that moment I saw Greene looking at it, and for an instant his eyes had sympathy and a little anxiety.

I dropped the hand down at my side.

"Thank you, Greene," I murmured, "for helping."

He moved away from me and the fury was coming back in his eyes.

"Don't thank me!" he said. "That was a pretty mean trick."

It dawned slowly over me what he meant.

"It got away from me," I said.

He looked steadily at me.

"No," he said, loudly. "I imagine you have been planning to do this for days, Smith."

I was furious. I'd been ready to pay for having the fence fixed and to apologize all over the place.

"You can't call me a liar!" I threw at him. I took a step or two forward, glowering. "We've had enough unhappiness around here since you moved in!"

Just as I spoke I noticed the tall lean figure in a white shirt and gray trousers standing on Greene's lawn. It was Greene's son Paul. He was silent, his light blue eyes gazing our way.

I looked back to Greene. He was poised there, rigid and belligerent, with one of the brooms in his right hand. Then he let the broom drop and took a step forward.

I am not a fighter. But I was ready to settle the thing for good.

"When we're through," Greene broke out in a strong voice, "you will agree to pay for the fence, Smith! All of it!"

He came on another step, just as I saw a figure moving behind the fence. Green's son was coming toward us, his thin face pale in the sun.

All at once it came over me that he wasn't slowing down as he neared the fence. He kept coming straight on. With a hard thud he struck sickeningly into the fence and jerked back, then went fumbling around, and fell.

IT was plain enough that he was blind. I strode past Greene and got over the fence somehow. Pity and heartache ran through me. I reached the boy's side even before Greene did. I grasped his arm and helped him up.

"All right, son," I got out. "All right now."

His face was composed but grim. Greene got to his boy's side and drew him a little away from me. I thought of the day I had seen Greene on the train.

"We'll go in the house, Paul," he said in a low voice. "Come."

His son stayed. His face held a look of frustration, but with a kind of anger rising in it.

"This is Mr. Smith next door, father?" he questioned.

"Yes," Greene said. "Smith."

The boy loosened himself from his father. He stood completely quiet for a moment, his lips parted and his head held up a little in the sunlight.

"You've been fighting about a fence," he muttered slowly. Then suddenly his young face went bitter and white and the words poured out at us: "My God! Is this what we went through hell for? So that you people go on fighting? Can't you see it's what causes it? People hating! Can't you see?"

I didn't speak. The boy turned, and after a moment Greene started numbly away at his side. Greene looked back at me once, his face queerly drawn and gray. I was thinking of Greene's son and of my own. I was thinking of the absurd miniature of war which Greene and I had gone through right in our own back yards.

They were almost at the rear door before I started toward them. Reaching them, I had the feeling of reaching out from myself. It was a good feeling.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm very sorry."

Greene turned from his son. He was smiling now.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I'm sorry, too."

Our eyes met and held. Then his hand came out. It was warm and firm in mine.

"Come in," he said quietly. "Come into my house."

THE END

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

ALL the fuss about demobilization boils down to a word—replacements. They have to come from voluntary enlistments and Selective Service. It now looks as if Selective Service may be on the way out—and if it is, the only recourse for many home-hungry G.I.s will be to cry on the chaplain's shoulder.

We can't let that happen. It seems to us that Selective Service is being entirely too lackadaisical about inducting men for service now that the war is over. They were not lackadaisical about inducting us and they ought not to be permitted to dawdle over new inductions until all war-service veterans are home.

He was right!

Selective Service alibis that the War Department sets increasingly rigid requirements for new selectees. The War Department alibis that Congress is to blame. Only the Sad Sack still in uniform is left without an out—when *out* is the only thing he wants!

When F. H. LaGuardia, who speaks for Liberty on the radio Sunday nights, sounded off on demobilization recently, he was speaking for this department one hundred per cent. It bears repeating.

"I do not believe," said Mr. LaGuardia, "that it will be possible to get the required number of voluntary enlistments in time to carry out General Eisenhower's schedule of war service demobilization. Therefore, I believe that it would be most unwise to repeal the selective system now and terminate the draft. It seems that there is real danger in the Selective Service acting too slowly with the draft law, and Congress acting too quickly to repeal it. This is a bad year, for it is an election year, you know. There are more votes at home than overseas. The boys at home are within talking distance and unrestricted in their action. The boys overseas are a long way from the districts and are under necessary military discipline.

"So here is where folks like you and me come in. We must uphold the officials and representatives and senators who want to do the right by the boys who have served. We should urge speeding up of induction under existing law. We should discourage the terrific pressure on Congress to repeal the Selective Service Law.

"And finally the boys overseas should know that we are on the job looking after their interests."

* * *

Cpl. Arthur Jones, Boca Raton AAF, Fla. It is true that the January 31 deadline for re-enlistment in the Army in grade has been pushed forward to July 1. You may now re-enlist within ninety days of release, and hold as permanent grade the one in which you were discharged. The thing to remember is that those discharged after March 31 will still have to meet the July 1 deadline, with less than ninety days to think about it. For instance, if you get out on June 30, you must sign up immediately.

* * *

Cpl. J. J., San Francisco, Calif. Readjustment Regulation No. 1, paragraph 12C, clearly states that credit toward discharge is to be given for service in any of the armed forces during this war, with the exception of time spent in punitive confinement. The honorable part of your Coast Guard service may be counted with your Army time, despite the Bad Conduct Discharge.

* * *

W/O J. C. Briggs, Lincoln, Nebr. You may retain your temporary warrant in a reserve status while serving as a Master Sergeant in the Regular Army.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Pace-setters in Style —that's for sure! Mighty fine leathers—you bet! Foot-soothing comfort—oh, boy! Everything you want in a shoe—good looking, swell walking, long lasting. Make your next pair Holland-Racine Pace-setters!

H-R Shoes are sold by independent dealers who are professional hands at shoe fitting; your double assurance of foot happiness.

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
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Quality first, since 1895

DOWN BY THE OLD GULF STREAM

Continued from Page 17

—Burgundy, Bourbon, Royal, Conti—buildings rarely more than three stories high, many of them built around courtyards with ornamental ironwork grilles, protecting the dwellers from the street without interfering with free circulation of air. It is centuries old, foreign, yet American too. You stroll alone or with a conductor, follow a book route or turn where your fancy leads. There's always something to do or to see.

A guide will tell you that the name "Dixie" came from the *dix,* or "ten" on notes issued by the Citizens' Bank once located in this sector; that the Old French Market was built in 1791, with additions made to it for many years, and that some of the bars and eating places of the Quarter haven't any keys to their front doors for they never close.

The marble bar at Lucienne Casabone's Old Absinthe Bar, the Lions in the Court on Toulouse Street, and the stall where you get a half loaf of bread—"Poor Boy" sandwich—are among points of interest you can spend days aseeing. But the true appreciation of the French Quarter comes when you sample the food. Gourmets talk of special dishes, restaurants everywhere list New Orleans food, yet Antoine's, The Court of the Two Sisters, Arnaud's, and half a dozen others that are strictly top flight, surprise the visitor with their simplicity. They are barely one step removed from the days of sawdust on the floor. Although there are glamor and decorations, the old buildings, and the French-speaking waiters, they're eating places with the emphasis on food, not décor.

IN New Orleans you eat shrimp, trout with sauce Marguery, and a heavy soup dish called crawfish bisque. Don't confuse the latter with the crayfish, which resembles the lobster but is minus the sizable claws. The crawfish is a tiny land-going lobster. Scandinavian restaurants serve this delicacy, but at Harvey's in Washington, and at a few New Orleans restaurants, the bisque is something special.

There's *jumbalia,* with the rice cooked with the rest of the jumbled-up dish—shrimp, crawfish, or other sea food preferred, and gumbo, a thick soup to which the rice is added just before serving.

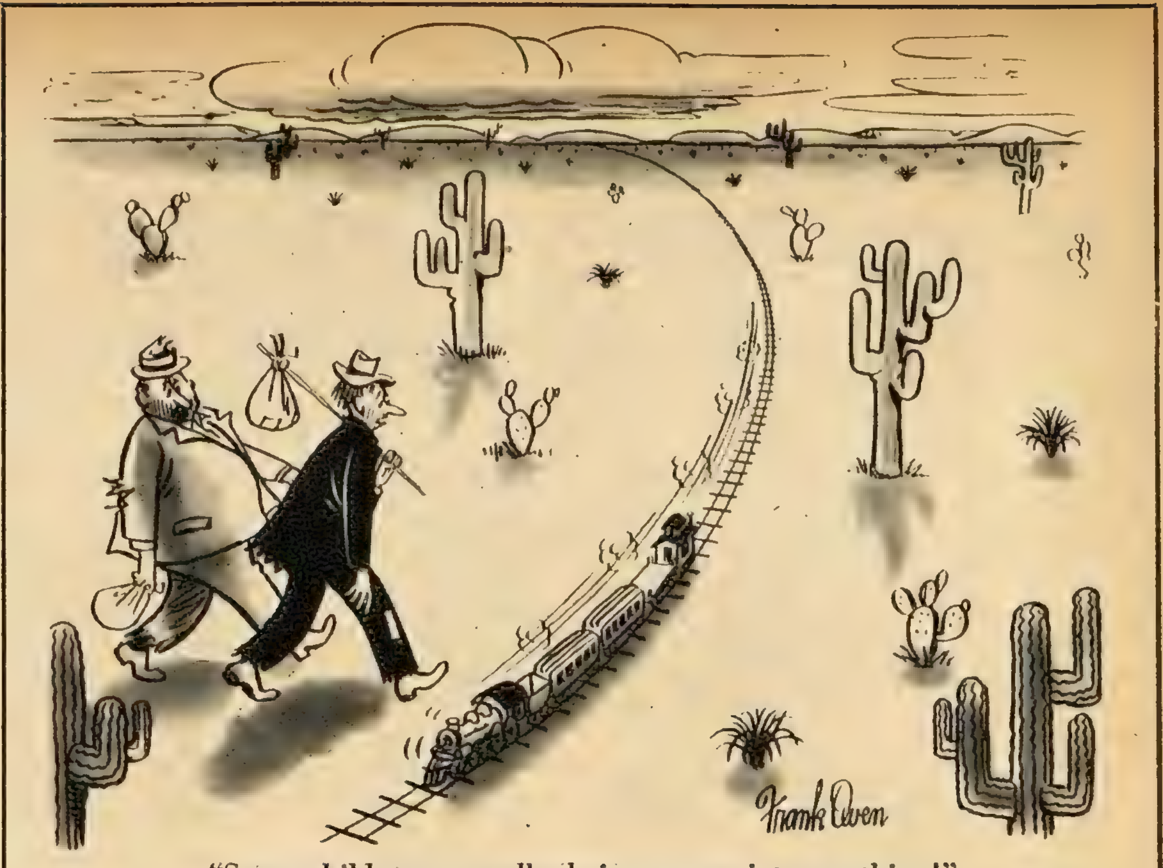
And at Arnaud's there's Redfish Almondine—an almond sauce made from untoasted chopped almonds to save the oil. It makes redfish a dish to remember. Arnaud's also does something to a filet mignon—you'll like it and come back another day.

West of New Orleans you may motor through the French section of Louisiana—the Evangeline country—settled by the passengers who came on the ship that carried the heroine of Longfellow's poem when she was deported from Canada. Some of the smaller towns have tiny restaurants that as a matter of course produce quite as excellently seasoned food as can be found in New Orleans. Others are strictly greasy spoon. You will brag if you find real French-Creole food.

There's fishing in the bayous and there's duck hunting in the salt marshes, and in some places, bear and deer. And for the motorist, here and there is an old town, like Opelousas, where court trials are still conducted in French and huge live oaks line the streets. The moss-draped oaks extend to enormous spreads and girths. There's a society of these oaks, dues an acorn a year, and shops in New Orleans will sell you a book about these trees.

The broad prairies of southwest Louisiana reach to Texas and the start of the original oil fields of the Southwest. The Gulf curves down past Galveston with its famous sea wall, a resort community that has grown to an important shipping port, toward Corpus Christi, which has long been a sportsman's paradise and even now is snaring its share of returning winter and spring visitors. The protection of sand-bar islands outside the shore allows private yachts and other small craft to make the inland passage down to Brownsville, on the Mexican border, where a Spanish flavor is given to food and life in general. The whole Gulf shore is a vacationland.

Important attractions are the flowers and the fiestas. Mardi Gras, the Tuesday before Lent, is celebrated in all the Catholic communities, with parades of magnificent floats in Mobile and New Orleans, and a series of balls, parties, and general festive affairs for days preceding Fat Tuesday, which is the literal translation of Mardi Gras.



"Some children can talk their parents into anything!"

LIBERTY

This year, the festival day came late—March 5th. In 1947, it will be February 18, and in the year following, February 10.

Mobile claims its Mardi Gras is older than that of New Orleans, but in the latter city there are three parades: one on the river, the major society-minded parade on Canal Street, and one operated by fun-loving Negroes, where beer is served instead of wine, and where coconuts are thrown to sidewalk throngs in burlesque of the bonbons tossed from the floats of Rex and his Queen.

WHEN they bloom, you see the azaleas everywhere, on private lawns and in public and private gardens. They were brought from France to Mobile in the 1700s. In 1780, when the Spaniards captured Mobile, they marveled at the beauty of the blooms, which had also impressed the English, who reported visitors coming to the city to see them as far back as 1763. The flowers usually burst out in mid-February. A late spring will hold them back until March. They're most beautiful for twenty or thirty days, but they last for six or eight weeks, slowly diminishing in number as summer comes on.

The camellias start earlier and are gone by March most years. The *Thea japonicas* (to give the full title) were brought from Japan. They start to flower in November or December and run the winter through. Not even the experts agree on the number of varieties, and their wide range gives a color pattern to flower beds that is accentuated by the masses of the azaleas.

In New Orleans and Mobile, signs along the curbstone indicate a route to follow for the best viewing of the blossoms on front lawns and in home gardens throughout the community. The arrows of Mobile's

Azalea Trail lead the visitor seventeen miles past banks of home and commercial floral displays—there's even a decorative effect around some of the advertising billboards. Old homes, including antebellum mansions that housed dignitaries of the Confederacy, are open to visitors for a short period when the blossoms are at their most flamboyant stage.

The most elaborate displays, however, are found in the great gardens that have been thrown open to the public. Best known, and possibly the largest of these, is Bellingrath, near Mobile. Two workers keep busy during the blossom season removing fading flowers.

More than 9,000 visitors came to Bellingrath on one Sunday afternoon in 1945 to marvel at the beauty of the blossoms against the background of towering moss-covered oaks.

Azalea displays are found in most other gardens of the Southland, most of which were started as private affairs, being opened to the public only when visitors came clamoring at the gates to view the blooms. Florida visitors find Dupree Gardens near Tampa particularly attractive with soft symphony music adding to the beauty of the scene. Oriental Gardens at Jacksonville and others throughout the South draw crowds all year long, but find their biggest attendance when the camellias and azaleas are the chief attraction.

As summer comes on, other plants flower; perhaps not in the elaborate profusion of spring, but certainly sufficiently to keep the whole Gulf Coast a flowerland until December's frosts come again.

THE cost of seeing this Gulfland is not excessive. Hotels throughout the territory are reasonable. Cabin courts and tourist-camp rates, as well as those of hotels, are restricted by OPA ceilings—with no sudden jump to two or three times normal for a short season as is the case in many vacation spots. When the ceilings go off, prices will certainly go up. But today the bargain of all bargains in sun and shore, flower and funlands can be found along the Gulf of Mexico's shores.

THE END

* * *

Mozart, the composer, was once interrupted in his work by one of his musical students. "I want to write a good concerto, Mr. Mozart," gushed the student. "Will you tell me how to go about it?"

Mozart shook his head skeptically. "You are too young, my boy," he said. "Wait until you are a few years older."

"But you composed when you were only seven or eight," insisted the other.

"That is quite true," conceded Mozart, "but I didn't have to ask anyone how to do it."

—Louis Hirsch.

* * *

It's your sacred duty
to tell your daughter...

About these
Intimate Physical Facts!

Ignorance Has Wrecked Many A Girl's Marriage

Your daughter *wants* to know but is probably too timid or embarrassed to ask you about these intimate physical facts. The result is she is often filled with *misinformation* from well meaning friends. Misinformation which may prove very costly to her in her married life ahead.

So it's your sacred duty to instruct her how important douching often is to womanly cleanliness, charm, health and happiness.

But *first*—make sure *your own* information is just as modern, up-to-date and scientific as it can be! And it WILL BE if you tell her how important ZONITE is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues.

Caution Your Daughter Against Weak, Homemade Mixtures

Certainly no well-informed mother would think of telling her daughter to use weak, old-fashioned homemade mixtures. She certainly should know by now these DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern* ZONITE.

Yet remember — despite its great strength—ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. It positively contains no carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, phenol or creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary—it's HARMLESS!

Zonite Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually *destroys* and *removes* odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

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For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products. Dept. L-36A, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

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FIND THAT MISSING G.I.!

Continued from Page 15

systematic search of the city. Dozens of natives were questioned, and in a few days the missing Sam was turned up. Naturally he was very much surprised; never did he dream that a few casual words said to a friend would provide the single clue to his hide-out.

TODAY'S search teams go into the field with their jeeps and trailers loaded with practical search data. Elaborate casualty charts show the last reported position of the missing in various areas. Lists give the name, rank, and serial number of the men to be sought for. Other papers, like those consulted by the crew that found Sam in Naples, chart the movements of Army units. Dozens of interrogation reports tell what comrades know about the fellows who didn't come back: "Where did you see Joe land after he hit the silk?" "How did you know it was Bill running from that exploding tank?" "Did Jim get out of the stokehole before you dived over the side?" The dope sheets give the answers, to spotlight the trail and prevent time-wasting turns into blind alleys.

Reports based on information obtained from escaped prisoners and from other sources are also of prime value in locating men who have fallen into the enemy's hands and been transferred from place to place until their trail has practically vanished. Thus it was possible for the Army to speed the liberation of such missing fliers as Lieutenants Robert I. Hite of Earth, Texas; C. J. Nielsen of Hyrum, Utah; and Sergeant Jacob de Shazer of Madras, Oregon, who were found in cells in Peiping, China, 900 miles northwest of Shanghai, long after they had been moved from the more commonly known prison stockades. Likewise crews were led to the Marine heroes Major Gregory ("Pappy") Boyington and Lieutenant William Harris, whose presence in the notorious Ofuna camp on the Japanese mainland had never been officially reported.

Search teams have never before been so well equipped to check the identity of the missing. Tooth charts accompany the file of every unrecovered man and, in the case of the dead, fingerprints are taken for comparison with those in the services' records. Further checks on identity are made through laundry marks, shoe sizes, jewelry and other personal possessions. If these means fail, photographs are disseminated throughout all commands still in the territory, to the end that a sufficient number of men will recognize and name the fallen.

These scientific methods *work!* They have accomplished wonders and continue to do so in restoring missing men alive to their loved ones or in removing the anguish of uncertainty. After other wars, thousands of missing men had never been identified as dead, and for years their close kin hoped and waited and despaired. But today, owing to the modern procedures of the services, in a greater number of cases than ever before possible, all reasons for doubt are removed.

Since V-J Day approximately 7,500 missing soldiers—close to 1,100 a month—have been identified as dead. Another 1,000, most of them unreported prisoners of war, like Boyington and Harris, have been located alive in distant and obscure Japanese, Korean, or Manchurian settlements. In addition to our own people, missing men of our allies have been brought back. Clear evidence of the rapidity and efficiency with which teams operate in the interests of British and Dutch, as well as Americans, is contained in the words of Private David Marshall of the Straits Settlements Volunteer Force. After his return to Australia he wrote: "The amazing cordiality, informality, and fantastic speed with which we were clothed, fed, deloused, bathed, inoculated and whizzed down from northern Japan by air transports were an epic of dynamic friendliness finding a way through."

ON THE HOOF

If I start counting nighttime sheep,
I'll never, never get to sleep.
It makes me hungry just to see
So many chops and roasts point-free.
—*Mary Ann Allan.*

Omitting recovered allies, more than 41 per cent of American Army men carried as missing at the end of the war have been found in less than seven months. With improved transportation facilities in spring and summer, the services hope to locate the remainder before fall. But in any case, the search will go on until there is no longer any reasonable hope of finding even a handful.

Contrary to widespread belief, there are few missing men wandering about Europe or the East suffering from amnesia or battle fatigue and consequently unable to identify themselves. Regarding this point, Colonel George F. Herbert, chief of the Casualty Branch for the Adjutant General, Major General Edward F. Witsell, told this writer: "Of course we cannot state that there is 'no such thing.' But the possibilities at this late date are so remote as to be practically nonexistent."

Most missing men who will be found alive from now on, Colonel Herbert believes, will be those who voluntarily vanished without trace. Some of these have already been turned up. Private ——, Infantry, was reported missing in action June 14, 1944, during the bitter fighting on the Normandy peninsula. He had, in fact, deserted, but when he got to a place of comparative safety, he couldn't resist writing to his family on the 25th to tell them he was all right. The unsuspecting relatives got in touch with Washington, which in turn alerted European search headquarters. In the tumult of the war, Private —— succeeded in eluding the authorities for a year. But with the collapse of Germany and the new techniques of search crews, he was soon picked up in Paris. Questioning revealed that he had left his organization and trailed behind our liberating forces until his arrival in the French capital. There, terrified at the possible death penalty he might receive if he rejoined his unit after deserting, he lay in hiding until he was rooted out by a search team.

BUT besides men who are deliberately A.W.O.L. (no one will know the exact count until everyone, dead or alive, is found), there remains today an infinitesimal fraction of men who are still alive and legitimately missing. Colonel Herbert is frankly pessimistic, and estimates this fraction at not more than one third of 1 per cent of the total number now carried on the rolls of the unreported. Some men may have gone through such hell to reach the safety of a village a thousand miles from nowhere that, much as they long for home, they decide to stay put until help comes. Others may be marooned and unable to make their way to civilization. A few may have already taken up a new identity in another land and prefer to let things ride.

No one knows—yet. Perhaps it is true that right now there is a missing G.I., sailor, or marine living a life of tropic ease, surrounded by dusky damsels and salaaming chiefs. Colonel Herbert laughs a little at the suggestion, for search crews so far haven't made these romantic finds. However, he adds, anything is possible, and if there is a missing man luxuriating in such a home-away-from-home, his presence will soon be known.

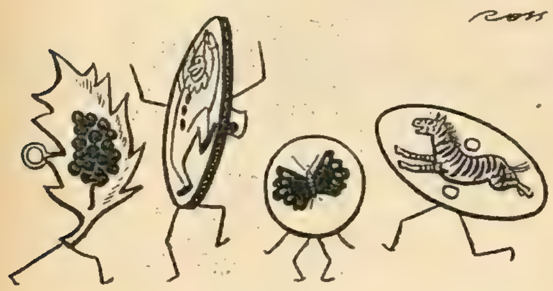
[EDITOR'S NOTE: Larger policies being followed in this world-wide search program are determined by the War Department Dependency Board, under the chairmanship of Major General J. L. Benedict (in the Navy, by the Bureau of Personnel). Spark plugs of operations are the Adjutant General's Casualty Branch and the Army Air Forces Notification Branch of Personal Services. The Quartermaster Corps, too, plays a vital role, for the Graves Registration Service, under Lieutenant General Edmund B. Gregory, is charged with the search crews that find and identify the dead. The Marine Corps Notification Branch directs the work of locating unrecovered leathernecks.]

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

BUTTONS, BUTTONS! — There's plenty of good news in the spring button market. Metal is back. La Mode, whose buttons are available in many stores throughout the country, offers gilt metal flowers set with stone stamens. Fruit forms one of the most amusing motifs. "Fruit on a glass dessert plate" and "Fruit on a grape leaf" are done in bright plastic. So are butterflies, bunnies, wasps, and penguins, the latter three sprayed with gilt or silvery lacquer. By pointing up color and fabric, the right buttons can make an inexpensive costume look costly and an old dress take on a new complexion.



NOTES ON NYLON: One New York store (Gimbels) archly urged in an advertisement prior to a smashing sale of 26,000 pairs of nylons: "Don't be distressed if you leave with your coiffure looking like a sparrow taking a bath! Don't come at all unless your strength is as the strength of ten. . . . Don't ask for a brand—take what you get and be happy. . . . Don't try to get in line again—no repeaters—one pair to a customer." And after Roaman's, a small department store on New York's West Thirty-ninth Street, advertised nylons with expansion knit tops for "larger women," prospective buyers turned out at 7 A. M. in all shapes and sizes, including a young man who said his girl had shown him the ad, and that after leaving her at 2 A. M. he determined he would be up at six to make sure of getting in the nylon line-up. Though the temperature lurked around twenty, the line extended for nearly three blocks. . . . Macy's simply placed small signs in the hosiery department on the street floor, and the word ran like wildfire that nylons were on sale, *two* pairs to a customer, on the fifth. The store's 50,000 pairs for that day were sold by shortly after 3 P. M. The line extended down to the third floor. . . . Roy E. Tilles, president of the Gotham Hosiery Company, offers some solutions to the stocking shortage. First, every woman should ration herself voluntarily to one pair a month. Second, women should refuse to make hole-in-the-corner purchases without brand labels. This practice stimulates the black market. So long as women try to get more than their fair share, no stock pile can be built up. . . . According to Earl Constantine, president of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, American women will have, *at most*, ten pairs of hosiery during 1946, about seven pairs of which may be nylons. Prior to the war our women averaged fourteen pairs a year.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

The crocus and the daffodil,
The sunbeam on the window sill,
The moth ball and the roller skate
Triumphantly collaborate
To verify beyond a doubt
That spring is in and winter's out!

SPRING IN THE AIR: You probably won't want to wait for Easter and possible Easter gifts to liven up your morale and replenish your supply of glamor. There are so many enchanting new cosmetics and perfumes available, you can do a whole lot for yourself at little cost. Take Revlon's new "Tortoise Shell" ensemble for example. The box is covered with gilt and brown paper to simulate tortoise shell, and it contains a bottle of adheron, a bottle of nail enamel, and a fine big lipstick in the new shade. All for $1.75 plus tax. "Tortoise Shell" tends toward the russet, though it is still rosy enough to be flattering. . . . If you have the sniffles, a quick emergency treatment between shampoos may be fragrantly accomplished by rubbing Richard Hudnut's Yankee Clover Cologne on the scalp and down the length of the hair. It's $1.10 a bottle and helps rid the hair of dust and excess oil. . . . A perfume "package" has just appeared—Leigh's Perfume Miniatures. There are four scents in one-third-dram bottles, Risque, Heartbeat, Dulcinea, Poetic Dream, all in a pocket-size container for $1 plus tax.

goodbye..

to belts, pins and pads

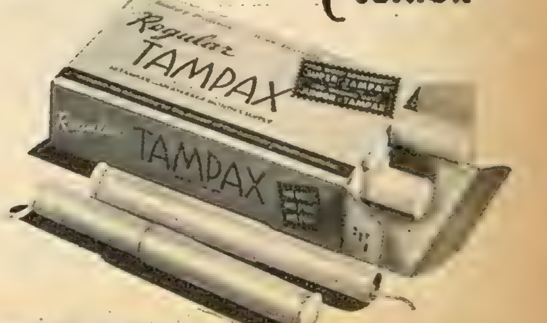
Yes, here's a long good-bye to all the supporting harness that you use with external pads for monthly sanitary protection. All you need to do is join the millions of women who now use *Tampax.*

TAMPAX IS USED INTERNALLY and any woman can see the many advantages of *that.* No odor can form. No chafing can occur. And not a ridge or wrinkle can possibly show through your skirt or slacks to cause you embarrassment. Tampax is marvellous for your peace of mind.

MAY BE WORN IN TUB OR SHOWER. If you have never realized this convenient feature of Tampax, think it over right now. Also consider the quick changing by means of dainty throw-away applicator—and the easy disposal! Tampax is doctor-invented and is made of pure surgical cotton *throughout.*

FOLLOW THE COLLEGE GIRLS! Tampax has appealed especially to the progressive students of the big women's colleges. Why not go modern and buy a month's supply? (It will go in your purse!) Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR** / **SUPER** / **JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S *The* LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month — **The greatest star of the screen!**

We're off on our tandem in a whirl of delight! We've just seen M-G-M's high-spirited new musical hit. "Two Sisters From Boston", and—oh, those sisters!

* * * *

It's a youthful, exuberant romance of New York at the turn of the century—those flamboyant days when it was definitely naughty for a young lady to show her limbs—no matter how attractive!

Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about.

* * * *

And we do mean hurly-burly, what with Jimmy Durante shouting delirious ditties in a Bowery beer hall, and the great Metropolitan Opera tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throwing his magnificent voice into the finest songs.

* * * *

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

* * * *

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some swell new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. And everybody sings!

* * * *

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "Anchors Aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters from Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

* * * *

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola: "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"

—Leo

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

John Payne, Bill Bendix, and Maureen O'Hara certainly deserve Connie Marshall's grin.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(Fox)
Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, Connie Marshall

NELIA GARDNER WHITE wrote a story for one of the women's magazines, Fox bought it, and Maureen O'Hara and John Payne fell into the roles most enthusiastically—Payne, because this modern triangle between an actress, a playwright, and their adopted daughter lifted him out of the stereotype of musicals, and O'Hara because it brought her up to date from her many historically costumed parts.

The source of the story's conflict is that Julie (O'Hara), as the Great Lady of the stage, is living under the threat of heart failure, while her husband and daughter cling desperately to her velvet skirts for love and guidance. The playwright, John Payne, is apparently incapable of writing a line or of hiring an actor without the nod from Julie. The daughter, played by plain little Connie Marshall, is quite fey, and lives in a world of fairy tales, unicorns, and such.

When Julie dies, these two people become so depressive that Payne has to wear dark glasses to hide his grief and Daughter refuses to eat her chocolate pudding. Moreover, they actively resent each other's existence, until the spirit of the lovely lady in the white *robe de style* brings them around to the point of accepting their responsibilities.

And that's about all there is, except for Bill Bendix's enacting of a lavish "uncle" to the child, and except for more than the usual amount of fancy clothes and sets: the penthouse overlooking the East River, the elegant estate on Long Island Sound, etc.

This somewhat maudlin journey into sentimentality (accompanied throughout by a throbbing orchestration of the popular song on which the title of this film is hung) is aimed at the gals, with its beautiful and tragic heroine, and with its male complement made to seem just moronic enough so that the ladies can feel superior to him.

Maureen O'Hara is a woman of almost legendary beauty whose talents were pretty nearly plumbed when she played the Welsh miner's daughter in How Green Was My Valley. However, her grasp of the American idiom and of the American theater are not enough to put her across as a composite Helen Hayes-Katharine Cornell personage. And John Payne as a bereaved husband is still a good ad for swimming trunks. Maybe the adopted daughter had the right idea, keeping company with a unicorn.

PICTURES TO WATCH FOR

ROAD TO UTOPIA (Paramount). Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby. Another hilarious "Road" picture.

ADVENTURE (M-G-M). Clark Gable, Greer Garson, Joan Blondell, Thomas Mitchell. Interesting, pretentious comedy-drama.

THE SEVENTH VEIL (British). Ann Todd, James Mason. Beautifully acted story of a concert pianist under psychoanalysis.

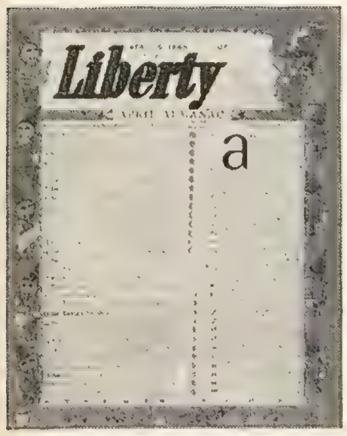
THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE (RKO). Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent. Chilly atmosphere—superbly done.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE BY-LINE

EVERY time a Washington bureaucrat looks under his desk, it seems that Senator Harry F. Byrd is there, pad and pencil in hand. The senator is the sworn enemy of governmental waste and extravagance and the pal of the man in the barrel. He revamped Virginia's state tax system as governor of that state, and has been keeping an eagle eye on the taxpayer's dollar ever since. Now, true to form, he's demanding LET'S STOP THE GRAVY TRAIN. . . . The idea for FIND THAT MISSING G.I.! is a hangover from Harmon Tupper's war experience as a naval intelligence officer overseas. Then, when Navy planes got lost in China or Borneo, the amazing native grapevine often tipped off rescuers when reconnaissance fliers reported nothing. After his discharge, Mr. Tupper wondered what was being done now to locate the missing, and hot-footed it to Washington to find out. The answer is in this week's issue. . . . The author of the short story, TALE OF A TRAVELER, on page 26, T. F. Healy, didn't pick up his brogue on the subway. He was born to the blarney on the banks of the lordly Shannon. An ex-newspaperman (in Eire and in this country), he's now free-lancing.

NEXT WEEK



WHAT is the female form divine? Look back through the ages, and you'll find there's no such thing. For the ugly duckling of yesterday may be the oomph gal of today. IN FACTS ABOUT FIGURES, Olga Ley warns that the tape measure can trip you up. . . . Read BASEBALL'S DARK QUESTION, by Charles Dexter, for the inside dope on how Branch Rickey came to sign a Negro and what happens now. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, JUDD RANKIN'S DAUGHTER, by Susan Glaspell, is the poignant story of a mother's love and courage.

LET'S STOP THE GRAVY TRAIN

Continued from Page 11

last August, when the Japs surrendered. It has not shown the immediate steep decline which might have been expected. By the end of December, 1945, the drop was less than 14 per cent. This represented mostly industrial workers such as employees of ordnance plants. The white-collar workers showed a tendency to stay put. In November there would indeed have been an increase of 4,000 employees if the War and Navy Departments were included.

IN Washington we get gratifying reports of thousands of terminated jobs, as an agency retrenches or expires. But usually we find its employees in another agency the next day. The Office of Censorship is an exception; it was actually liquidated. But when the War Production Board expired, the Civilian Production Administration succeeded immediately to many of its functions and employees. The War Manpower Commission and the National War Labor Board disappeared, but the Labor Department acquired certain of their functions and 30,000 more employees. The Retraining and Re-employment Administration also was telescoped into Labor.

Much of the Foreign Economic Administration, Office of War Information, Office of Strategic Services, and Office of Inter-American Affairs was transferred to the State Department.

If you look down a current list of the National War Agencies you still see a lot of familiar initials. At this writing we still have APC, ODT, OPA, OSRD, OWMR, PAW, SSS, SWPA, WSA, and FEPC.

When Germany moved into Poland we had 940,000 federal civilian employees in the executive branch. With efficient use of manpower we can and should cut our federal civilian personnel back close to that point. An even million would allow for some expansion in the Veterans Administration and the War and Navy Departments over their 1939 staffs.

The Civil Service Commission has estimated that in normal course the total will be down to about two million by next June 30. I am skeptical of even that reduction unless extreme pressure is brought to bear. The Bureau of the Budget has the job of setting ceilings on the number of employees for each department and agency in accordance with the budget as approved each year by Congress. This operates as a restraint but should be supplemented by more drastic cutting between budgets.

The chief offenders in overstaffing are the regular government departments. A number not only expanded during the war but have since been

(Continued on page 70)

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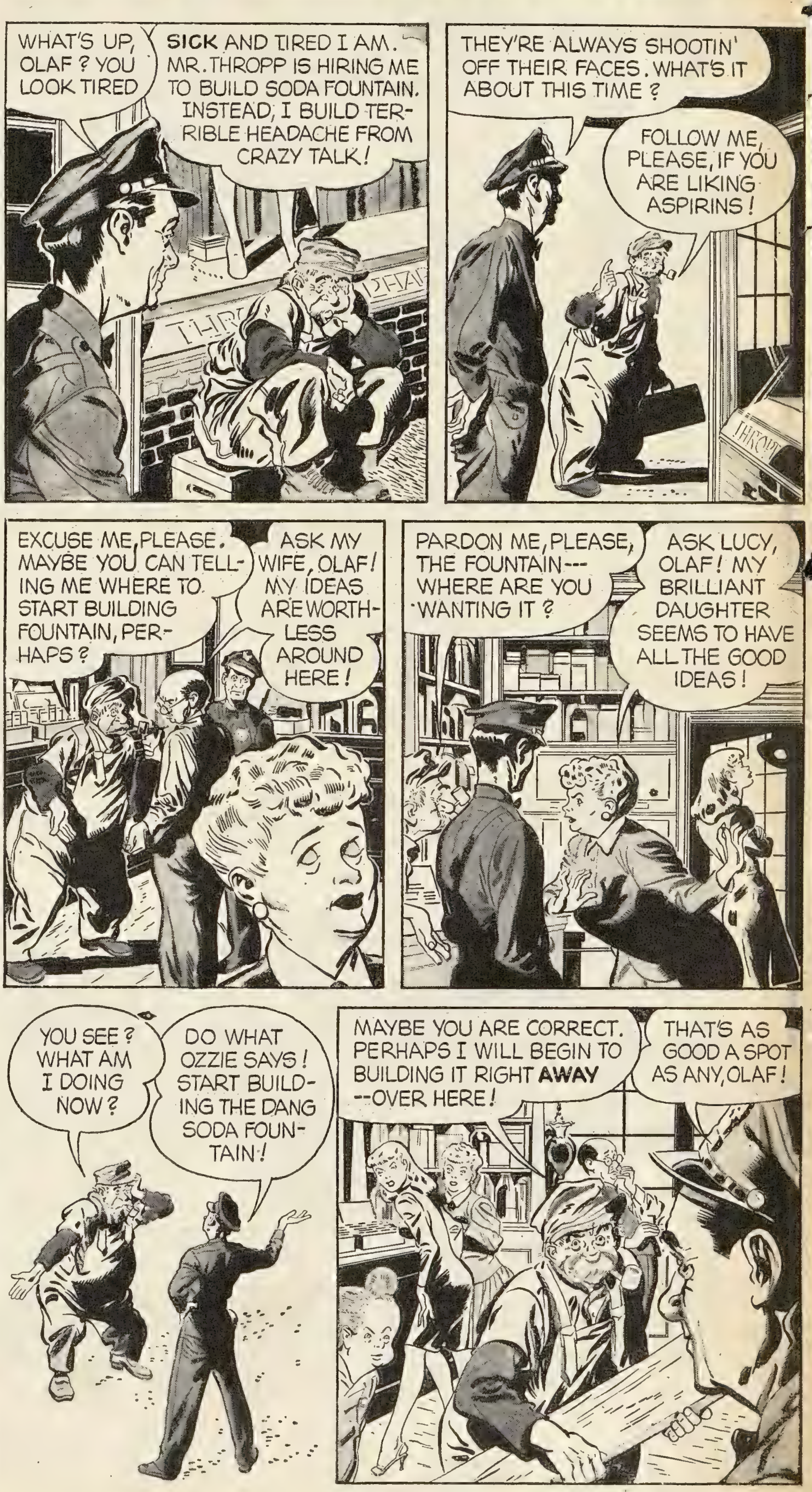
THE THROPP


WHAT'S UP, OLAF ? YOU LOOK TIRED
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PHAR
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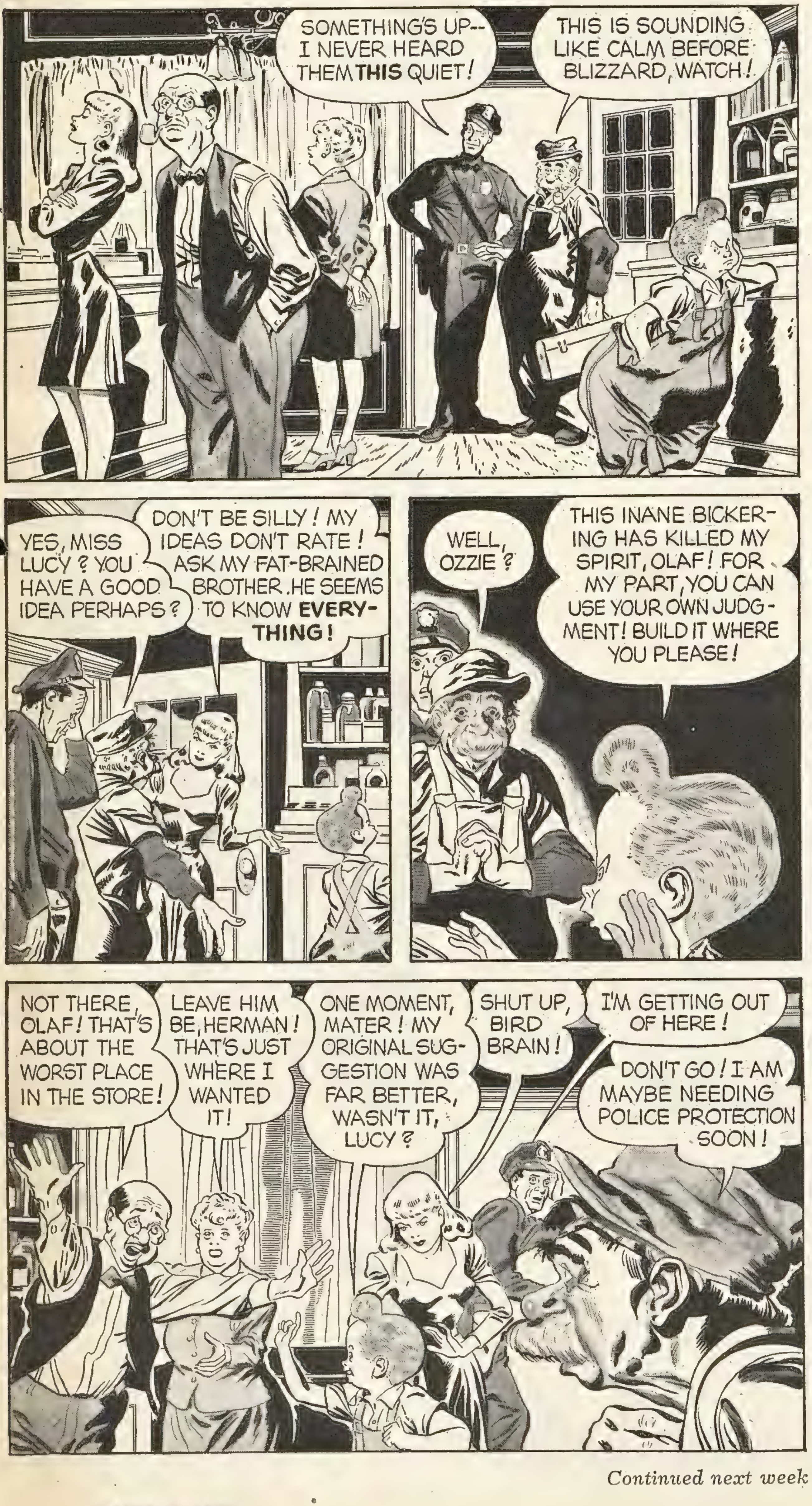
FOLLOW ME, PLEASE, IF YOU ARE LIKING ASPIRINS !
THROP
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE. MAYBE YOU CAN TELLING ME WHERE TO START BUILDING FOUNTAIN, PERHAPS ?
ASK MY WIFE, OLAF! MY IDEAS ARE WORTHLESS AROUND HERE!
PARDON ME, PLEASE, THE FOUNTAIN--- WHERE ARE YOU WANTING IT ?
ASK LUCY, OLAF! MY BRILLIANT DAUGHTER SEEMS TO HAVE ALL THE GOOD IDEAS!
YOU SEE ? WHAT AM I DOING NOW ?
DO WHAT OZZIE SAYS! START BUILDING THE DANG SODA FOUNTAIN!
MAYBE YOU ARE CORRECT. PERHAPS I WILL BEGIN TO BUILDING IT RIGHT AWAY --OVER HERE!
THAT'S AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY, OLAF!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


SOMETHING'S UP-- I NEVER HEARD THEM **THIS** QUIET!
THIS IS SOUNDING LIKE CALM BEFORE BLIZZARD, WATCH!
YES, MISS LUCY? YOU HAVE A GOOD IDEA PERHAPS?
DON'T BE SILLY! MY IDEAS DON'T RATE! ASK MY FAT-BRAINED BROTHER. HE SEEMS TO KNOW **EVERYTHING!**
WELL, OZZIE?
THIS INANE BICKERING HAS KILLED MY SPIRIT, OLAF! FOR MY PART, YOU CAN USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT! BUILD IT WHERE YOU PLEASE!
NOT THERE, OLAF! THAT'S ABOUT THE WORST PLACE IN THE STORE!
LEAVE HIM BE, HERMAN! THAT'S JUST WHERE I WANTED IT!
ONE MOMENT, MATER! MY ORIGINAL SUGGESTION WAS FAR BETTER, WASN'T IT, LUCY?
SHUT UP, BIRD BRAIN!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
DON'T GO! I AM MAYBE NEEDING POLICE PROTECTION SOON!

Continued next week

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(*Continued from page 67*)

further swollen by transfers from the war agencies. There are only about 70,000 employees today in the war agencies proper.

It is understandable that War and Navy should have shown great wartime growth, but the increased size of some of the other regular departments is indeed surprising. By comparing the number of employees reported to the Civil Service Commission for September, 1939, with the number reported to the Joint Economy Committee for December, 1945, we find the following approximate increases: War (including foreign), 1,300 000; Navy, 495,000; Post Office, 147,000; Labor, 26,000; Commerce, 21,000; Treasury, 34,000; Justice, 15,000; State, 12,500.

If we decide to cut two million persons off the payroll, the question is, where? It seems to me the figures just given contain the answer. The increases listed for these regular departments alone total more than two million. With whatever adjustments are necessary, let us cut the regular departments down to their prewar size. Although they are dwarfed by the Army and Navy, Labor has quintupled its size, State has tripled, and Justice has more than doubled.

There are other places to pare. Among the independent agencies the Federal Security Agency shows an increase of 11,500 and the Civil Service Commission more than 3,000. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the National Housing Agency now have a total of 40,000 employees. In 1939, prior to a reshuffle of activities, their functions (lending and housing) were handled by the Federal Loan Agency with 20,000. The national war agencies, numbering fifteen and having 70,000 in personnel, did not exist in 1939.

BY giving these figures I do not mean the cuts need be confined to them or to the agencies indicated. I believe that many departments and independent bureaus were overstaffed even before the war.

Cutting the payroll to a million persons would save more than five billion dollars a year, if the average federal salary is assumed to be $2,400. Possible savings may be even greater, however, if the present drive for higher pay is effective. Federal salaries were increased last July to compensate for the elimination of the overtime paid during the war, and now Congress has been asked for another rise for those under Civil Service, this time to compensate for the increased cost of living.

The present demand is for a flat percentage increase for everybody, based apparently on living conditions in Washington. This raises again the question of whether federal salaries should not be adjusted in accordance with the relative cost of living in the communities where the workers live. Every time a nation-wide percentage boost is given, it upsets local pay scales.

A country lawyer, for example, can't afford to pay a stenographer $2,400 a year, but the girl in the federal office next door may be getting even more. Furthermore, the federal girl has a five-day week, generous annual leave and sick leave, and generous retirement provisions.

One reason the bureaucrats cling to personnel lies in the Classification Act governing Civil Service. Under it a supervisor whose staff is growing will probably have his pay increased, while another who is patriotically trying to eliminate workers no longer needed is likely to be penalized by having his job reclassified downward. In consequence, they not only resist reductions in their forces but try to recruit additional help.

Too often it seems as if the Civil Service Commission were concerned only with hiring people at one end of their careers and retiring them at the other, disregarding what's between. The buck is passed back and forth between the Commission and the department to which a clerk is assigned on the question of who is to enforce standards of efficiency and productivity.

IT is no wonder that during the war a woman government employee appealed to a Congressional committee for something to do. She and others in her unit had been forced to fill in time by knitting. Her personal problem was solved by a transfer, but the general problem of misuse of personnel deserves full study.

We can save money for the federal budget in two ways: by better housekeeping within the present establishment, and by streamlining the executive establishment. The latter way is more important but takes longer to put into effect.

The Joint Economy Committee has cited both to Congress. At its recommendation, Congress eliminated the National Youth Administration, Works Projects Administration, National Resources Planning Board, and Civilian Conservation Corps, which had shown surprising longevity. It also cut the spending money of the Farm Security Administration and the Home Owners Loan Corporation. The committee believes these two have already lived beyond their time.

I submitted to the President some months ago a program for reorganization of the executive branch. It suggested placing nearly 100 independent executive agencies under Cabinet control, providing uniformity within departments, where titles and organization names don't mean the same thing, and eliminating duplications and waste motion.

My favorite independent agency was the American Battle Monuments Commission, which month after month reported no increase or decrease in its personnel, its payroll standing steady at one employee. But last January we discovered that it had had about forty employees abroad all along. I think all these independent establishments (except those which are quasi-judicial and those which are quasi-legislative, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission) should be under Cabinet officers and not burden the President with direct contact.

Today a bureau chief in one department may have 10,000 employees under his direction, while a bureau chief across the street has a single stenographer. That is because when you cross the street the words bureau, office, division, board, commission, section, and unit mean different things. We should have standard departmental organization, with clear definitions of title and authority. This would greatly help uniform application of Civil Service regulations on pay and promotion throughout the government.

Once we move all outside agencies under department heads and have uniform departments, a lot of duplications will become more obvious. Service units such as legal divisions, libraries, public-relations offices, and procurement agencies can then be consolidated.

The number of governmental units doing the same or similar things is illustrated by the fact that 93 units or agencies in 17 different departments or independent establishments concern themselves with government lending; 64 units in 32 departments work on business relations; 44 in 8 departments have to do with agriculture; and 22 others in 11 departments busy themselves with housing. It should be possible to merge or drop hundreds of units now duplicating one another's work.

THE HUNTED

With women as they are today,
A stag is wise to stay at bay.
—*J. Edgar Grove.*

The Reorganization Act passed in December gave the President authority to regroup, co-ordinate, and merge executive agencies and their functions, and transfer functions from one to another. His reorganization plans become effective unless both Senate and House disapprove them within sixty days. In many cases he will still have to ask for specific legislation, but he now has the tools to effect great simplifications in the federal structure and bring about wide savings.

I have confidence that President Truman is economy-minded and will make effective use of the tools Congress has given him. In 1939 Congress passed a reorganization act, but it is understandable that during a world war it was not used. When that legislation came up, I felt Congress should specifically approve each step, but in the intervening years I have concluded it is more efficient to give the President wide authority, with Congress retaining the sixty-day veto power. I proposed the amendment to the Senate bill embodying this provision.

Another act passed this winter brings under Congressional control what had been called "a great fourth branch of government," consisting of 100 government corporations and subsidiaries whose capital was supplied by the Treasury, but which acted pretty much with the freedom of private companies. The largest is the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Eighteen were incorporated under state or District of Columbia laws —including one formed by authority of a municipality in the Virgin Islands. These must give up the ghost by June 30, 1948, or be reincorporated by act of Congress. Any new government corporations must also be incorporated by Congress.

These corporations had the power to borrow on government credit thirty-three billion dollars, but this amount could be pyramided many times if they retained their profits instead of turning them in to the Treasury. They will now be audited by the Comptroller General, and those which are wholly government-owned will be required also to present their programs in the form of business-type budgets to be included in the annual budget submitted by the President. The Treasury will supervise their financing and government security transactions.

Annual Congressional scrutiny should make possible considerable savings through control of the size of these corporations' staffs and the extent of their activities.

It's not only the number of people who get onto the government payroll that counts, but what they do once they get there. Sometimes they are wasteful.

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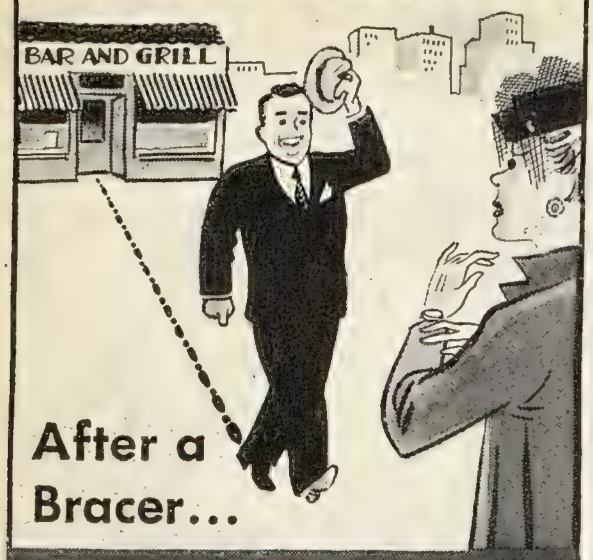

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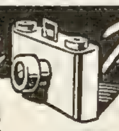

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been achieved in the last four years by controlling the government questionnaire mania and holding down the use of official cars, telephone, telegraph, rail and plane travel, and "free" departmental mail. Through economy efforts, official driving was reduced some 128,000,000 miles in fiscal years 1943 and 1944. The War Production Board, until it was cautioned, was a great long-distance phone user. In 1942 it was telephoning at an annual rate which would have permitted it, at night rates, to put in hourly three-minute telephone calls to the moon every hour in the day, every day in the year.

A reduction of more than five billion dollars a year, such as could be accomplished by cutting federal personnel, would be of considerable importance to our government. It would far more than take care of the veterans' pensions and benefits planned in the 1947 budget. Or it would virtually pay the interest on the federal debt, which at this writing totals 278 billions, more than five times the figure for June 30, 1941.

We have become so accustomed to dealing in fantastic budgets during the war (that for 1945 was about 100 billions), it is difficult to realize that until 1932 the total of all expenditures of the federal government rarely exceeded the sum we are now proposing to save on the payroll alone.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A lovelorn sailor, after chewing on his pencil for several minutes, finally turned in this cable: "I love you, I love you, I love you. John."

The clerk read it over and said, "You're allowed to add a tenth word for the same price."

The sailor pondered long and hard, then added his tenth word: "Regards."

—Seahorse.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In government debt, what goes up must come down. It is either paid off or it is repudiated in one way or another. Permitting a creeping inflation is one way of partial repudiation, as the debtor government pays its obligations in drachmas or pesos or dollars that are worth less than those it borrowed. We should begin now to retire our enormous federal debt in an honest and orderly manner.

We Americans are so imbued with the desire to do good that we frequently forget the bookkeeping. We want to grant enormous foreign loans and foreign relief funds. We want to give everybody a job on Uncle Sam's payroll and we can't bear to cut him off when he is no longer needed.

It seems to me that we should look carefully at the expensive things we are doing now and the glamorous new social ventures which the planners present, and say to ourselves, "Yes, this is all very nice, but can we afford it?"

THE END

SNAFU ON THE CAMPUS

Continued from Page 19

publicity and promotion departments. They are splendid stock in trade for coed recruiting. One campus paper ran the headline, "700 More Vets—Coeds Rejoice." The returning men also make fine window dressing for the college sports writer. Any veteran with a war achievement is welcome on the athletic team. He helps to fill the stands.

A fourth charge against the colleges is this: It is apparent that for intellectual fare many are offering the prewar, leisurely courses in which a considerable part of the student's time is wasted in studying obsolete, impractical data in a haphazard and disjointed way. Acceleration for wartime needs is giving way to "deceleration." One professional school has announced a moratorium on study from February until next September, when it will revert to its former calendar. In many instances, too, the instructors are incompetent and unsympathetic with veterans' problems. There are, let it be said, many universities and individual faculty members who are making intelligent efforts to streamline courses and adapt them to the veteran's needs. Also there are some forward-looking administrators like the Dean of Students at the University of Illinois who are adding counselors, themselves servicemen, to staffs.

THE men and women who are now taking up the books after a delay of from one to four years are eager to make up for lost time. But they can't go faster than the class—and the professor. Accelerated courses have largely been abandoned for the snail's pace of the good old days. Sidney James French, co-ordinator of the Naval Flight Preparatory School, said, "This work has shown me that prewar liberal arts college education was a leisurely way of killing four good years in a young man's life."

The men who stormed the beachheads are stymied when it comes to attacking the campuses. One professor told a complaining ex-soldier, "Take it easy, boy. I have just two gaits, this one and a slower one. Don't you know the war's over?" After a time the veteran resigns himself to lethargy. He readily becomes one of what the University of Chicago's critical Robert Maynard Hutchins calls "educational hobos."

War experiences have made veterans practical-minded. They have seen the results of science applied to matériel. Having been in Italy with the army of occupation, they have little respect for the glory that was Rome. Formal foreign-language translating is all right for high-school kids, but they learned their Italian, German, and French by the direct method. Why spend years over grammatical constructions in tongues they already speak? The returned

Army Air Corps lieutenant who completed his forty missions over Germany slumps down in his seat when he is assigned a freshman theme on How to Fly a Kite. As for history, why should he bother with that? Hell, he *made* history!

It is no wonder that veterans are for the most part seeking education immediately usable rather than the philosophical - cultural - disciplinary offerings of the arts colleges. Consequently, as President Raymond Walters of the University of Cincinnati pointed out in his recent report in School and Society, veterans are swamping the technical and professional schools but are by-passing the liberal arts colleges.

Generally the large university with its specialized offerings is filled to the gunwales and is forced to adopt screening or geographical elimination procedures. Standards lowered during wartime to bring in students now are being inched up—and will be proportionately—as academic deans rediscover the convenience of the high admissions requisites they were temporarily willing to forget. Many a bright lad drafted before he completed high school, and now in his twenties, will not have the specified requirements.

OTHERS, able to meet requisites, are driven by necessity to earn a living or support families, and prefer technical schools to traditional liberal arts fare. The specters of approaching middle age and increasing financial obligations haunt him who marks time. It is, therefore, not right that they should waste their precious months and funds in a course not of their choice or need on a stopgap program chiefly because certain college administrators view the present emergency with an admixture of horror of change and dated attitudes.

Veterans are used to new methods, to the best in maps, charts, movies, radio, and visual education, all geared to the times. Most college classes are too huge to afford the best of teaching. Large numbers of students are being brought under the tutelage of too few faculty members. Nineteenth-century techniques of teaching and professors in their anecdotage just don't set well with veterans. Yet the majority of those in charge are too atrophied to get out of the groove of stereotyped education. *Rigor curriculi* has set in.

Entrance requirements of language, English, mathematics, and science are holy things and must be met rigidly. The fact that this veteran can speak French fluently impresses the director of admissions not one whit if he failed to have his two years of formal study of the subject in high school. Credit is ordinarily granted when the course submitted parallels exactly one given in the college to which the veteran is seeking entrance. Furthermore, every veteran's statement as to previous credits earned is closely questioned. No recognition is given to any claim for work done unless it is accompanied by a photostatic or certified transcript. Army and Navy schools did not always have fully equipped registrars at hand to take care of these academic details. So the veteran repeats the course. He can "like it or lump it," as one college president inelegantly put it.

HERE, then, is one of our major national problems. It is high time that the Veterans Administration perform its role, really take over veteran education and pull it out of the chaos into which it is plunging. It is estimated that *less than a third* of the anticipated 750,000 have thus far actually appeared on college campuses seeking admission. The peak will not come until next fall.

The Veterans Administration is directly commissioned by Congress to direct the college program. It holds the purse strings on payments to the institutions and can therefore stipulate acceptable programs.

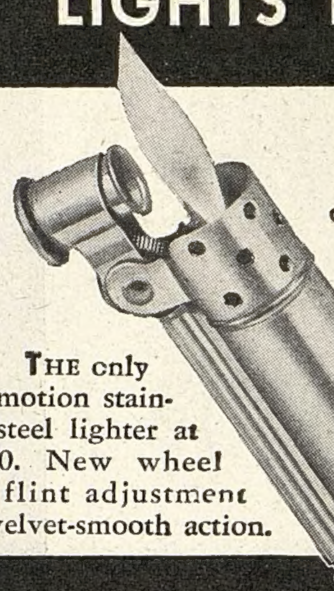
The Veterans Administration should put into effect immediately the following principles:

1. Demand that colleges meet specified standards if they wish to continue as veteran-training institutions. They should be adapted to veterans' needs—not veterans warped to antiquated college molds.
2. Overhaul admissions systems so that the entrance and accrediting of the veterans is handled according to recognized national standards and not determined by the whims of college officials.
3. Require that colleges approved employ adequate staffs and up-to-date teaching techniques.
4. Insist that satisfactory living quarters and food be made available, and at reasonable prices.
5. Put payments of tuition, fees, books, and such on a cost basis so that emphasis is shifted from profit to the institution to education of the veterans.
6. Establish a counseling and directional service with complete data at hand on existing and anticipated manpower requirements of the nation. Veterans could be guided in their choice of training by the industrial and professional demands.
7. Tie the college training program with the U. S. Employment Service to secure appropriate placement of veterans graduating or withdrawing.
8. Encourage co-operating colleges to enlarge their facilities, utilizing available surplus war plants, buildings, and portable units, and to extend use of their present facilities by longer hours and staggered shifts.

G.I. education is a far bigger thing in its implications than is generally recognized. The Veterans Administration has an opportunity to make a tremendous social and educational contribution. To do so, however, it must organize and modernize V-16 and V-268 programs to prepare veterans for "the brave new world."

THE END

ONE MOTION LIGHTS IT



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HAND AND POWER MODELS

MARCH 30, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

All three—Vishinsky, Stettinius and Bevin—would do better with a book of rules.

THE WEAKNESS OF UNO

THE initial meeting of the UNO recently concluded in London again points up the need for some accepted standards by which international right and wrong may be determined. The dominant events of this first meeting of the world's peace-loving nations were the accusations and counteraccusations flung at each other by the representatives of Great Britain and the Soviet Union. These indictments had to do with the actions of each government in countries other than its own—with Russian interference in Iran and with British strong-arming in Greece and Indonesia.

Happily these arguments were resolved, or at least means were found in each case to avoid any action by the Security Council.

Thus the need was averted for either of the disputants to make use of its veto power to block action.

The interesting aspects of these disputes, however, is the obvious inability of an accused country in such a case to understand how its actions possibly can be deemed other than strictly on the up-and-up.

This failing cannot be attributed solely to the statesmen and the government involved. The rank and file of the citizenry also always is positive their nation is guiltless of the trespass which some other country, doubtless for sinister reasons of its own, attributes to it.

This inability to see ourselves as others see us has been an attribute of men and nations since the dawn of history. Self-righteousness is one of the greater human failings. We are quick to observe and note the faults of others while being wholly unable to comprehend our own. On the international scale this is even more true than it is with individuals.

Neither the harrowing experiences of the recent war, the fervent aspirations of the Atlantic Charter, nor the urge to self-preservation which motivated the formation of UNO has done much to change this.

Unless we adopt standards by which international morality can be measured, self-righteous disputation will grow among the United Nations. Eventually the organization will die of it as the League of Nations did. Even in the first session, as the arguments waxed, other nations began to line up for or against the disputants in accordance with the real or fancied demands of power politics. In subsequent sessions this tendency will increase until finally all considerations of right and justice will have flown out the window. Cold-blooded pressure plays will nullify whatever hope the world has of a long peace based on morality and good will.

The only way in which conduct between nations may be standardized is by the adoption of a code of international law which states clearly what nations cannot do if they are to be considered peace loving.

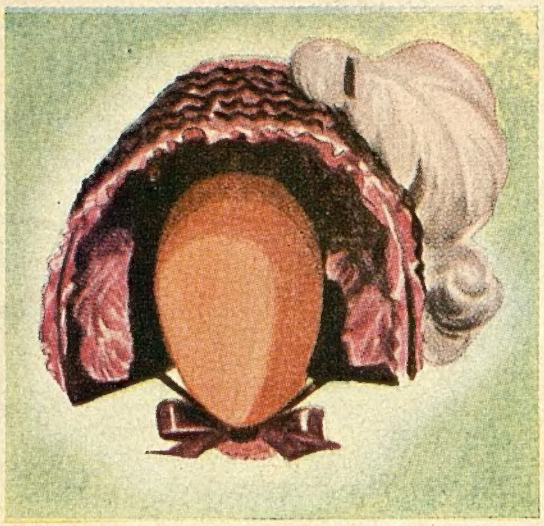
This code should be promulgated on the basis of pure justice and right without regard to its possible influence on current or prospective controversies. It should be accepted and ratified by all nations.

The adoption of such international standards of conduct should have been the first order of business of the UNO. Let's hope it becomes the main objective of the next session before further disputes arise to cloud the skies of understanding and roil the waters of international trust.

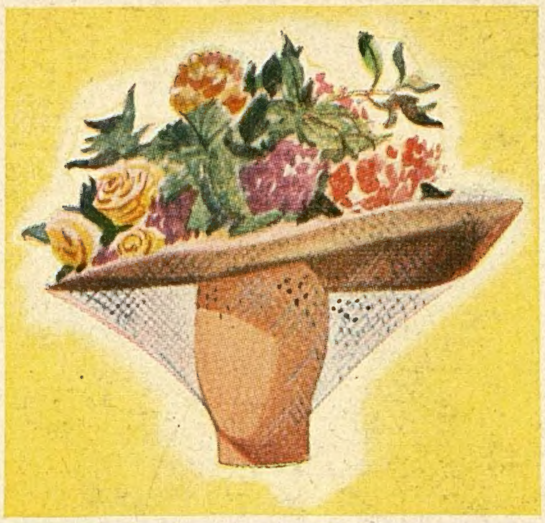
Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

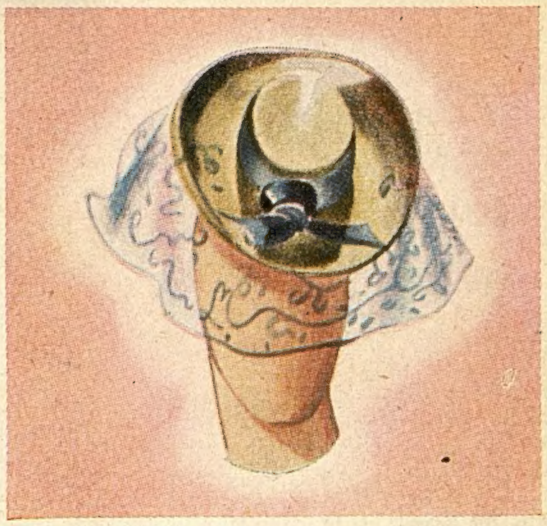
Trick hats – (for men only)



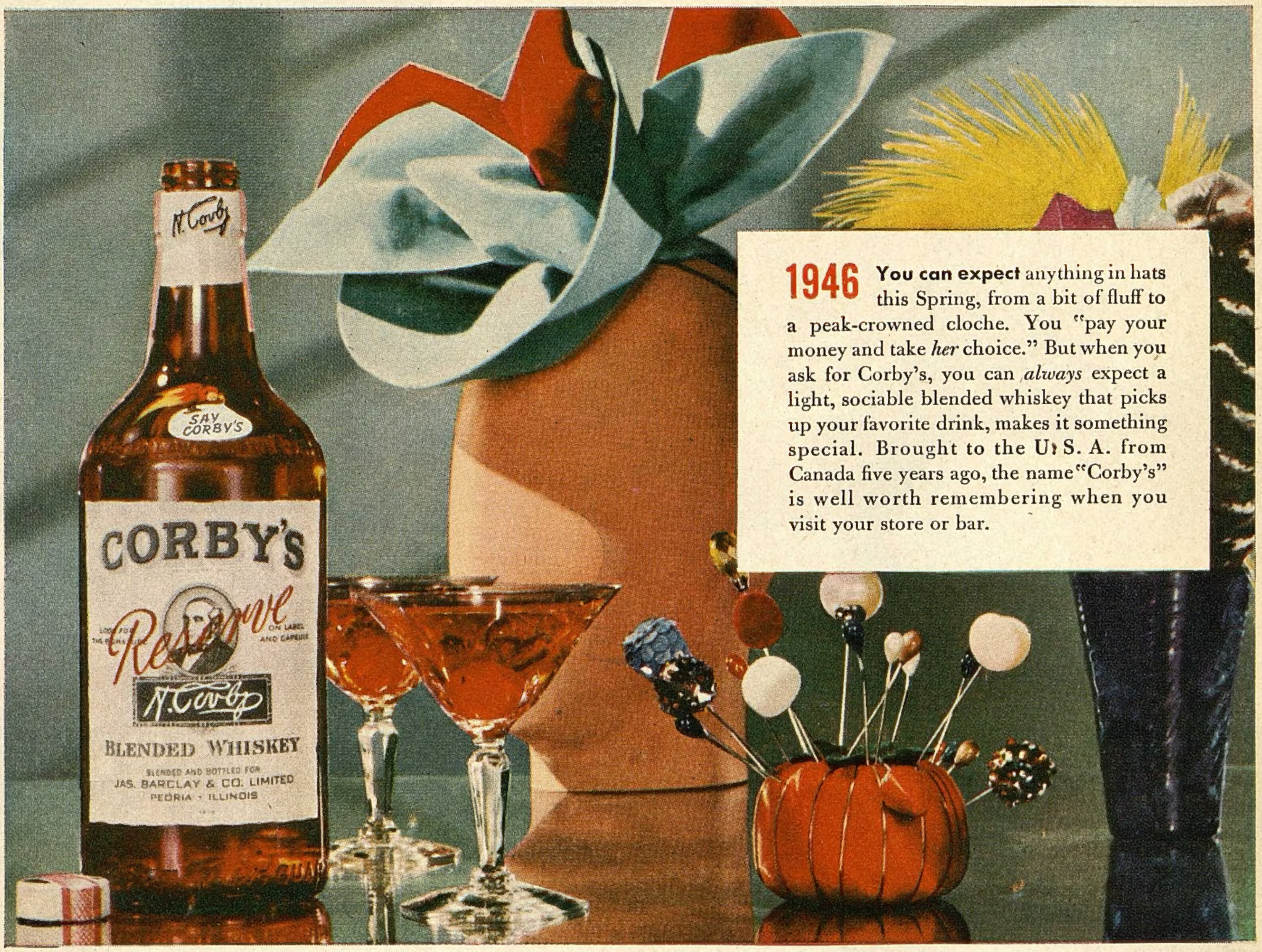
1858 **When men** first began to see the name "Corby's" on fine Canadian whiskey, milady's bonnet was a very practical consideration. It was selected for beauty, yes, but also with an eye to protection from sun and wind.



1908 **Dad probably** thought Mom got a lot for her money in the days of ostrich plumes, stuffed birds and a handful of flowers on the hat. In any event, ladies' hats got larger and larger as Corby's rounded out its 50th year of Canadian fame.



1938 **Remember when** the little women went in for a doll's size hat with a "forward tilt." Ladies' hats long ago dropped any pretense to usefulness. Everything went in the days when Corby's reached its 80th year as a renowned Canadian name.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